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СЕГОДНЯ ПОСЛАНО

ЯПИСТЬ БОГУСЛАВИИ

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS

T H E

D R A M A T I C K   W O R K S

O F

*BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;*

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

*With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,*

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

*And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.*

I N   T E N   V O L U M E S.

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V O L U M E   T H E   N I N T H;

CONTAINING,

*CORONATION;*

*SEA-VOYAGE;*

*COXCOMB;*

*WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS;*

*FAIR MAID OF THE INN;*

*CUPID'S REVENGE.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden ;  
For T. EVANS, and P. ELMLEY, in the Strand ;  
J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street ; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,  
Fleet-Street ; and W. FOX, Holborn.

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M D C C L X X V I I I .



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THE  
CORONATION.

A COMEDY.

The first edition of this Play was printed in quarto in the year 1640, and has the name of John Fletcher prefixed to it, as the Author. Upon this authority we have retained it in the present edition; notwithstanding there is evidence of equal weight to authorize us to ascribe it to James Shirley, the editor of the first folio in 1647. That writer, in the year 1653, published a volume of his Plays, and at the end of one of them, viz. *The Cardinal*, has enumerated the several Dramatic Pieces written by him: Amongst the rest, he has claimed the present performance, which, he says, was ‘falsely ascribed to Fletcher;’ with what degree of truth it is impossible now to determine. We think no argument can be drawn from the omission of it in the first folio; for the reason assigned in the first note to the Play. It has not been acted for many years past, nor do we know of its having ever been altered.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

Seleucus, *supposed son to Eubulus; but, in reality,*  
Leonatus, *the right king of Epirus.*  
Arcadius, *supposed nephew to Macarius; but, in reality,*  
Demetrius, *second son to the dead king.*  
Eubulus, } noblemen, *guardians to the late king's sons.*  
Macarius, }  
Cassander, *lord-protector.*  
Lysimachus, *his son, a worthy gentleman.*  
Nestorius, *father to Polidora.*  
Philocles, } courtiers.  
Lysander, }  
Poleanus, *captain of the castle.*  
A Bishop, *and trustee of the dead king's will.*  
Antigonus, *a gentleman in waiting.*  
Servant to Polidora.

### W O M E N.

Sophia, *queen of Epirus.*  
Polidora, *courted by Arcadius, and his noble and constant mistress.*  
Charilla, *an attendant on Sophia.*

Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Masquers, &c. &c.

### SCENE, EPIRUS.

T H E

## P R O L O G U E.

SINCE 'tis become the title of our Play,  
A woman once in a Coronation may  
With pardon speak the Prologue, give as free  
A welcome to the theatre, as he  
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,  
With a starch'd face and supple leg, hath spoke  
Before the plays the twelve-month; let me then  
Present a welcome to these gentlemen!  
If you be kind, and noble, you will not  
Think the worse of me for my petticoat.—  
But to the Play; the Poet bad me tell  
His fears first in the title, lest it swell  
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,  
That but once could be seen in a king's reign.  
This Coronation he hopes you may  
See often; while the genius of his Play  
Doth prophesy, the conduits may run wine,  
When the day's triumph's ended, and divine  
Brisk nectar swell his temples to a rage,  
With something of more price t' invest the stage.  
There rests but to prepare you, that altho'  
It be a Coronation, there doth flow  
No under-mirth, such as doth lard the scene  
For coarse delight; the language here is clean;  
And confident, our Poet bad me say,  
He'll bate you but the folly of a Play:  
For which, altho' dull souls his pen despise,  
Who think it yet too early to be wise;  
The nobler will thank his Muse, at least  
Excuse him, 'cause his thought aim'd at the best.

<sup>1</sup> Who thinks it yet too early. — ] Corrected in 1750.

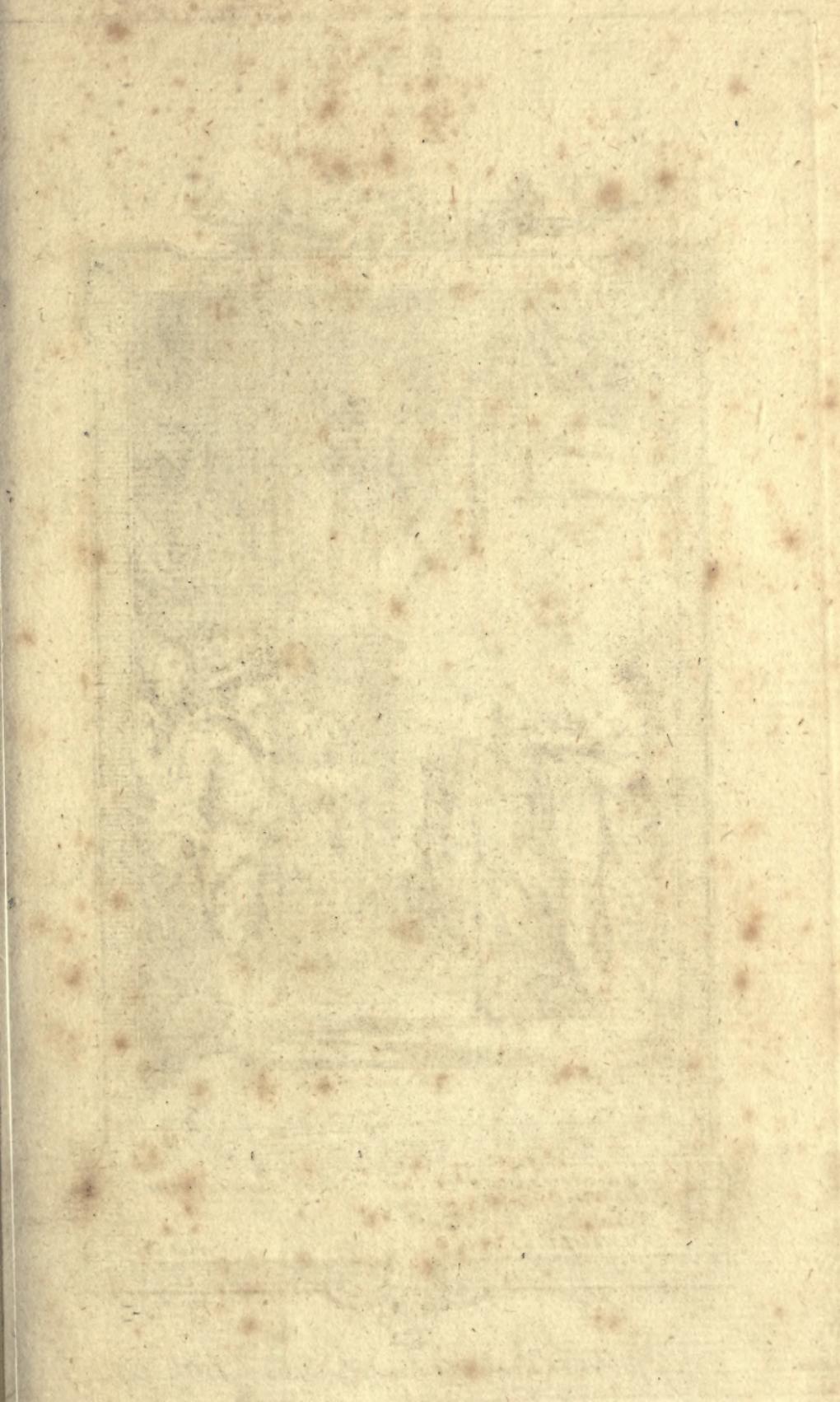
## P R O L O G U E.

But we conclude not ; it does rest in you  
To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.  
But, what have I omitted ? is there not  
A blush upon my cheeks, that I forgot  
The ladies ? and a female Prologue too !  
Your pardon, noble gentlewomen ! you  
Were first within my thoughts : I know you sit  
As free, and high commissioners of wit,  
Have clear and active souls ; nay, tho' the men  
Were lost, in your eyes they'll be found again :  
You are the bright intelligences move,  
And make a harmony this sphere of Love :  
Be you propitious then ! our Poet says,  
One wreath from you<sup>2</sup>, is worth their grove of bays.

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<sup>2</sup> Our *wreath from you.*] Mr. Seward conjectured with me, that *one*, not *our*, must be the word, and so I have altered the text.

Sympson.



THE CORONATION.



*Why mourns my love? It neither does become  
Thy fortune, nor my joys.*

*Polid. But it becomes  
My griefs!*

*Act IV.*

*J.J. Barralet delin.*

*C. Grignion sculp.*

*Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, Dec. 4, 1777.*

T H E

# C O R O N A T I O N<sup>E</sup>.

A C T I.

*Enter Philocles and Lysander.*

*Philocles.* **M**AKE way for my lord-protector!  
*Lysan.* Your Grace's servants!

*Enter Cassander and Lysimachus.*

*Cass.* I like your diligent waiting. Where's Lysimachus?

*Lysim.* I wait upon you, Sir.

*Cass.* The queen looks pleasant  
This morning; does she not?

*Lysim.* I ever found  
Her gracious smiles on me.

*Cass.* She does consult  
Her safety in't; for I must tell thee, boy,

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<sup>3</sup> *The Coronation.*] It were to be wished that the Publisher of our Authors Works in 1679 had given his reasons in the Preface, or elsewhere, why he took this Play into that edition. There seems to be no just grounds upon which he could go for so bold a practice, seeing the editor of the first folio in 1647, Mr. Shirley, has left it out; a person who must be better acquainted with what was our Authors', as living nearer to their time, than the editor of the second folio in 1679. 'Tis true, there are several fine strokes in it, which might possibly be Fletcher's; but those will no more entitle him to claim it for his own, than it will Shakespeare to assert the play of the Noble Kinsmen, in which we know he was partially concerned: To Mr. Shirley therefore, as he has laid claim to it, let' give this performance; nor rob him of the glory which *The Coronation* may do his memory. *Sympson.*

This note betrays a wonderful inattention in Sympson: since the *Coronation* was one of the plays printed in QUARTO, and Shirley professed to insert none in the FOLIO that had ever appeared in QUARTO.

## 6 THE CORONATION.

But in the assurance of her love to thee,  
I should advance thy hopes another way,  
And use the power I have in Epire, to  
Settle our own, and uncontroled greatness:  
But since she carrieth herself so fairly,  
I am content t'expect, and by her marriage  
Secure, thy fortune; that's all my ambition  
Now: Be still careful in thy applications  
To her; I must attend other affairs.  
Return, and use what art thou canst to lay  
More charms of love upon her.

*Lysim.* I presume  
She always speaks the language of her heart,  
And I can be ambitious for no more.  
Happiness on earth, than she encourages  
Me to expect.

*Cass.* It was an act becoming  
The wisdom of her father, to engage  
A tie between our families, and she  
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it.  
But we lose time in conference; wait on her,  
And be what thou wert born for, king of Epire!  
*I must away.* [Exit.

*Lysim.* Success ever attend you.  
Is not the queen yet coming forth?  
\* \* \* \* \*

*Lysan.* Your servant!  
You may command our duties. [Exit *Lysim.*  
This is the court-star, Philocles.

*Phil.* The star that we must sail by.

*Lysan.* All must borrow  
A light from him; the young queen directs all  
Her favours that way.

<sup>4</sup> *Is not the queen yet coming forth?*

*Lysan.* Your servant.] *Ly/ander's* asking this question supposes, that the gentlemen interrogated were capable of giving him an answer; but that the reader sees is no where to be found; therefore I have thought proper to mark an *biatus* in the present text. *Sympson.*

*Sympson*, we suppose, meant *Lysimachus*, instead of *Ly/ander*, who asks no question, but is the next speaker.

*Phil.*

# THE CORONATION.

*Phil.* He's a noble gentleman,  
And worthy of his expectations:  
Too good to be the son of such a father.

*Lysan.* Peace! remember he is lord-protector.

*Phil.* We have more need of Heav'n's protection  
I'th' mean time: I wonder the old king  
Did in his life design him for the office.

*Lysan.* He might suspect his faith; I have heard  
when

The king, who was no Epirote, advanc'd  
His claim, Cassander, our protector now,  
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his faction;  
But forc'd to yield, had fair conditions,  
And was declar'd, by the whole state, next heir,  
If the king wanted issue: Our hopes only  
Thriv'd in this daughter.

*Phil.* Whom, but for her smiles  
And hope of marriage with Lysimachus,  
His father, by some cunning, had remov'd  
Ere this.

*Lysan.* Take heed! the arras may have ears.  
I should not weep much if his Grace would hence  
Remove to Heav'n.

*Phil.* I prithee what should he do there?

*Lysan.* Some offices will fall.

*Phil.* And the sky too, ere I get one stair higher  
While he's in place.

## Enter Antigonus.

*Ant.* Lysander, Philocles,  
How looks the day upon us? Where's the queen?

*Phil.* In her bed-chamber.

*Ant.* Who was with her?

*Lysan.* None but  
The young lord Lysimachus.

*Ant.* It is no treason,  
If a man wish himself a courtier  
Of such a possibility: He has  
The mounting fate.

## 8 THE CORONATION.

*Phil.* I would his father were  
Mounted to th' gallows!

*Ant.* H'has a path fair enough  
If he survive, by title of his father.

*Lysan.* The queen will hasten his ascent.

*Phil.* 'Would I were queen!

*Ant.* Thou wouldst become rarely the petticoat !  
What wouldst thou do !

*Phil.* Why, I would marry my  
Gentleman-usher, and trust all the strength  
And burden of my state upon his legs,  
Rather than be called wife by any son  
Of such a father.

*Lysan.* Come, let's leave this subject !  
We may find more secure discourse. When saw  
You young Arcadius, lord Macarius' nephew ?

*Ant.* There's a spark, a youth moulded for a  
favourite !  
The queen might do him honour.

*Phil.* Favourite ?  
It is too cheap a name ; there were a match  
Now for her virgin blood !

*Lysan.* Must every man,  
That has a handsome face or leg, feed such  
Ambition ? I confess I honour him,  
He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope  
To be no woman-hater ; dances handsomely,  
Can court a lady powerfully ; but more  
Goes to the making of a prince. He's here,  
And's uncle.

*Enter Arcadius, Macarius, and Seleucus.*

*Sel.* Save you, gentlemen ! Who can direct me  
To find my lord-protector ?

*Lysan.* He was here  
Within this half-hour : Young Lysimachus  
His son is with the queen.

*Sel.* There let him compliment ;  
I've other business.—Ha, Arcadius !

[Exit.  
*Ibi.*

# THE CORONATION. 9

*Phil.* Observ'd you with what eyes Arcadius  
And he saluted? their two families  
With hardly reconcile.

*Ant.* Seleucus carries  
Himself too roughly: With what pride and scorn  
He pass'd by 'em!

*Lysan.* The other, with less show  
Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul:  
I wish 'em all at peace! Macarius looks  
Are without civil war, a good old man,  
The old king lov'd him well; Seleucus' father  
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character  
Of an honest lord thro' Epire: That two men,  
So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome  
To one another!

*Arc.* The queen was not wont  
To send for me.

*Mac.* The reason's to herself;  
It will become your duty to attend her.

*Arc.* Save, you, gentlemen! What novelty  
Does the court breathe to-day?

*Lysan.* None, Sir; the news  
That took the last impression is, that you  
Purpose to leave the kingdom, and those men  
That honour you take no delight to hear it.

*Arc.* I have ambition to see the difference  
Of courts, and this may spare me; the delights  
At home do surfeit; and the mistress, whom  
We all do serve, is fix'd upon one object;  
Her beams are too much pointed. But no country  
Shall make me lose your memories.

*Enter Sophia, Lysimachus, and Charilla.*

*Sophia.* Arcadius!

*Mac.* Your lordship honour'd me;  
I have no blessing in his absence.

*Lysim.* 'Tis  
Done like a pious uncle.

*Sophia.* We must not

## 10 THE CORONATION.

Give any licence.

*Ant.* If your majesty  
Would please—

*Sophia.* We are not pleas'd ! It had become your duty  
T' have first acquainted us, ere you declar'd  
Your resolution publick. Is our court  
Not worth your stay ?

*Arc.* I humbly beg your pardon !

*Sophia.* Where's Lysimachus ?

*Lysim.* Your humble servant, madam.

*Sophia.* We shall find

Employment at home for you ; do not lose us.

*Arc.* Madam, I then write myself bless'd on earth  
When I may do you service. [Exit.

*Sophia.* We would be  
Private, Macarius.

*Mac.* Madam, you have bless'd me !  
Nothing but your command could interpose to  
Stay him. [Exit.

*Sophia.* Lysimachus, you must not leave us.

*Lysan.* Nothing but  
Lysimachus ? Has she not ta'en a philter ? [Exit.

*Sophia.* Nay, pray be cover'd ; ceremony from you  
Must be excus'd.

*Lysim.* It will become my duty.

*Sophia.* Not your love.  
I know you would not have me look upon  
Your person as a courtier<sup>5</sup>, but a favourite ;

<sup>5</sup> *I know you would have me look upon  
Your person as a courtier, not a favourite ;*] This unmusical,  
nonsensical place, is differently read in the quarto of 1640,

*I know you would not have me look upon  
Your person as a courtier, not as favourite ;*  
That of 1679,  
*I know, &c.*

*— as a courtier, but a favourite ;*  
But yet the place is sad stuff still. I would suppose it once originally  
run thus :

*I know you would not —*

*Your person as a courtier, but a (or as) favourite ;*  
(Tho') that title were too narrow, &c.

*Sympson.*

*That .*

That title were too narrow to express  
How we esteem you.

*Lysim.* The least of all

These names from you, madam, is grace enough.  
*Sophia.* Yet here you would not rest?

*Lysim.* Not if you please

To say there is a happiness beyond,  
And teach my ambition how to make it mine:  
Altho' the honours you already have  
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all  
My merit, I've a heart is studious  
To reach it with desert, and make if possible  
Your favours mine by justice, with your pardon.

*Sophia.* We're confident this needs no pardon, Sir,  
But a reward to cherish your opinion:  
And that you may keep warm your passion,  
Know we resolve for marriage; and if  
I had another gift, besides myself,  
Greater, in that you should discern how much  
My heart is fix'd.

*Lysim.* Let me digest my blessing!

*Sophia.* But I cannot resolve when this shall be.

*Lysim.* How, madam! Do not make me dream of  
Heav'n,

And wake me into misery, if your purpose  
Be, to immortalize your humble servant!  
Your power on earth's divine; princes are here  
The copies of eternity, and create,  
When they but will, our happiness.

*Sophia.* I shall

Believe you mock me in this argument;  
I have no power.

*Lysim.* How! no power?

*Sophia.* Not as a queen.

*Lysim.* I understand you not.

*Sophia.* I must obey; your father's my protector.

*Lysim.* How!

*Sophia.* When I'm absolute, Lysimachus,  
Our power and titles meet; before, we're but

A shadow,

## 12 THE CORONATION.

A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

*Lysim.* Excellent queen! my love took no original From state, or the desire of other greatness, 'bove what my birth may challenge modestly. I love your virtues; mercenary souls Are taken with advancement: You've an empire Within you, better than the world's; to that Looks my ambition.

*Sophia.* T' other is not, Sir, To be despis'd; cosmography allows Empire a place i' th' map; and know, 'till I Possess what I was born to, and alone Do grasp the kingdom's sceptre, I account Myself divided; he that marries me Shall take an absolute queen to his warm bosom: My temples yet are naked; until then Our loves can be but compliments and wishes, Yet very hearty ones.

*Lysim.* I apprehend.

*Sophia.* Your father!

*Enter Cassander and Seleucus.*

*Cass.* Madam, a gentleman has an humble suit.

*Sophia.* 'Tis in your power to grant; you are protector;

I am not yet a queen.

*Cass.* How's this?

*Lysim.* I shall expound her meaning.

*Sophia.* Why kneel you, Sir?

*Sel.* Madam, to reconcile two families That may unite both counsels and their blood To serve your crown.

*Sophia.* Macarius', and Eubulus', That bear inveterate malice to each other. It grew, as I have heard, upon the question (Which some of either family had made) Which of their fathers was the best commander: If we believe our stories, they have both Deserv'd well of our state; and yet this quarrel

Has cost too many lives ; a severe faction !

*Sel.* But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet  
And peace in both our houses, which are torn  
With their dissensions, and lose the glory  
Of their great names : My blood speaks my relation  
T' Eubulus ; and I wish my veins were emptied  
T' appease their war.

*Sophia.* Thou hast a noble soul !  
This is a charity above thy youth,  
And it flows bravely from thee. Name the way.

*Sel.* In such a desperate cause, a little stream  
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts :  
If you'll prevent a deluge —

*Sophia.* Be particular !

*Sel.* Let but your majesty consent that two  
May, with their personal valour, undertake  
The honour of their family, and determine  
Their difference.

*Sophia.* This rather will enlarge  
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood  
Into the stream.

*Sel.* Not if both families  
Agree, and swear —

*Sophia.* And who shall be the champions ?

*Sel.* I beg the honour, for Eubulus' cause  
To be engag'd, if any for Macarius  
(Worthy to wager heart with mine) accept it :  
I'm confident, Arcadius  
(For honour would direct me to his sword)  
Will not deny to stake against my life  
His own, if you vouchsafe us privilege.

*Sophia.* You are the expectation and top boughs  
Of both your houses ; it would seem injustice  
To allow a civil war to cut you off,  
And yourselves the instruments. Besides,  
You appear a soldier ; Arcadius  
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,  
More fit to drill a lady than expose  
His body to such dangers ; a small wound

## 14 THE CORONATION.

I' th' head may spoil the method of his hair,  
 Whose curiosity exacts more time  
 Than his devotion ; and who knows but he  
 May lose his ribbon by it in his lock <sup>6</sup>,  
 Dear as his saint, with whom he would exchange  
 His head for her gay colours ; then his band  
 May be disorder'd and transform'd from lace  
 To cutwork ; his rich cloaths be discomplexion'd  
 With blood, beside th' infashionable flashes ;  
 And he at the next festival take physick,  
 Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches ;  
 His hands, cas'd up in gloves all night, and sweet  
 Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd  
 To blisters with a sword ; how can he stand  
 Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,  
 To which his feet must ever be a-dancing ?  
 Besides, a falsify may spoil his cringe  
 Or making of a leg, in which consists  
 Much of his court-perfection.

*Sel.* Is this character  
 Bestow'd on him ?

*Sophia.* It something may concern  
 The gentleman ; whom if you please to challenge  
 To dance, play on the lute, or sing —

*Sel.* Some catch ?  
*Sophia.* He shall not want those will maintain him  
 For any sum.

*Sel.* You are my sovereign ;  
 I dare not think — yet I must speak somewhat <sup>7</sup> ;

<sup>6</sup> *May lose his ribbon by it in his lock* ] Alluding to the ridiculous fashion, in our Authors' time, of wearing *love-locks*. This custom is also satyrized in Cupid's Revenge ; which see.

<sup>7</sup> *I dare not blink, yet I must speak something.* ] Why then 'tis plain he would speak without thinking ; and is not this heroically said ? However, tho' he durst not think, yet he was oblig'd to speak to keep himself from bursting. How nonsense, like fame, *vires acquirit eundo* ! Surely, if we suppose the words could ever be sense, we must imagine they run once thus :

*I dare not speak — and yet I must speak something*  
*I shall burst else ; —*

*i. e.* He was afraid of speaking lest he should utter an affront to his queen ;

I shall burst else:—I have no skill in jigs,  
Nor tumbling—

*Sophia.* How, Sir!

*Sel.* Nor was I born a minstrel; and in this  
You have so infinitely disgrac'd Arcadius,  
But that I've heard another character,  
And with your royal licence do believe it,  
I should not think him worth my killing.

*Sophia.* Your killing?

*Sel.* Does she not jeer me?  
I shall talk treason presently; I find it  
At my tongue's end already: This is an  
Affront! I'll leave her.

*Sophia.* Come back! Do you know Arcadius?

*Sel.* I ha' chang'd but little breath with him; our  
persons

Admit no familiarity; we were  
Born to live both at distance; yet I ha' seen him  
Fight, and fight bravely.

*Sophia.* When the spirit of wine  
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.

*Sel.* Altho' he be my enemy, should any  
Of the gay flies that buz about the court,  
Sit to catch trouts i'th' summer<sup>8</sup>, tell me so  
I durst in any presence but your own—

*Sophia.* What?

*Sel.* Tell him he were not honest.

*Sophia.* I fee, Seleucus, thou art resolute,  
And I but wrong'd Arcadius: Your first  
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he  
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm  
First place and honour to his family:  
Is it not this you plead for?

queen; and yet if he did not speak, his anger unvented might do  
him a mischief.

*Sympson.*

We think the text good and genuine, and Sympson's raillery point-  
less and ill-founded.

<sup>8</sup> Sit to catch trouts.] The Editors of 1750 substitute fit for sit;  
we think improperly: Seleucus seems to mean, 'Courtiers that buz  
' about the court, AND sit to catch, &c.'

*Sel.*

*Sel.* You are gracious.

*Sophia.* Lysimachus !

*Lysim.* Madam.

*Cass.* She has granted then ?

*Sel.* With much ado.

*Cass.* I wish thy fword may open  
His wanton veins ! Macarius is too popular,  
And has taught him to insinuate.

*Sophia.* It shall  
But haste the confirmation of our loves,  
And ripen the delights of marriage. Seleucus !

[*Exit cum Seleucis*]

*Lysim.* As I guess'd !  
It cannot be too soon.

*Cass.* Tomorrow then we crown her, and invest  
My son with majesty ; 'tis to my wishes :  
Beget a race of princes, my Lysimachus !

*Lysim.* First, let us marry, Sir.

*Cass.* Thy brow was made  
To wear a golden circle ; I'm transported !  
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

*Lysim.* Altho' you be my father, that will not  
Concern my obedience, as I take it.

*Enter Philocles, Lysander, and Antigonus.*

*Cass.* Gentlemen<sup>9</sup>,  
Prepare yourselves for a solemnity  
Will turn the kingdom into triumph : Epire,  
Look fresh tomorrow ! — 'Twill become your duties,  
In all your glory, to attend the queen at  
Her Coronation ; she is pleas'd to make  
The next day happy in our calendar :  
My office doth expire, and my old blood  
Renews with thought on't.

*Phil.* How's this ?

*Ant.* Crown'd tomorrow ?

<sup>9</sup> Gentlemen,

*Prepare yourselves.*] Mr. Seward has happily restored the speaker, *Cassander*, which is dropt negligently thro' all the copies. *Sympson.*

*Lysim.*

*Lysan.* And he so joyful to resign his regency?  
There's some trick in't: I do not like these hasty  
Turnings<sup>10</sup>, and whirls of state; they've commonly  
As strange and violent effects. Well, Heav'n save  
The queen!

*Phil.* Heav'n save the queen, say I, and send her  
A sprightly bedfellow! For the protector,  
Let him pray for himself; he's like to have  
No benefit of my devotion.

*Cass.* But this doth quicken my old heart! *Lyli-*  
*machus,*

There is not any step into her throne,  
But is the same degree of thy own state.  
Come, gentlemen!

*Lysan.* We attend your Grace.

*Cass.* *Lysimachus!*

*Lysim.* What heretofore could happen to mankind  
Was with much pain to climb to Heav'n; but in  
Sophia's marriage, of all queens the best,  
Heav'n will come down to earth, to make me blest.

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T II.

*Enter Arcadius and Polidora.*

*Polid.* INDEED you shall not go.

*Arc.* Whither?

*Polid.* To travel.

I know you see me but to take your leave;

<sup>10</sup> *these hasty*  
Proceedings, and whirls of state.] Every judge of poetry must see, that *proceedings* is very unpoetical, both in sense and measure: I take the true word to have been blotted in the manuscript, and this to have been either the player or printer's insertion. I conjectur'd *turnings*, and *whirls of state*, which I afterwards found a strong confirmation of in this very Play, act iii. scene iii.

*Phil.* 'Tis a strange turn.

*Lysan.* The whirlings of women.

*Seward.*

VOL. IX.

B

But

But I must never yield to such an absence.

*Arc.* I prithee leave thy fears ! I am commanded  
To th' contrary ; I wonot leave thee now.

*Polid.* Commanded ? by whom ?

*Arc.* The queen.

*Polid.* I'm very glad ; for, trust me, I could think  
Of thy departure with no comfort ! Thou  
Art all the joy I have, half of my soul ;  
But I must thank the queen now for thy company.  
I prithee, what could make thee so desirous  
To be abroad ?

*Arc.* Only to get an appetite  
To thee, Polidora".

*Polid.* Then you must provoke it ?

*Arc.* Nay, prithee, do not so mistake thy servant,

*Polid.* Perhaps you surfeit with my love.

*Arc.* Thy love ?

*Polid.* Altho' I have no beauty to compare  
With the best faces, I've a heart above  
All competition.

*Arc.* Thou art jealous now :  
Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last !  
I am so confident of thee, no lip  
Has ravish'd it from thine. I prithee come  
To court !

*Polid.* For what ?

*Arc.* There is the throne for beauty.

*Polid.* 'Tis safer dwelling here.

*Arc.* There's none will hurt,  
Or dare but think an ill to Polidora ;  
The greatest will be proud to honour thee :  
Thy lustre wants the admiration here<sup>11</sup> ;  
There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a reverence

<sup>11</sup> *To thee, Polidora.*] Seward reads, *To Polidora*.

<sup>12</sup> *Thy lustre wants the admiration here.*] We must either read,  
————— that admiration ;  
or, ————— admiration there.

*Sympson.*

There needs no variation at all ; the meaning is simply, ' Thy  
lustre wants [i. e. is without] its due admiration HERE ; THERE  
' you would be noticed.'

Into the gazer.

*Polid.* You can flatter too.

*Arc.* No praise of thee can be thought so; thy virtue  
Will deserve all. I must confess, we courtiers  
Do oftentimes commend, to shew our art:  
There is necessity sometimes to say  
This madam breathes Arabian gums,  
Amber, and cassia; tho', while we are praising,  
We wish we had no nostrils to take in  
Th' offensive steam of her corrupted lungs.  
Nay, some will swear they love their mistress,  
Would hazard lives and fortunes to preserve  
One of her hairs brighter than Berenice's,  
Or young Apollo's; and yet, after this,  
A favour from another toy would tempt him  
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips  
Her head off.

*Polid.* Fine men!

*Arc.* I am none of these:

Nay, there are women, Polidora, too  
That can do pretty well at flatteries;  
Make men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,  
Can kiss a jewel out of one, and dally  
A carcanet<sup>13</sup> of diamonds from another,  
Weep into th' bosom of a third, and make  
Him drop as many pearls; they count it nothing  
To talk a reasonable heir within ten days  
Out of his whole estate, and make him mad  
He has no more wealth to consume.

*Polid.* You'll teach me  
To think I may be flatter'd in your promises,  
Since you live where this art is most profess'd.

*Arc.* I dare not be so wicked, Polidora.  
The infant errors of the court I may  
Be guilty of, but never to abuse  
So rare a goodness; nor indeed did ever

<sup>13</sup> A carcanet.] A necklace, from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. It is used in Shakespeare, vol. ii, p. 178. R.

Converse with any of those shames of court,  
 To practise for base ends. Be confident  
 My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply  
 Carry the figure of my Polidora,  
 It is not in the power of time or distance  
 To cancel it. By all that's blest, I love thee,  
 Love thee above all women, dare invoke  
 A curse when I forsake thee.

*Polid.* Let it be

Some gentle one.

*Arc.* Teach me an oath I prithee,  
 One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find  
 Any suspicion of my faith; or else  
 Direct me in some horrid imprecation!  
 When I forsake thee for the love of other  
 Woman, may Heav'n reward my apostacy,  
 To blast my greatest happiness on earth<sup>14</sup>,  
 And make all joys abortive!

*Polid.* Revoke these hasty syllables! they carry  
 Too great a penalty for breach of love  
 To me; I am not worth thy suffering;  
 You do not know what beauty may invite  
 Your change, what happiness may tempt your eye  
 And heart together.

*Arc.* Should all the graces of your sex conspire  
 In one, and she should court me with a dower  
 Able to buy a kingdom, when I give  
 My heart from Polidora—

*Polid.* I suspect not;  
 And to requite thy constancy, I swear—

*Arc.* It were a sin to let thee waste thy breath;

<sup>14</sup> ————— of other

Women, may Heav'n reward my apostacy

To blast, &c.] Mr. Seward supposes the words misplac'd here,  
 and that the natural order is thus;

— may to reward my apostacy

Heav'n blast my greatest happiness.

Sympson.

The old reading gives good sense, and more strongly expresses,  
 that 'blasting his happiness would be the proper reward of his false-  
 hood.'

I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* My lord, your uncle hath been every where  
I' th' court enquiring for you; his looks speak  
Some earnest cause.

[Exit.]

*Arc.* I'm more acquainted with  
Thy virtue, than t' imagine thou wilt not  
Excuse me now: One kiss dismisses him  
Whose heart shall wait on Polidora.

*Polid.* Prithee<sup>15</sup>  
Let me not wish for thy return too often!  
My father? [Exit Arc.]

Enter Nestorius and a Servant.

*Nest.* I met Arcadius in strange haste; he told me  
He had been with thee.

*Polid.* Some affair too soon  
Ravish'd him hence; his uncle sent for him.  
You came now from court: How looks the queen  
This golden morning?

*Nest.* Like a bride: Her soul  
Is all on mirth; her eyes have quick'ning fires,  
Able to strike a spring into the earth  
In winter.

*Polid.* Then Lysimachus can have  
No frost in's blood, that lives so near her beams.

*Nest.* His politic father, the protector, smiles too.  
Resolve to see the ceremony of the queen;  
Twill be a day of state.

*Polid.* I am not well.

*Nest.* How! not well? retire then. I must return;  
My attendance is expected. Polidora,  
Be careful of thy health!

<sup>15</sup> Whose heart shall wait on Polidora, prithee

Let me not wish — — —] The least attention to this passage will  
convince the reader, that the insertion of Polidora's name before  
Prithee let me not, which Mr. Seward too communicated to me, is  
entirely requisite to the sense of this place.

Sympson.

*Polid.* It will concern me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Arcadius* and *Macarius*.

*Arc.* You amaze me, Sir.

*Mac.* Dear nephew, if thou respect thy safety,  
My honour, or my age, remove thyself;  
Thy life's in danger.

*Arc.* Mine? Who is my enemy?

*Mac.* Take horse, and instantly forsake the city,  
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling  
Obscure thyself; stay not to know the reason.

*Arc.* Sir, I beseech your pardon! Which, i'th'  
number

Of my offences unto any, should  
Provoke this dishonourable flight?

*Mac.* I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,  
I'd pleaded for thy banishment; thou know'st not  
What threatens thee.

*Arc.* I would desire to know it:  
I am in no conspiracy of treason,  
Have ravish'd no man's mistress, not so much  
As given the lie to any: What should mean  
Your strange and violent fears? I will not stir  
Until you make me sensible I've lost  
My innocence.

*Mac.* I must not live to see  
Thy body full of wounds; it were less sin  
To rip thy father's marble, and fetch from  
The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them  
By some rude winds, where none should ever find  
The sacred dust: It was his legacy,  
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven,  
I should preserve *Arcadius*, whose fate  
He prophesied in death would need protection:  
Thou wot disturb his ghost, and call it to  
Affright my dreams, if thou refuse t' obey me.

*Arc.* You more inflame me, to enquire the cause  
Of your distraction; and you'll arm me better  
Than any coward flight, by acquainting me

Whose

Whose malice aims to kill me: Good Sir, tell me!

*Mac.* Then, prayers and tears assist me!

*Arc.* Sir?

*Mac.* Arcadius,

Thou art a rash young man, witness the spirit  
Of him that trusted me so much! I bleed,

'Till I prevent this mischief.

[Exit.

*Enter Philocles and Lysander.*

*Arc.* Ha! keep off.

*Phil.* What mean you, Sir?

*Lysan.* We are your friends.

*Arc.* I know your faces, but  
Am not secure: I would not be betray'd.

*Lysan.* You wrong our hearts, who truly honour  
you.

*Arc.* They say I must be kill'd.

*Phil.* By whom?

*Arc.* I know not,

Nor would I part with life so tamely.

*Phil.* We dare

Engage ours in your quarrel; hide your sword,  
It may beget suspicion; it is  
Enough to question you.

*Arc.* I'm confident;

Pray pardon me! come, I despise all danger;  
Yet a dear friend of mine, my uncle, told me  
He would not see my body full of wounds.

*Lysan.* Your uncle? this is strange.

*Arc.* Yes, my honest uncle.

If my unlucky stars have pointed me  
So dire a fate—

*Phil.* There is some strange mistake in't.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* Arcadius, the queen would speak with you;  
You must make haste.

*Arc.* Tho' to my death, I fly  
Upon her summons; I give up my breath

Then willingly, if she command it from me. [Exit.

*Phil.* This does a little trouble me.

*Lysan.* I know not

What to imagine; something is the ground  
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not  
Any such danger as he apprehends.

Enter *Sophia, Lysimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus, Arcadius, Ladies, Attendants, and Gentlemen.*

*Sophia.* We have already granted to Seleucus,  
And they shall try their valour, if Arcadius  
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge;  
Our royal word is passed.

*Phil.* This is strange.

*Eub.* Madam, my son knew not what he ask'd,  
And you were cruel to consent so soon.

*Mac.* Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd  
At once of all the wealth I have? Arcadius  
Is part of me.

*Eub.* Seleucus' life and mine  
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall  
Together. Hath the service for my country  
Deserv'd but this reward, to be sent weeping  
To my eternal home? Was't not enough,  
When I was young, to lose my blood in wars,  
But the poor remnant that is scarcely warm,  
And faintly creeping thro' my wither'd veins,  
Must be let out to make you sport?

*Mac.* How can  
We, that shall this morn see the sacred oil  
Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any  
Protection hereafter, when this day  
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you?  
Arcadius, I prithee speak thyself;  
It is for thee I plead.

*Eub.* Seleucus, kneel,  
And say thou hast repented thy rash suit!  
If ere I see thee fight I be thus wounded,  
How will the least drop forced from thy veins

Afflict my heart?

*Mac.* Why, that's good!

*Arcadius.* speak to her; hear him, madam.

*Arc.* If you call back this honour you have done me,  
I shall repent I live.—Do not persuade me!—

Seleucus, thou'rt a noble enemy;

And I will love thy soul, tho' I despair

Our bodies' friendly conversation:

I would we were to tug upon some cliff,

Or, like two prodigies i'th' air, our conflict

Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood

Appease our grandsires' ashes!

*Mac.* I'm undone!

*Sel.* Madam, my father says I have offended;  
If so, I beg your pardon, but beseech you,  
For your own glory, call not back your word!

*Eub.* They are both mad.

*Sophia.* No more! we have resolv'd:  
And since their courage is so nobly flam'd,  
This morning we'll behold the champions  
Within the list. Be not afraid their strife  
Will stretch so far as death. So soon as we  
Are crown'd, prepare yourselves. Seleucus!

[*Seleucus kisses her hand.*

*Sel.* I have receiv'd another life in this  
High favour, and may lose what nature gave me.

*Sophia.* Arcadius, to encourage thy young valour,  
We give thee our father's sword;  
Command it from our armory. Lysimachus,  
To our Coronation.

[*Exeunt.*

*Eub.* I will forfeit sooner

My head for a rebellion, than suffer it<sup>16</sup>. [Exit.

*Mac.* I'm circled with confusions! I'll do somewhat:  
My brains and friends afflit me!

*Phil.*

<sup>16</sup> Sel. I'll forfeit, &c.

*Arc.* I am circled—] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward agree with me here are two false names put into these two places; and that *Eubulus* should supply *Seleucus* and *Macarius Arcadius*, and tis plain, for

26 THE CORONATION.

*Phil.* But do you think they'll fight indeed?

*Lysan.* Perhaps

Her majesty will see a bout or two:

And yet 'tis wondrous strange! such spectacles  
Are rare i'th' court. An they were to skirmish naked,  
Before her, then there might be some excuse.  
There is some gimcracks in't; the queen is wise  
Above her years.

*Phil.* Macarius is perplex'd.

*Enter Eubulus.*

*Lysan.* I cannot blame him. But my lord Eubulus  
Returns; they are both troubled: 'Las, good men!  
But our duties are expected; we forget.

[*Exeunt Philocles and Lysander.*

*Eub.* I must resolve; and yet things are not ripe,  
My brain's upon the torture!

*Mac.* This may quit

The hazard of his person, whose least drop  
Of blood is worth more than our families.  
My lord Eubulus, I have thought a way  
To stay the young mens' desperate proceedings;  
It is our cause they fight; let us beseech  
The queen, to grant us two the privilege  
Of duel, rather than expose their lives  
To either's fury: It were pity they  
Should run upon so black a destiny;  
We are both old, and may be spar'd; a pair  
Of fruitless trees, mossy and wither'd trunks,  
That fill up too much room.

*Eub.* Most willingly;  
And I will praise her charity t' allow it:  
I have not yet forgot to use a fword.  
Let's lose no time! By this act, she will licence

for Seleucus and Arcadius are not now upon the stage, but went off  
with the queen, Lysimachus, &c. I have likewise ventured to add a  
word to

*Eub.* I'll forfeit

*My head, &c.*

which was not sense, as it stood in all the copies.

*Sympson.*

*Our*

Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,  
 Perhaps an hour, the sooner; they may live  
 To do her better service, and be friends  
 When we are dead. And yet I have no hope  
 This will be granted; curse upon our faction!

*Mac.* If she deny us—

*Eub.* What?

*Mac.* I would do somewhat—

*Eub.* There's something o' the sudden struck upon  
 My imagination, that may secure us.

*Mac.* Name it; if no dishonour wait upon't;  
 To preserve them, I'll accept any danger.

*Eub.* There is no other way—and yet my heart  
 Would be excus'd—but 'tis to save his life.

*Mac.* Speak it, Eubulus.

*Eub.* In your ear I shall;  
 It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it.

*Mac.* Hum! tho' it stir my blood, I'll meet.

Arcadius,

If this preserve thee not, I must unseal  
 Another mystery.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Sophia*, *Lysimachus*, *Cassandra*, *Charilla*,  
*Lysander*, *Philocles*, and *Antigonus*.

*Sophia.* We owe to all your loves, and will deserve,  
 At least by our endeavours, that none may  
 This day repent their prayers. My lord-protector!

*Caf.* Madam,  
 I have no such title now, and am blest to lose  
 That name so happily: I was but trusted  
 With a glorious burden.

*Sophia.* You have prov'd  
 Yourself our faithful counsellor, and must still  
 Protect our growing state: A kingdom's scepter  
 Weighs down a woman's arm; this crown fits heavy  
 Upon my brow already; and we know  
 There's something more than metal in this wreath  
 Of shining glory; but your faith and counsel,  
 That are familiar with mysteries,

And

## 28 THE CORONATION.

And depths of state, have power to make us fit  
For such a bearing, in which both you shall  
Do loyal service, and reward your duties.

*Cass.* Heav'n preserve your highness !

*Sophia.* But yet, my lords and gentlemen, let none  
Mistake me, that, because I urge your wisdoms,  
I shall grow careless, and impose on you  
The managing of this great province ! no,  
We will be active too ; and as we are  
In dignity above your persons, so  
The greatest portion of the difficulties  
We call to us, you in your several places  
Relieving us with your experience,  
Observing in your best directions  
All modesty, and distance ; for altho'  
We are but young, no action shall forfeit  
Our royal privilege, or encourage any  
To unreverent boldnes. As it will become  
Our honour to consult, ere we determine,  
Of the most necessary thing of state ;  
So we are sensible of any check<sup>17</sup>,  
But in a brow, that saucily controls  
Our action, presuming on our years  
As few, or frailty of our sex ; that head  
Is not secure, that dares our power or justice.

*Phil.* Sh' has a brave spirit ! Look how the protector  
Grows pale already !

*Sophia.* But I speak to you  
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare  
This theme ; yet 'twas no immaterial  
Part of our character, since I desire  
All should take notice I have studied  
The knowledge of myself ; by which I shall

<sup>17</sup> So we are sensible of a check. J. Seward would read,  
So were not sensible of any check.  
But in a brow, &c.

We have adopted Sympon's reading, which he thus explains : 'Even  
the least seeming dislike to our judgment expressed by a wrinkled brow,  
we are sensible of, &c.'

Better distinguish of your worth and persons  
In your relations to us.

*Lysan.* This language  
Is but a threatening to somebody.

*Sophia.* But we miss some, that use not to absent  
Their duties from us: Where's Macarius?

*Cass.* Retir'd to grieve, your majesty hath given  
Consent Arcadius should enter list  
To-day, with young Seleucus.

*Sophia.* We purpose

*Enter Gentleman.*

They shall proceed. What's he?

*Phil.* A gentleman  
Belonging to Seleucus, that gives notice  
He is prepar'd, and waits your royal pleasure.

*Sophia.* He was compos'd for action. Give notice  
To Arcadius, and admit the challenger!  
Let other princes boast their gaudy tilting,  
And mockery of battles! but our triumph  
Is celebrated with true noble valour,

*Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at several doors, their  
pages before them, bearing their targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have  
Two kingdoms stak'd upon their swords. Lysimachus,  
Do not they excellently become their arms?  
'Twere pity but they should do something more  
Than wave their plumes. [A shout within.] What  
noise is that?

*Enter Macarius and Eubulus.*

*Mac.* The peoples' joy, to know us reconcil'd,  
Is added to the jubilee o' th' day:  
We have no more a faction, but one heart.  
Peace flow in every bosom!

*Eub.* Throw away  
These instruments of death, and like two friends  
Embrace by our example.

*Sophia.*

*Sophia.* This unfeign'd?

*Mac.* By our duties to yourself! Dear madam,  
Command them not advance: Our houses from  
This minute are incorporated; happy day!  
Our eyes, at which before revenge look'd forth,  
May clear suspicion. Oh, my Arcadius!

*Eub.* We've found a nearer way to friendship,  
madam,

Than by exposing them to fight for us.

*Sophia.* If this be faithful, our desires are bless'd.  
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile  
Your blood this way, and we did prophesy<sup>18</sup>  
This happy chance: Spring into either's bosom,  
Arcadius and Seleucus!—What can now  
Be added to this day's felicity?  
Yes, there is something, is there not, my lord,  
While we are virgin-queen?

*Cass.* Ha! that string  
Doth promise musick.

*Sophia.* I am yet, my lords,  
Your single joy; and when I look upon  
What I have took to manage, the great care  
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline  
To think I shall do justice to myself  
If I chuse one, whose strength and virtue may  
Assist my undertaking: Think you, lords,  
A husband would not help?

*Lysan.* No question, madam<sup>18</sup>;  
And he that you purpose to make so bless'd,  
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty:  
It is the general vote.

*Sophia.* We will not then  
Trouble ambassadors to treat with any  
Princes abroad; within our own dominion,  
Fruitful in honour, we shall make our choice;  
And that we may not keep you over long  
In th' imagination, from this circle we  
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall

<sup>18</sup> And we did prophesy.] i. e. Foresee.

Salute a king and husband.

*Lysan.* Now, my lord Lysimachus !

*Sophia.* Nor shall we in this action be accus'd  
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare  
Deserving our affection hath been early  
In our opinion, (which had reason first  
To guide it, and his known nobility)  
Long married to our thoughts, will justify  
Our fair election.

*Phil.* Lysimachus blushes.

*Cass.* Direct our duties, madam, to pray for him !

[*She comes from the state.*

*Sophia.* Arcadius, you see from whence we come ;  
Pray lead us back : You may ascend.

*Cass.* How's this ? o'er-reach'd ?

*Arc.* Madam, be charitable to your humblest crea-  
ture !

Do not reward the heart, that falls in duty  
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden  
Of the court-mirth, a mockery for pages !

'Twere treason in me but to think you mean thus.

*Sophia.* Arcadius, you must refuse my love,  
Or shame this kingdom.

*Phil.* Is the wind in that corner ?

*Cass.* I shall run mad, Lysimachus !

*Lysim.* Sir, contain yourself.

*Sel.* Is this to be believ'd ?

*Mac.* What dream is this ?

*Phil.* He kisses her ! now, by this day, I'm glad on't.

*Lysan.* Mark the protector !

*Ant.* Let him fret his heart-strings !

*Sophia.* Is the day cloudy on the sudden ?

*Arc.* Gentlemen,

It was not my ambition ; (I durst never  
Aspire so high in thought) but since her majesty  
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honour, I  
Will study to be worthy of her grace,  
By whom I live.

*Sophia.* The church tomorrow shall

Confirm

Confirm our marriage. Noble Lysimachus,  
We'll find out other ways to recompense  
Your love to us. Set forward! Come, Arcadius!

[*Exeunt Sophia, Arcadius, and Philocles.*]

*Mac.* It must be so; and yet let me consider!

*Cass.* He insults already! Policy, assist me  
To break his neck!

*Lysim.* Who would trust woman?

Lost, in a pair of minutes lost! How bright  
A morning rose but now, and now 'tis night. [*Exe.*

### A C T III.

*Enter Polidora and Servant.*

*Polid.* O H, where shall virgins look for faith here-  
after,  
If he prove false, after so many vows?  
And yet, if I consider, he was tempted  
Above the strength of a young lover: Two  
Such glories courting<sup>19</sup> his acceptance, were  
Able to make disloyalty no sin,  
At least not seem a fault: A lady first,  
Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen  
Than th' Alps, quicken a soul more dead than winter;  
Add to her beauty and perfection,  
That she's a queen, and brings with her a kingdom  
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.  
What could the frailty of Arcadius  
Suggest, t'unspirit him so much, as not  
To fly to her embraces?—You were present  
When she declar'd herself?

*Serv.* Yes, madam.

*Polid.* Tell me,  
Did not he make a pause, when the fair queen

<sup>19</sup> Such glorious courting.] Corrected in 1750.

A full temptation stood him?

*Serv.* Very little

My judgment could distinguish: She did no sooner Propound, but he accepted.

*Polid.* That was ill,

He might with honour stand one or two minutes; Methinks it should have startled him a little

To have remember'd me; I have deserv'd

At least a cold thought. Well, pray give it him.

*Serv.* I shall.

[*Polid* gives him a letter.]

*Polid.* When?

*Serv.* Instantly.

*Polid.* Not so;

But take a time when his joy swells him most, When his delights are high and ravishing, When you perceive his foul dance in his eyes, When she, that must be his, hath dress'd her beaut With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids To call him to the tasting of her lip; Then give him this, and tell him, while I live, I'll pray for him:

*Serv.* I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Cassandra* and *Lysimachus*.

*Cass.* There is no way but death.

*Lysim.* That's black and horrid!

Consider, Sir, it was her sin, not his;

I cannot accuse him; what man could carry

A heart so frozen, not to melt at such

A glorious flame? Who could not fly to such

A happiness?

*Cass.* Have you ambition

To be a tame fool? See so vast an injury,

And not revenge it? Make me not suspect

Thy mother for this sufferance, my son.

*Lysim.* Pray hear me, Sir.

*Cass.* Hear a patient gull,

A property? Thou hast no blood of mine,

If this affront provoke thee not: How canst

Be charitable to thyself, and let him live  
To glory in thy shame? Nor is he innocent;  
He had before crept slyly into her bosom,  
And practis'd thy dishonour.

*Lyfim.* You begin  
To stir me, Sir.

*Cass.* How else could she be guilty  
Of such contempt of thee, and in the eye  
Of all the kingdom? they conspir'd this stain,  
When they had cunning meetings. Shall thy love  
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and Lyfi-  
machus

Stand idle gazer?

*Lyfim.* What, Sir, will his death  
Advantage us, if she be false to me?  
So irreligious? and to touch her person—  
Pause, we may be observ'd.

*Enter Philocles and Lysander.*

*Lysan.* 'Tis the protector  
And his son.

*Phil.* Alas, poor gentleman! I pity his  
Neglect, but am not sorry for his father.  
'Tis a strange turn.

*Lysan.* The whirligigs of women!

*Phil.* Your Grace's servant.

*Cass.* I am yours, gentlemen;  
And should be happy to deserve your loves.

*Phil.* Now he can flatter.

*Lysan.* Not, Sir, to enlarge  
Your sufferings, I have a heart doth wish  
The queen had known better to reward  
Your love and merit.

*Lyfim.* If you would express  
Your love to me, pray do not mention it.  
I must obey my fate.

*Phil.* She will be married  
To t'other gentleman for certain then?

*Cass.* I hope you'll wish 'em joy.

*Phil.*

*Pbil.* Indeed I will, Sir.

*Lysan.* Your Grace's servant!

[*Exeunt.*

*Caff.* We are grown

Ridiculous, the pastime of the court!—

Here comes another.

*Enter Seleucus.*

*Sel.* Where's your son, my lord?

*Caff.* Like a neglected servant of his mistress—

*Sel.* I would ask him a question.

*Caff.* What?

*Sel.* Whether the queen,

As 'tis reported, lov'd him: He can tell

Whether she promis'd what they talk of, marriage.

*Caff.* I can resolve you that, Sir.

*Sel.* She did promise?

*Caff.* Yes.

*Sel.* Then she's a woman; and your son—

*Caff.* What?

*Sel.* Not

Worthy his blood, and expectation,

If he be calm.

*Caff.* There's no opposing destiny.

*Sel.* I'd cut the throat—

*Caff.* Whose throat?

*Sel.* The destiny's; that's all. Your pardon, Sir!

I am Seleucus still; a poor shadow

O'th' world, a walking picture! it concerns

Not me; I am forgotten by my stars.

*Caff.* The queen, with more discretion, might ha' chos'en thee.

*Sel.* Whom?

*Caff.* Thee, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Me?

I cannot dance, and brisk with due activity!

My body's lead, I've too much phlegm; what should I

Do with a kingdom? No, Arcadius

Becomes the cushion, and can please. Yet, setting

Aside the trick that ladies of blood look at,

Another man might make a shift to wear

Rich cloaths, fit in the chair of state, and nod,  
Dare venture on discourse that does not trench  
On compliment, and think the study of arms  
And arts more commendable in a gentleman,  
Than any galliard <sup>20</sup>.

*Cass.* Arcadius

And you were reconcil'd?

*Sel.* We? yes; oh, yes.

But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends;  
At our equality there had been reason,  
But now *subje<sup>ction</sup>* is the word.

*Cass.* They are not yet married?

*Sel.* I'll make no oath upon't. My lord Lysimachus,

A word! You'll not be angry if I love you?  
May not a batchelor be made a cuckold?

*Lysim.* How, Sir!

*Cass.* Lysimachus, this gentleman  
Is worthy our embrace; he's spirited,  
And may be useful.

*Sel.* Hark you; can you tell  
Where's the best dancing-master? An you mean  
To rise at court, practise to caper: Farewell,  
The noble science that makes work for cutlers!  
It will be out of fashion to wear swords;  
Masques and devices, welcome! I salute you.  
Is it not pity any division  
Should be heard out of musick? Oh, 'twill be  
An excellent age of crotchetts, and of canters!  
By', captains <sup>21</sup>, that like fools will spend your blood  
Out of your country! you will be of less  
Use than your feathers; if you return unaim'd,  
You shall be beaten soон to a new march,  
When you shall think it a discretion

<sup>20</sup> *Galliard.*] \* The *Galliard* is a lively air in triple time; Brofard intimates that it is the same with the *Romanesca*, a favourite dance with the Italians. Sir John Hawkins, *Hist. Musick*, vol. iv. p. 387.

<sup>21</sup> Buy captains, that like fools——if you return unmann'd.] Both errors corrected by Seward.

To sell your glorious buffs to buy fine pumps,  
And pantables; this is, I hope, no treason.

*Enter Arcadius leading Sophia, Charilla, Eubulus,  
Lysander, Philocles, and Polidora's Servant<sup>22</sup>.*

*Cass.* Wo't stay, Lysimachus?

*Lysim.* Yes, Sir, and shew

A patience above her injury.

*Arc.* This honour is too much, madam! Assume  
Your place, and let Arcadius wait still;  
'Tis happiness enough to be your servant.

*Cass.* Now he dissembles.

*Sophia.* Sir, you must sit.

*Arc.* I am obedient.

[*Music heard.*]

*Sophia.* This is not music

Sprightly enough; it feeds the soul with melancholy.  
How says Arcadius?

*Arc.* Give me leave to think,  
There is no harmony but in your voice,  
And not an accent of your heav'nly tongue,  
But strikes me into rapture: I incline  
To think the tale of Orpheus no fable;  
'Tis possible he might enchant the rocks,  
And charm the forest, soften Hell itself,  
With his commanding lute; it is no miracle  
To what you work, whose ev'ry breath conveys  
The hearer into Heav'n: How at your lips  
Winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,  
To disperse sweetnes\$ round about the world!

*Sel.* Fine stuff!

*Sophia.* You cannot flatter.

*Arc.* Not, if I should say

Nature had plac'd you here the creatures<sup>23</sup> wonder,  
And her own spring, from which all excellence  
On earth's deriv'd, and copied forth; and when  
The character of fair and good in others  
Is quite worn out, and lost, looking on you  
It is supplied, and you alone made mortal,

<sup>22</sup> *Polidora, Servant.*] Corrected by Sympon.

38 THE CORONATION.

To feed and keep alive all beauty.

*Sel.* Ha! ha! Can you endure it, gentlemen?

*Lysan.* What do you mean?

*Sel.* Nay, ask him what he means;  
Mine is a down-right laugh.

*Sophia.* Well, Sir, proceed.

*Arc.* At such bright eyes the stars do light themselves,

At such a forehead swans renew their white,  
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

*Sel.* The morning is more modest than thy praises;  
What a thing does he make her?

*Arc.* And when you fly to Heav'n, and leave this world

No longer maintenance of goodness from you,  
Then poetry shall lose all use with us,  
And be no more, since nothing in your absence  
Is left, that can be worthy of a verse.

*Sel.* Ha, ha!

*Sophia.* Who's that?

*Sel.* 'Twas I, madam,

*Arc.* Seleucus?

*Cass.* Ha!

*Sel.* Yes, Sir; 'twas I that laugh'd.

*Arc.* At what?

*Sel.* At nothing.

*Lysan.* Contain yourself, Seleucus.

*Eub.* Are you mad?

*Sophia.* Have you ambition to be punish'd, Sir?

*Sel.* I need not; 'twas punishment

Enough to hear him make an idol of you;  
He left out the commendation of your patience.

I was a little moved in my nature,  
To hear his rodomontados, and make  
A monster of his mistress; which

I pitied first; but seeing him proceed,  
I gues'd he brought you mirth with his inventions,  
And so made bold to laugh at it.

*Sophia.* You're saucy!

We'll

We'll place you where you shall not be so merry.  
Take him away!

*Lyfan.* Submit yourself.

*Arc.* Let me

Plead for his pardon.

*Sel.* I would not owe

My life so poorly! Beg thy own: When you  
Are king you cannot bribe your destiny.

*Eub.* Good madam, hear me! I fear he is distracted.

*Cass.* Brave boy!—Thou shouldst be master of a  
soul

Like his; thy honour's more concern'd<sup>23</sup>.

*Sel.* 'Tis charity;

Away wo' me! B'y', madam<sup>24</sup>!

*Cass.* He has a daring spirit. [*Exeunt Sel. Eub. Cass.*

*Arc.* These, and a thousand more affronts, I must  
Expect; your favours draw them all upon me:  
In my first state I had no enemies;  
I was secure, while I did grow beneath  
This expectation; humble vallies thrive with  
Their bosoms full of flowers, when the hills melt  
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds.  
Let me retire.

*Sophia.* And can Arcadius

At such a breath be mov'd? I had opinion  
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for  
Our love: Can you for this incline to leave  
What other princes should in vain have sued for?

<sup>23</sup> *Brave boy, &c.*] This speech was joined to that of Eubulus, 'till Mr. Seward discovered the error.

<sup>24</sup> —— 'boy, madam?'] We find afterward Seleucus sent to prison, for which there is now no express command given by the queen; and in the next place it is evident that she had call'd him *boy*, to which, *Boy, madam*, is an answer. The words omitted, might probably come in between Eubulus and Cassander's speeches, and might be to this effect,

*Away with that audacious boy to prison.* *Seward.*

What occur'd to me upon reading this passage was this, that *boy* is only a corruption of *b'y'*, and designed as an ironical taking leave of the queen on his going to prison. *Sympson.*

*Sympson* is undoubtedly right.

## 40 THE CORONATION.

How many lovers are in Epire now  
Would throw themselves on danger, not expect  
One enemy, but empty their own veins,  
And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,  
To have one smile of us when they are dying!  
And shall this murmur shake you?

*Arc.* Not, dear madam;  
My life is such a poor despised thing,  
In value your least graces, that to lose  
It were to make myself a victory.  
It is not for myself I fear: The envy  
Of others cannot fasten wound in me  
Greater, than that your goodness should be check'd  
So daringly.

*Sophia.* Let not those thoughts afflict thee,  
While we have power to correct th' offences.  
*Arcadius,* be mine! This shall confirm it. [Kisses him.]

*Arc.* I shall forget,  
And lose my way to Heav'n: That touch had been  
Enough to have restor'd me, and infus'd  
A spirit of a more celestial nature,  
After the tedious absence of my soul.  
Oh, bless me not too much! one smile a-day  
Would stretch my life to immortality.  
Poets, that wrap divinity in tales,  
Look here, and give your copies forth of angels!  
What blessing can remain?

*Sophia.* Our marriage.

*Arc.* Place then some horrors in the way  
For me, not you, to pass; the journey's end  
Holds out such glories to me, I should think  
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it.—

[*Servant delivers him a paper.*—  
What's that? some petition? a letter to me?  
‘ You had a Poidora.’ Ha! that's all!  
I' th' minute when my vessel's new launch'd forth,  
With all my pride, and silken wings about me,  
I strike upon a rock: What power can save me?

<sup>25.</sup> *To mortality.*] Corrected in 1750.

‘ You

# THE CORONATION. 41

‘ You had a Polidora ! ’ There’s a name !  
Killed with grief, I can so soon forget her.

*Serv.* She did impose on me this service, Sir ;  
And while she lives, she says, she’ll pray for you.

*Arc.* She lives !

That’s well ; and yet ’twere better for my fame  
And honour, she were dead. What fate hath plac’d me  
Upon this fearful precipice ?

*Serv.* He’s troubled.

*Arc.* I must resolve : My faith is violated  
Already ; yet, poor loving Polidora  
Will pray for me, she says ; to think she can,  
Renders me hated to myself, and every  
Thought’s a tormentor ; let me then be just.

*Sophia.* Arcadius !

*Arc.* That voice prevails again. Oh, Polidora,  
Thou must forgive Arcadius ; I dare not  
Turn rebel to a princess : I shall love  
Thy virtue, but a kingdom has a charm  
To excuse our frailty. Dearest madam !

*Sophia.* Now set forward.

*Arc.* To perfect all our joys !

*Enter Macarius and a Bishop.*

*Mac.* I’ll fright their glories.

*Cass.* By what means ?

*Mac.* Observe.

*Arc.* Our good uncle, welcome !

*Sophia.* My lord Macarius, we did want your  
person ;

There’s something in our joys wherein you share.

*Mac.* This you intend your highness’ wedding-day ?

*Sophia.* We are going —

*Mac.* Save your labour ;

I’ve brought a priest to meet you.

*Arc.* Reverend father !

*Sophia.* Meet us ? Why ?

*Mac.* To tell you that you must not marry.

*Cass.* Didst thou hear that, Lysimachus ?

*Lysim.*

## 42 THE CORONATION.

*Lysim.* And wonder what will follow.

*Sophia.* We must not marry?

*Bishop.* Madam, 'tis a rule

First made in Heav'n; and I must needs declare

You and Arcadius must tie no knot

Of man and wife.

*Arc.* Is my uncle mad?

*Sophia.* Joy has transported him,  
Or age has made him dote: Macarius,  
Provokē us not too much; you will presume  
Above our mercy.

*Mac.* I'll discharge my duty,  
Could your frown strike me dead.—My lord, you  
know

Whose character this is?

*Cass.* It is Theodosius',  
Your Gracē's fathēr.

*Bishop.* I am subscrib'd a witness.

*Phil.* Upon my life, 'tis his.

*Mac.* Fear not; I'll cross this match. [*Aside to Cass.*

*Cass.* I'll bleſſ thee for't.

*Arc.* Uncle, d'ye know what you do,  
Or what we are going to finish? You will not break  
The neck of my glorious fortune, now my foot's  
I'th' stirrups, and, mounting, throw me o'er the saddle?  
I hope you'll let one be a king.—Madam,  
'Tis as you say, my uncle is ſomething craz'd,  
There's a worm in's brain, but I beſeech you par-  
don him:

He is not the firſt of your council, that has talk'd  
Idly. D'ye hear, my lord-bishop, I hope you have  
more

Religion than to join with him to undo me.

*Bishop.* Not I, Sir; but I am commanded by oath  
and conſcience,

To ſpeak truth.

*Arc.* If your truth ſhould do me  
Any harm, I ſhall never be in charity  
With a crozier's ſtaff; look to't!

*Sophia.*

*Sophia.* My youngest brother?

*Cass.* Worse and worse! my brains! [Exit.

*Mac.* Deliver'd to me an infant with this writing,  
To which this reverend father is a witness.

*Lysan.* This he whom we so long thought dead,  
a child?

*Sophia.* But what should make my father to trust  
him

To your concealment? give abroad his death,  
And bury an empty coffin?

*Mac.* A jealousy he had

Upon Cassander, whose ambitious brain  
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose  
His son, to make Lysimachus king of Epir.

*Sophia.* He made no scruple to expose me then  
To any danger?

*Mac.* He secur'd you, madam,  
By an early engagement of your affection  
To Lysimachus, exempt this testimony:  
Had he been Arcadius, and my nephew,  
I needed not obtrude him on the state;  
Your love and marriage had made him king  
Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition.  
There was necessity to open now  
His birth and title.

*Phil.* Demetrius alive?

*Arc.* What riddles are these? Whom do they  
talk of?

*Omnes.* We congratulate your return to life and  
honour,

And, as becomes us, with one voice salute you,  
Demetrius, king of Epir.

*Mac.* I am no uncle, Sir: This is your sister;  
I should have suffer'd incest, to have kept you  
Longer i'th' dark: Love, and be happy both!  
My trust is now discharg'd.

*Lysan.* And we rejoice.

*Arc.* But do not mock me, gentlemen;  
May I be bold upon your words to say

I am

I am prince Theodosius' son?

*Mac.* The king.

*Arc.* You'll justify it?

Sister, I'm very glad to see you.

*Sophia.* I am

To find a brother, and resign my glory.

My triumph is my shame.

[Exit.]

Enter *Cassandra*.

*Cass.* Thine ear, Lysimachus.

*Arc.* Gentlemen, I owe

Unto your loves as large acknowledgment

As to my birth, for this great honour; and

My study shall be equal to be thought

Worthy of both.

[Exit *Sophia*.]

*Cass.* Thou art turn'd marble.

*Lysim.* There will be the less charge for my monu-  
ment.

*Cass.* This must not be: Sit fast, young king! [Exit.]

*Lysan.* Your sister, Sir, is gone.

*Arc.* My sister should have been my bride, That  
name

Puts me in mind of Polidora; ha!

Lysander! Philocles! gentlemen!

If you will have me think your hearts allow me

Theodosius' son, oh, quickly snatch some wings,

Express it in your haste to Polidora;

Tell her, what title is new dropt from Heav'n

To make her rich, only created for me;

Give her the ceremony of my queen;

With all the state that may become our bride,

Attend her to this throne. Are you not there?

Yet stay! 'tis too much pride to send for her;

We'll go ourself; no honour is enough

For Polidora, to redeem our fault;

Salute her gently from me, and, upon

Your knee, present her with this diadem!

'Tis our first gift; tell her Demetrius follows

To be her guest, and give himself a servent

To her chaste bosom ; bid her stretch her heart  
To meet me ! I am lost in joy and wonder ! [Exeunt.

## A C T IV.

Enter Cassander, Eubulus, and Soldier.

*Cass.* **W**HERE's the captain of the castle ?  
*Sold.* He'll attend your honours presently.

*Cass.* Give him knowledge we expect him.

*Sold.* I shall, my lord.

[Exit.]

*Cass.* He is my creature, (fear not !)

And shall run any course that we propound.

*Eub.* My lord, I like the substance of your plot,  
'Tis promising ; but matters of this consequence  
Are not so easily perfect ; and it does  
Concern our heads to build upon secure  
Principles : Tho' Seleucus, I confess,  
Carry a high and daring spirit in him,  
'Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled  
Any impostor ; and we know not yet  
Whether he'll undertake to play the prince ;  
Or, if he should accept it, with what cunning  
He can behave himself.

*Cass.* My lord, affairs  
Of such a glorious nature are half finish'd,  
When they begin with confidence.

*Eub.* Admit  
He want no art, nor courage, it must rest  
Upon the people to receive his title ;  
And with what danger their uncertain breath  
May flatter ours, Demetrius scarcely warm  
In the king's seat, I may suspect.

*Cass.* That reason  
Makes for our part ; for if it be so probable  
That young Demetrius should be living, why  
May not we work them to believe Leonatus,

The

The eldest son, was by some trick preserv'd,  
And now would claim his own? There were two sons,  
Who in their father's life we suppos'd dead;  
May not we find a circumstance to make  
This seem as clear as t' other? Let the vulgar  
Be once possess'd, we'll carry Epire from  
Demetrius, and the world.

*Eub.* I could be pleas'd

*Enter Poleanus.*

To see my son a king.—The captain's here.

*Poleanus.* I wait your lordship's pleasure.

*Cass.* We come to visit your late prisoner.  
I will not doubt, but you entreat him fairly;  
He will deserve it for himself, and you  
Be fortunate in any occasion  
To have express'd your service.

*Poleanus.* Sir, the knowledge  
Of my honourable lord his father will  
Instruct me to behave myself with all  
Respects becoming me, to such a son.

*Cass.* These things will least  
Oblige you; but how bears he his restraint?

*Poleanus.* As one whose soul's above it.

*Eub.* Patiently?

*Poleanus.* With contempt rather of the great  
command  
Which made him prisoner: He will talk sometimes  
So strangely to himself!

*Eub.* He's here.

*Enter Seleucus.*

*Sel.* Why was I born to be a subject? 'Tis  
Soon answ'red sure; my father was no prince,  
That's all: The same ingredients use to make  
A man, as active, tho' not royal blood,  
Went to my composition, and I  
Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,  
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow,

As

As I'd been born an emp'rор.

*Cass.* While I look  
Upon him, something in his face presents  
A king indeed.

*Eub.* He does resemble much  
Theodosius too.

*Cass.* Whose son we would pretend him :  
This will advance our plot.

*Sel.* 'Tis but a name,  
And mere opinion, that prefers one man  
Above another : I'll imagine then  
I am a prince, or some brave thing on earth,  
And see what follows. But it must not be  
My single voice will carry it ; the name  
Of king must be attended with a troop  
Of acclamations, on whose airy wings  
He mounts, and, once exalted, threatens Heav'n,  
And all the stars. How to acquire this noise,  
And be the thing I talk of—Men have risen  
From a more cheap nobility to empires,  
From dark originals, and sordid blood ;  
Nay, some that had no fathers, sons o' th' earth,  
And flying people, have aspir'd to kingdoms,  
Made nations tremble <sup>26</sup>, nay, have practis'd frowns  
To awe the world : Their memory is glorious,  
And I would hug them in their shades. But what's  
All this to me, that am I know not what,  
And less in expectation ?

*Poleanus.* Are you serious ?

*Cass.* Will you assist, and run a fate with us ?

*Poleanus.* Command my life ; I owe it to your favour.

*Sel.* Arcadius was once as far from king <sup>27</sup>  
As I ; and had we not so cunningly

<sup>26</sup> Tremble, any have practis'd frowns.] Amended by Sympon.

<sup>27</sup> As far from being

As I ] This is true indeed, yet no mighty discovery, nor what the poets designed him to say : But the true lection, and what the place requires absolutely, is this ;

— was as far from king.

Sympson.  
Been

48 THE CORONATION.

Been reconcil'd, or one, or both, had gone  
To seek our fortunes in another world.—  
What's the device now? If my death be next,  
The summons shall not make me once look pale:

*Cass.* Chide your too vain suspicions; we bring  
A life, and liberty, with what else can make  
Thy ambition happy: Th' hast a glorious flame!  
We come t' advance it.

*Sel.* How?

*Cass.* Have but a will;  
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to;  
A king!

*Sel.* You do not mock me, gentlemen?  
You are my fathet, Sir.

*Eub.* This minute shall  
Declare it, my Seleucus: Our hearts swell'd  
With joy, with duty rather—Oh, my boy!

*Sel.* What is the mystery?

*Poleanus.* You must be a king.

*Cass.* Seleucus, stay! thou'rt too incredulous:  
Let not our faith and study to exalt thee  
Be so rewarded!

*Eub.* I pronouhce thee king;  
Unless thy spirit be turn'd coward; and  
Thou faint t' accept it.

*Sel.* King of what?

*Cass.* Of Epire.

*Sel.* Altho' the queen, sinče she sent me hither,  
Were gone to Heaven, I know not how  
That title could devolve to me.

*Cass.* We have  
No queen, sinçe he that should have married her  
Is prov'd her youngest brother; and now king  
In his own titlē.

*Sel.* Thank you, gentlemen!  
There's hope for me.

*Cass.* Why, you dare fight with him,  
An need be, for the kingdom?

*Sel.* With Arcadius?

# THE CORONATION. 49

If you'll make stakes, my life against his crown,  
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine son,  
And all the courtiers one after another.

*Cass.* Two'not come to that.

*Sel.* I'm of your lordship's mind :  
So, fare you well !

*Cass.* Yet stay and hear.

*Sel.* What, that you have betray'd me ?  
Do, tell your king ! my life is grown a burden ;  
And I'll confess ; and make your souls look pale,  
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement  
Of flesh ; and, dying, laugh at your poor malice.

*Omnes.* No more ; long live Leonatus, king of Epire !

*Sel.* Leonatus ? Who's that ?

*Cass.* Be bold, and be a king ! Our brains have been  
Working to raise you to this height. Here are  
None but friends : Dare you but call yourself  
Leonatus ; and but justify with confidence  
What we'll proclaim you ; if we do not bring  
The crown to your head, we will forfeit ours.

*Eub.* The state is in distraction—Arcadius  
Is prov'd a king—there was an elder brother—  
If you dare but pronounce you are the same,  
Forget you are my son—

*Poleanus.* These are no trifles, Sir : All is plotted  
To assure your greatness, if you will be wise,  
And take the fair occasion that's presented :

*Sel.* Arcadius, you say, is lawful king ;  
And now, to depose him, you would make me  
An elder brother ; is't not so ?

*Cass.* Most right.

*Sel.* Nay, right or wrong ; if this be your true  
meaning—

*Omnes.* Upon our lives !

*Sel.* I'll venture mine.

But, with your pardon, whose brain was this ?  
From whom took this plot life ?

*Eub.* My lord Cassander.

*Sel.* And you are of his mind ? and you ? and think  
VOL. IX. D This

## 50 THE CORONATION.

This may be done ?

*Eub.* The destinies sha'n't cross us,  
If you have spirit to undertake it.

*Sel.* Undertake it ?

I am not us'd to compliment : I'll owe  
My life to you, my fortunes to your lordship.  
Compose me as you please ; and when you've made  
Me what you promise, you shall both divide  
Me equally. One word, my lord ! I'd rather

[*Apart to Eubulus.*

Live in the prison still, than be a property  
T' advance his politick ends.

*Eub.* Have no suspicion !

*Cass.* So, so ! I see Demetrius' heels already [*Aside.*  
Tripp'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o'th' way ;  
Which gone, I can depose this at my leisure,  
Being an impostor ; then my son stands fair,  
And may piece with the princefs. We lose time :  
What think you ? If we first surprize the court,  
While you command the castle, we shall curb  
All opposition.

*Eub.* Let's proclaim him first.  
I have some faction ; the people love me ;  
They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the court.

*Cass.* Unless Demetrius yield himself, he bleeds.

*Sel.* Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds ?

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sophia and Charilla.*

*Char.* Madam, you are too passionate, and lose  
The greatness of your soul, with the expence  
Of two much grief, for that which providence  
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a state  
Above your tender bearing.

*Sophia.* Thou'rt a fool,  
And canst not reach the spirit of a lady  
Born great as I was, and made only less  
By a too-cruel destiny ! ' Above  
' Our tender bearing ?' What goes richer to

The

The composition of man than ours?  
 Our soul's as free, and spacious, our heart's  
 As great, our will as large, each thought as active,  
 And in this only man more proud than we,  
 That would have us less capable of empire:  
 But search the stories, and the name of queen  
 Shines bright with glory, and some precedents  
 Above man's imitation.

*Char.* I grant it,  
 For th' honour of our sex; nor have you, madam,  
 By any weakness, forfeited command:  
 He that succeeds, in justice was before you,  
 And you have gain'd more, in a royal brother,  
 Than you could lose by your resign of Epire.  
*Sophia.* This I allow, Charilla, I ha' done;  
 'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me  
 (At the same time I feel a joy to know  
 My brother living); no, there is another  
 Wound in me above cure.

*Char.* Virtue forbid!

*Sophia.* Canst find me out a surgeon for that?

*Char.* For what?

*Sophia.* My bleeding fame.

*Char.* Oh, do not injure  
 Your own clear innocence.

*Sophia.* Don't flatter me:  
 I have been guilty of an act will make  
 All love in women question'd; is not that  
 A blot upon a virgin's name? my birth  
 Cannot extenuate my shame; I am  
 Become the stain of Epire!

*Char.* It is but  
 Your own opinion, madam, which presents  
 Something to fright yourself, which cannot be  
 In the same shape so horrid to our sense.

*Sophia.* Thou wouldst, but canst not appear ignorant:  
 Did not the court, nay, the whole kingdom, take  
 Notice I lov'd Lysimachus?

*Char.* True, madam.

## 52 THE CORONATION.

*Sophia.* No, I was false!  
Tho' counsell'd by my father to affect him,  
I had my politic ends upon Cassander,  
To be absolute queen, flattering his son with hopes  
Of love and marriage, when that very day  
(I blush to think) I wrong'd Lysimachus,  
That noble gentleman: But Heav'n punish'd me!  
For tho' to know Demetrius was a blessing,  
Yet who will not impute it my dishonour?

*Char.* Madam, you yet may recompense Lysimachus:

If you affect him now, you were not false  
To him, whom then you lov'd not; if you can  
Find any gentle passion in your soul  
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,  
Tho' sad, retains a noble will to meet it:  
His love was firm to you, and cannot be  
Unrooted with one storm.

*Sophia.* He will not sure  
Trust any language from her tongue that mock'd him,  
Altho' my soul doth weep for it, and is punish'd  
To love him above the world.

*Enter Lysimachus.*

*Char.* He's here,  
As Fate would have him reconcil'd: Be free,  
And speak your thoughts.

*Lysim.* If, madam, I appear  
Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon:  
I heard you were not well, which made me haste  
To pay the duty of an humble visit.

*Sophia.* You do not mock me, Sir?

*Lysim.* I'm confident  
You think me not so lost to manners, in  
The knowledge of your person, to bring with me  
Such rudeness; I have nothing to present,  
But an heart full of wishes for your health,  
And what else may be added to your happiness.

*Sophia.* I thought you had been sensible—

*Lysim.*

# THE CORONATION. 53

*Lysim.* How, madam?

*Sophia.* A man of understanding: Can you spend  
One prayer for me, rememb'ring the dishonour  
I have done Lysimachus?

*Lysim.* Nothing can deface  
That part of my religion in me, not to pray for you.

*Sophia.* It is not then impossible you may  
Forgive me too: Indeed I have a soul  
Is full of penitence, and something else,  
If blushing would allow to giv't a name.

*Lysim.* What, madam?

*Sophia.* Love; a love that should redeem  
My past offence, and make me white again.

*Lysim.* I hope no sadness can possess your thoughts  
For me; I am not worthy of this sorrow:  
But if you mean it any satisfaction  
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis  
But a strange overflow of charity,  
To keep me still alive. Be yourself, madam,  
And let no cause of mine be guilty of  
This rape upon your eyes; my name's not worth  
The least of all your tears.

*Sophia.* You think 'em counterfeit?

*Lysim.* Altho' I may  
Suspect a woman's smile hereafter, yet  
I would believe their wet eyes; and if this  
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have  
But one reply.

*Sophia.* I wait it.

*Lysim.* I have now  
Another mistress —

*Sophia.* Stay!

*Lysim.* To whom I've made,  
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,  
Which not the second malice of my fate  
Shall violate: And she deserves it, madam,  
Even for that wherein you're excellent,  
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you;  
Her virtue, if she but maintain what now

54 THE CORONATION,

She is mistress of, beyond all competition,  
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,  
At least in my esteem: I may offend,  
But truth shall justify I have not flatter'd her.  
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty  
Upon your hand. All that is good flow in you! [Exit.

*Sophia.* Did he not say, Charilla, that he had  
Another mistress?

*Char.* Such a sound, methought,  
Came from him.

*Sophia.* Let's remove! here's too much air;  
The sad note multiplies.

*Char.* Take courage, madam,  
And my advice. He has another mistress?  
If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him  
With entertaining twice as many servants;  
And when he sees your humour, he'll return  
And sue for any livery. Grieve for this?

*Sophia.* It must be she; 'tis Polidora has  
Taken his heart; she live my rival?  
How does the thought inflame me?

*Char.* Polidora?

*Sophia.* And yet she does but justly, and he too;  
I would have robb'd her of Arcadius' heart,  
And they will both have this revenge on me.  
But something will rebel. [Exeunt.

Enter Demetrius, Philocles, and Lysander.

*Dem.* The house is desolate; none comes forth to  
meet us;

She's slow to entertain us. Philocles,  
I prithee tell me, did she wear no cloud  
Upon her brow? was't freely that she said  
We should be welcome?

*Phil.* To my apprehension;  
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.

*Lysan.* She,  
Nor any other. Sure there's some conceit  
T' excuse it.

*Dem.*

Dem. Stay! who's this? Observe what follows.

Phil. Fortune? some mask to entertain you, Sir.

Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health, and Pleasure.

Fort. Not yet? What silence doth inhabit here? No preparation to bid Fortune welcome? Fortune, the genius of the world? Have we Descended from our pride and state, to come So far, attended with our darlings, Youth, Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus? Sure this is not the place. Call hither Fame!

Enter Fame.

Fame. What would great Fortune?

Fort. Know

Who dwells here.

Fame. Once more I report, great queen, This is the house of Love.

Fort. It cannot be;

This place has too much shade, and looks as if It had been quite forgotten of the spring And sun-beams: Love affects society And heat; here all is cold as the airs of winter<sup>28</sup>; No harmony, to catch the busy ear Of passengers; no object of delight, To take the wandring eyes; no song, no groan Of lovers, no complaint of willow garlands; Love has a beacon upon his palace-top, Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrim To rest, and dwell with him; I see no fire To threaten, or to warm: Can Love dwell here?

Fame. If there be noble Love upon the world, Trust Fame, and find it here.

Fort. Make good your boast, And bring him to us.

Dem. What does mean all this?

<sup>28</sup> Here all is cold as th' hairs of winter.] The amendment in the text was made by Theobald.

*Lysan.* I told you, Sir, we should have some device.

*Enter Love.*

There's Cupid now ! that little gentleman  
Has troubled every masque at court this seven year.

*Dem.* No more.

*Love.* Welcome to Love ! how much you honour  
me !

It had become me, that, upon your summons,  
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune ;  
But since you have vouchsaf'd to visit me,  
All the delights Love can invent shall flow  
To entertain you. Music, thro' the air [Music plays.  
Shoot your enticing harmony !

*Fort.* We came  
To dance and revel with you.

*Love.* I am poor  
In my ambition, and want thought to reach  
How much you honour Love. [Dance.

*Enter Honour.*

*Hon.* What intrusion's this ?  
Whom do you seek here ?

*Love.* 'Tis Honour.

*Fort.* He's my servant.

*Love.* Fortune is come to visit us.

*Hon.* And has  
Corrupted Love ! Is this thy faith to her,  
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus  
To Fortune's triumph ? Take her giddy wheel,  
And be no more companion to Honour :  
I blush to know thee ! Who'll believe there can  
Be truth in Love hereafter ?

*Love.* I have found  
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it this  
Proud sorceress, from whom, and all her charms,  
I fly again to Honour : Be my guard !  
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast  
The merit of a name.

[Exit Honour.  
*Fort.*

*Fort.* Despis'd? I shall  
Remember this affront.

*Dem.* What moral's this? [Exeunt Masquers.]

*Re-enter Honour, with the crown upon a mourning cushion.*  
What melancholy object strikes a sudden  
Chillness thro' all my veins, and turns me ice?  
It is the same I sent, the very same,  
As the first pledge of her ensuing greatness;  
Why in this mourning liv'ry, if she live  
To whom I sent it? Ha! what shape of sorrow?

*Enter Polidora, in mourning.*

It is not Polidora! she was fair  
Enough, and wanted not the setting off  
With such a black: If thou be'st Polidora,  
Why mourns my love? It neither does become  
Thy fortune, nor my joys.

*Polid.* But it becomes  
My griefs; this habit fits a funeral,  
And it were sin, my lord, not to lament  
A friend new dead.

*Dem.* And I yet living? Can  
A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,  
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I  
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,  
Weigh'd with thy living comforts, but a piece  
Of all this ceremony? Give him a name.

*Polid.* He was Arcadius.

*Dem.* Arcadius?

*Polid.* A gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,  
And does compel these poor and fruitless drops,  
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,  
T'embalm him twice.

*Dem.* And are you sure he's dead?

*Polid.* As sure as you are living, Sir; and yet  
I did not close his eyes; but he is dead,  
And I shall never see the same Arcadius.  
He was a man so rich in all that's good,

(At

(At least I thought him so) so perfect in  
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate  
Were glory in a prince : Nature herself,  
'Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,  
As she had made but trial of the rest,  
To mould him excellent <sup>29</sup>.

*Dem.* And is he dead ?

Come, shame him not with praises ; recollect  
Thy scatter'd hopes, and let me tell my best  
And dearest Polidora, that he lives,  
Still lives to honour thee !

*Polid.* Lives ? where ?

*Dem.* Look here ;  
Am not I worth your knowledge ?

*Polid.* And my duty ;  
You are Demetrius, king of Epire, Sir.  
I could not easily mistake him so  
To whom I gave my heart.

*Dem.* Mine is not chang'd,  
But still hath fed upon thy memory :  
These honours and additions of state  
Are lent me for thy sake. Be not so strange !  
Let me not lose my entertainment, now  
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height  
Beneath which I did blush to ask thy love !

*Polid.* Give me your pardon, Sir ! Arcadius,  
At our last meeting, without argument  
To move him, more than his affection to me,  
Vow'd he did love me, love me above all women,  
And to confirm his heart was truly mine,  
He wish'd—I tremble to remember it—  
When he forsook his Polidora's love,

<sup>29</sup> *He was a man, &c.]* Dryden has a passage similar to this in  
All for Love.

‘ So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd  
‘ At their own skill, and cried, ‘ A lucky hit  
‘ Hath mended our design ! ’ Their envy hinder'd,  
‘ Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,  
‘ When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,  
‘ To copy out again.’

That Heaven might kill his happiness on earth :  
Was not this nobly said ? Did not this promise  
A truth to shame the turtle's ?

*Dem.* And his heart  
Is still the same, and I thy constant lover.

*Polid.* Give me your leave, I pray ! I would not fay  
Arcadius was perjur'd ; but the same day,  
Forgetting all his promises and oaths,  
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me,  
(D'ye not remember this too ?) gave his faith  
From me, transported with the noise of greatness,  
And would be married to a kingdom.

*Dem.* But  
Heaven permitted not I should dispose  
What was ordain'd for thee.

*Polid.* It was not virtue  
In him ; for sure he found no check, no sting,  
In his own bosom, but gave freely all  
The reins to blind ambition.

*Dem.* I am wounded !  
The thought of thee, i' th' throng of all my joys,  
Like poison pour'd in Nectar, turns me frantick :  
Dear, if Arcadius have made a fault,  
Let not Demetrius be punish'd for't !  
He pleads, that ever will be constant to thee.

*Polid.* Shall I believe man's flatteries again,  
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought again ?  
Be drawn by you from the straight paths of virtue  
Into the maze of love ?

*Dem.* I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me :  
If I have either soul, but what's contain'd  
Within these words, or if one syllable  
Of their full force be not made good by me,  
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,  
And thy disdain be doubled ! From thy pardon,  
I'll count my Coronation ; and that hour  
Fix with a rubrick in my calendar <sup>30</sup>,

<sup>30</sup> Fix with a rubrick in my calendar.] i. e. Consider it as a red-letter day.

## 60 THE CORONATION.

As an auspicious time to entertain  
Affairs of weight with princes. Think who now  
Entreats thy mercy ! Come, thou shalt be kind,  
And divide titles with me.

*Polid.* Hear me, Sir :

I lov'd you once for virtue, and have not  
A thought so much unguarded, as to be  
Won from my truth and innocence, with any  
Motives of state to affect you.

Your bright temptation mourns while it stays here,  
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you  
Forget me so, court my opinion back.

Were you no king, I should be sooner drawn  
Again to love you ; but 'tis now too late ;  
A low obedience shall become me best.

May all the joys I want

Still wait on you ! If time hereafter tell you,  
That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead,  
May one soft tear, dropt from your eye in pity,  
Bedew my hearse, and I shall sleep securely !

I have but one word more : For goodness' sake,  
For your own honour, Sir, correct your passion  
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you. [Exit.

*Dem.* Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm prayers  
Thaw it to any softness.

*Phil.* I'll fetch her, Sir, again.

*Dem.* Persuade her not.

*Phil.* You give your passion too much leave to  
triumph.

Seek in another what she denies.

*Enter Macarius.*

*Mac.* Where is the king ? Oh, Sir, you are undone ;  
A dangerous treason is afoot.

*Dem.* What treason ?

*Mac.* Cassander and Eubulus have proclaim'd  
Another king, whom they pretend to be  
Leonatus your elder brother, he that was  
But this morning prisoner in the castle.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Ha!

*Mac.* The easy Epirotes

Gather in multitudes t' advance his title ;  
They have seiz'd upon the court. Secure your person,  
Whilst we raise power to curb this insurrection.

*Ant.* Lose no time then.

*Dem.* We will not arm one man.

Speak it again ! have I a brother living,  
And must be no king ?

*Mac.* What means your Grace ?

*Dem.* This news doth speak me happy ; it exalts  
My heart, and makes me capable of more  
Than twenty kingdoms !

*Phil.* Will you not, Sir, stand  
Upon your guard ?

*Dem.* I'll stand upon my honour :  
Mercy relieves me.

*Lysan.* Will you lose the kingdom ?

*Dem.* The world's too poor to bribe me. Leave  
me all,

Lest you extenuate my fame, and I  
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counsel !  
You shall not share one scruple in the honour.  
Titles may set a gloss upon our name,  
But virtue only is the soul of fame.

*Mac.* He's strangely possess'd, gentlemen. [Exe.

## A C T V.

*Enter Philocles and Lysander.*

*Phil.* **H**ERE's a strange turn, Lysander.  
*Lysan.* 'Tis a kingdom  
Easily purchas'd : Who will trust the faith  
Of multitudes ?

*Phil.* It was his fault, that would  
So tamely give his title to their mercy.

The

The new king has possession.

*Lysan.* And is like

To keep it. We're alone ; what dost think of  
This innovation ? Is it not a fine jig ?

A precious cunning in the late protector

To shuffle a new prince into the state ?

*Phil.* I know not how they've shuffled, but, my  
head on't,

A false card's turn'd up trump : But, fates look to't !

*Enter Cassander and Eubulus.*

*Eub.* Does he not carry't bravely ?

*Cass.* Excellently.—

Philocles ! Lysander !

*Phil.* *Lysan.* Your lordship's servants !

*Cass.* Are we not bound to Heaven, for multiplying  
These blessings on the kingdom <sup>31</sup> ?

*Phil.* Heaven alone

Works miracles, my lord.

*Lysan.* I think your lordship had  
As little hope once to see these princes revive.

*Cass.* Here we

Must place our thanks, next Providence, for pre-  
serving

So dear a pledge <sup>32</sup>.

*Enter Leonatus, attended.*

*Eub.* The king !

*Leo.* It is our pleasure

The number of our guard be doubled. Give  
A largess to the soldiers ; but dismiss not

<sup>31</sup> *Are we not bound to Heaven.*] The retorting of these very words by Philocles in the next scene upon *Cassander*, led Mr. Seward, Mr. Theobald, and myself, to the assurance of their belonging to *Cassander* here, and accordingly I have placed his name before them.

*Sympson.*

<sup>32</sup> *Phil. Here we must place.*] I once imagined that this was a speech with action, and might easily be understood, by supposing *Philocles* to point to *Eubulus* ; but I believe Mr. Seward has more happily conjectured it ought to belong to *Cassander*.

*Sympson.*

*The*

The troops 'till we command.

*Cass.* May it please——

*Leo.* It will not please us otherwise, my lord:  
We've tried your faith!

*Eub.* Does he not speak with confidence?

*Leo.* My lords and gentlemen, to whose faith we  
must

Owe (next to Heaven) our fortune and our safety,  
After a tedious eclipse, the day  
Is bright, and we invested in those honours  
Our blood and birth did challenge.

*Cass.* May no time

Be register'd in our annals, that shall mention  
One that had life t'oppose your sacred person!

*Leo.* Let them, whose title's forg'd and flaw'd,  
suspect

Their state's security! Our right to Empire  
Heaven is oblig'd to prosper: Treason has  
No face so black to fright it. All my cares  
Level to this, that I may worthily<sup>33</sup>  
Manage the province, and advance the honour  
Of our dear country: And, be confident,  
If an expence of blood may give addition  
Of any happiness to you, I shall  
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoice  
To make myself a ghost, to have inscrib'd  
Upon my marble but whose cause I died for.

*Eub.* May Heaven avert such danger!

*Cass.* Excellent prince,

In whom we see the copy of his father!

None but the son of Theodosius

Could have spoke thus.

<sup>33</sup> ——worthily

Manage the province, and advance the honour  
Of our dear country.] To manage the province of our dear  
country, and advance the honour of our dear country, seems a little  
inaccurate: Perhaps we should read,

——worthily

Manage this province; or, my province,  
i. e. The charge I have undertook, &c.

Sympson.

Leo.

*Leo.* You're pleas'd t'interpret well.  
 Yet, give me leave to say in my own justice,  
 I've but express'd the promptness of my soul  
 To serve you all; but 'tis not empty wishes  
 Can satisfy our mighty charge, a weight  
 Would make an Atlas double. A king's name  
 Doth found harmoniously to men at distance;  
 And those, who cannot penetrate beyond  
 The bark and out-skin of a commonwealth  
 Or state, have eyes but ravish'd with the ceremony  
 That must attend a prince, and understand not  
 What cares allay the glories of a crown:  
 But good kings find and feel the contrary.  
 You've tried, my lord, the burden; and can tell  
 It would require a pilot of more years  
 To steer this kingdom, now impos'd on me  
 By justice of my birth.

*Cass.* I wish not life  
 But to partake those happy days which must  
 Succeed these fair proceedings: We are blest!  
 But, Sir, be sparing to yourself! we shall  
 Hazard our joys in you too soon; the burden  
 Of state-affairs impose upon your council.  
 'Tis fitter that we waste our lives, than you  
 Call age too soon upon you with the trouble  
 And cares that threaten such an undertaking:  
 Preserve your youth!

*Leo.* And chuse you our protector?  
 Is't that you would conclude, my lord? We will  
 Deserve our subjects' faith for our own sake,  
 Not sit an idle gazer at the helm.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Phil.* How! observ'd you that? Mark how Cas-  
 fander's planet-struck.

*Eub.* He might have look'd more calmly for all that.  
 I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled <sup>14</sup>.

*Leo.* With what news travels his haste? I must secure

<sup>14</sup> *Eub. He might have look'd.*] If the reader will consider this answer,

Myself betimes ; not be a king in jest,  
And wear my crown a tenant to their breath.

*Cass.* Demetrius, Sir, your brother,  
With other traitors that oppose your claims,  
Are fled to th' castle of Nestorius,  
And fortify —

*Mess.* I said not so, my lord.

*Cass.* I'll have it thought so ; hence ! [Ex. *Mess.*]

*Leo.* Plant force to batter  
The walls ; and in their ruin bring us word  
They live not.

*Eub.* Good Sir, hear me !

*Cass.* Let it work.

Were Demetrius dead, we easily might uncrown  
This swoln impostor, and my son be fair  
To piece with young Sophia, who, I hear,  
Repents her late affront.

*Eub.* Their lives may do

You service ; let not blood stain your beginnings !  
The people, not yet warm in their allegiance,  
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it,  
With hazard of yourself.

*Leo.* Who dares but think it ?

Yet, offer first our mercy : If they yield,  
Demetrius must not live — My lord, your counsel :  
What if he were in Heaven ?

*Cass.* You have my

Consent. — You shall not stay long after him. [Aside.]

*Leo.* Sophia's not my sister : To prevent all  
That may endanger us, we'll martyr her ;  
That done, no matter tho' we stand discover'd ;  
For in her title then we're king of Epire,  
Without dispute.

answer, he will find that *Lysander*, and not *Eubulus*, should be pre-fix'd before it. *Sympson.*

‘ If the reader will consider this answer, he will find,’ that *Lysander* could not speak it, nor any but a partisan in the plot for elevating Seleucus. *Eubulus* means by it to continue the deceit on *Cassander*, till he procures his dismission to the castle of Nestorius.

## 66 THE CORONATION.

*Cass.* Hum!—In my judgment, Sir,  
That wo'nt do so well.

*Leo.* What's your opinion?

*Cass.* He countermimes my plot: Are you so cun-  
ning?

*Leo.* What's that you mutter, Sir?

*Cass.* I mutter, Sir?

*Leo.* Best say I am no king, but some impostor  
Rais'd up to gull the state.

*Cass.* Very fine! To have said within  
Few hours you'd been no king, nor like to be,  
Was not i'th' compafs of high-treason, I take it.

*Eub.* Restrain your anger! the king's mov'd;  
speak not.

*Cass.* I will speak louder: Do I not know him?  
That self-same hand that rais'd him to the throne  
Shall pluck him from it! Is this my reward?

*Leo.* Our guard! To prison with him!

*Cass.* Me to prison?

*Leo.* Off with his head!

*Cass.* My head?

*Eub.* Vouchsafe to hear me,  
Great Sir!

*Leo.* How dares he be so insolent<sup>35</sup>?

*Cass.* I ha' wrought myself into a fine condition!  
D'ye know me, gentlemen?

*Phil.* Very well, my lord:  
‘How are we bound to Heaven for multiplying  
These blessings on the kingdom.’

*Leo.* We allow it.

*Eub.* Counsel did never blast a prince's ear.

*Leo.* Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,  
Nestorius' house, where our proud brother has  
Enscons'd himself! they'll entertain him lovingly;  
He'll be a good addition to the traitors.  
Obey me, or you die for't!—What are kings,  
When subjects dare affront 'em?

<sup>35</sup> *Cas.* How dares he be so insolent? ] 'Tis possible that this line  
belongs to *Cassandra*; but I think more probable it should be *Leona-  
tus's*, and accordingly I have prefixed his name to it. *Sympson.*

*Cass.*

*Cass.* I shall vex  
Thy foul for this.

*Leo.* Away with him! When kings  
Frown, let offenders tremble!—This flows not  
From any cruelty in my nature, but  
The fate of an usurper: He that will  
Be confirm'd great without just title to it  
Must lose compassion; know what's good, not do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Polidora and her Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the princess Sophia!

*Polid.* I attend her highness.

*Enter Sophia.*

How much your Grace honours your humble servant!

*Sophia.* I hope my brother's well.

*Polid.* I hope so too, madam.

*Sophia.* Do you but hope? He came to be your guest.

*Polid.* We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honour  
This poor roof with his royal presence, madam.

*Sophia.* I came to ask your pardon, Polidora.

*Polid.* You never, madam, trespass'd upon me;  
Wrong not your goodness.

*Sophia.* I can be but penitent,  
Unless you point me out some other way  
To satisfy.

*Polid.* Dear madam, do not mock me!

*Sophia.* There is no injury, like that to love;  
I find it now in my own sufferings:  
But tho' I would have robb'd thee of Arcadius,  
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,  
And punish'd me in those joys you have found.  
I read the story of my loss of honour,  
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you  
Have met your own again.

*Polid.* Whom do you mean?

*Sophia.* My brother.

*Polid.* He's found to himself and honour:

He is my king ; and tho' I must acknowledge  
 He was the glory of my thoughts, and I  
 Lov'd him, as you did, madam, with desire  
 To be made his, reason and duty since  
 Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now  
 Look on him without any wish of more  
 Than to be call'd his subject.

*Sophia.* Has he made  
 Himself less capable, by being king ?

*Polid.* Of what ?

*Sophia.* Of your affection ?

*Polid.* With your pardon, madam,  
 Love, in that sense you mean, left Polidora  
 When he forsook Arcadius : I disclaim  
 All ties between us, more than what the name  
 Of king must challenge from my obedience.

*Sophia* [aside]. This does confirm my jealousy :  
 My heart ! —

For my sake, madam, has he lost his value ?

*Polid.* Let me beseech your Grace, I may have leave  
 To answer in some other cause, or person !  
 This argument but opens a sad wound  
 To make it bleed afresh ; we may change this  
 Discourse : I would elect some subject whose  
 Praises may more delight your ear than this  
 Can mine. Let's talk of young Lysimachus !

*Sophia.* Ha ! my prefaging fears !

*Polid.* How does your Grace ?

*Sophia.* Well. You were talking of Lysimachus ;  
 Pray give me your opinion of him.

*Polid.* Mine ?

It will be much short of his worth : I think him  
 A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,  
 That if there be one in the world deserves  
 The best of women, Heaven created him  
 To make her happy.

*Sophia.* You've in a little, madam,  
 Express'd a volume of mankind, a miracle.  
 But all have not the same degree of faith :

He is but young—

*Polid.* What mistress would desire  
Her servant old? He has both spring to please  
Her eye, and summer to return a harvest.

*Sophia.* He's black—

*Polid.* He sets a beauty off more rich,  
And she that's fair will love him: Faint complexions  
Betray effeminate minds, and love of change;  
Two beauties in a bed compound few men;  
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,  
Nor yet so black but blushes may betray  
His modesty.

*Sophia.* His proportion exceeds not—

*Polid.* That praises him: And a well-compacted  
frame

Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements;  
Vast buildings are more oft for show than use:  
I would not have my eyes put to the travel  
Of many acres, ere I could examine  
A man from head to foot; he has no great,  
But he may boast an elegant, composition.

*Sophia.* I'll hear no more! You have so far out-  
done

My injuries to you, that I call back  
My penitence; and must tell Polidora,  
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought  
So lost in foul to hear, and forgive this?  
In what shade do I live? or shall I think  
I have not, at the lowest, enough merit,  
Setting aside my birth, to poize with yours?  
Forgive, my modest thoughts, if I rise up  
My own defence, and tell this unjust lady,  
So great a winter hath not frozen yet  
My cheek, but there is something Nature planted  
That carries as much bloom, and spring upon't,  
As yours! What flame is in your eye, but may  
Find competition here? (forgive again,  
My virgin honour!) what is in your lip  
To tice th' enamour'd soul to dwell with more.

Ambition, than the yet-unwither'd blush  
That speaks the innocence of mine? Oh, brother!

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* I'll talk with you anon. My Polidora!  
Allow thy patience 'till my breath recover,  
Which now comes laden with the richest news  
Thy ear was ever blest with.

*Sophia.* Both your looks  
And voice express some welcome accident.

*Dem.* Gueſs what in wish could make me fortunate,  
And Heaven hath dropt that on Demetrius.

*Sophia.* What means this extasy?  
*Dem.* 'Twere sin to busy  
Thy thoughts upon't; I'll tell thee.—That I could  
Retain some part! it is too wide a joy  
To be express'd so ſoon; and yet it falls  
In a few syllables—thou wo't ſcarce believe me!  
I am no king.

*Sophia.* How's that?  
*Polid.* Good Heaven forbid!  
*Dem.* Forbid? Heaven has reliev'd me with a mercy  
I knew not how to ask: I have, they ſay,  
An elder brother living, crown'd already:  
I only keep my name Demetrius,  
Without desire of more addition  
Than to return thy servant.

*Polid.* You amaze me!  
Can you rejoice to be depos'd?  
*Dem.* It but  
Translates me to a fairer and better kingdom  
In Polidora.

*Polid.* Me?  
*Dem.* Did you not ſay,  
Were I no king, you could be drawn to love me  
Again? That was conſented to in Heaven.  
A kingdom first betray'd my ambitious ſoul  
To forget thee: That, and the flattering glories;  
How willingly Demetrius does resign

The angels know ! Thus naked, without titles,  
I throw me on thy charity ; and shall  
Boast greater empire to be thine again, than  
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

*Enter Macarius.*

*Mac.* Be not so careless of yourself ! the people  
Gather in multitudes to your protection,  
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may  
But see you, Sir, and hear you speak to 'em :  
Accept their duties, and in time prevent  
Your ruin.

*Sophia.* Be not desperate ; 'tis counsel —

*Dem.* You trouble me with noise ! — Speak, Polidora !

*Polid.* For your own sake, preserve yourself ! My  
fears

Distract my reason.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* Lord Lysimachus,  
With something that concerns your safety, is  
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

*Mac.* His soul is honest : Be not, Sir, a madman,  
And for a lady give up all our freedoms ! [Exit.]

*Polid.* I will say any thing, hear Lysimachus.

*Sophia.* Dear brother, hear him !

*Enter Lysimachus.*

*Lysim.* Sir, I come to yield  
Myself your prisoner : If my father have  
Rais'd an impostor to supplant your title,  
(Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for)  
I shall not only, by the tender of  
Myself, declare my innocence, but either,  
By my unworthy life, secure your person,  
Or by what death you shall impose, reward  
The unexpected treason.

*Sophia.* Brave young man !

Did you not hear him, brother?

*Lysim.* I'm not minded!

*Polid.* Be witness, madam, I resign my heart!  
It never was another's.—You declare

Too great a satisfaction.—I hope  
This will destroy your jealousy.—  
Remember now your danger!

*Dem.* I despise it!

What fate dares injure me?

*Lysim.* Yet hear me, Sir!

*Sophia.* Forgive me, Polidora!, you are happy,  
My hopes are remov'd further: I had thought  
Lysimachus had meant you for his mistres,  
'Tis misery to feed, and not know where  
To place my jealousy.

*Enter Macarius.*

*Mac.* Now 'tis too late!  
You may be deaf, until the cannon make  
You find your sense; we are shut up now by  
A troop of horse: Thank yourself!

*Polid.* They will  
Admit conditions—

*Sophia.* And allow us quarter?

[A shout within.]

*Polid.* We are all lost!

*Dem.* Be comforted!

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* News!  
My lord Cassander's sent by the new king  
To bear us company.

*Dem.* Not as prisoner?

*Ant.* It does appear no otherwise. The soldiers  
Declare how much they love him, by their noise  
Of scorn and joy to see him so rewarded.

*Dem.* It cannot be!

*Ant.* You'll find it presently:  
He curses the new king, talks treason 'gainst him

As

As nimble as he were in's shirt<sup>36</sup>. He's here.

Enter *Cassandra*.

*Cass.* Oh, let me beg until my knees take root  
I'th' earth. Sir, can you pardon me?

*Dem.* For what?

*Cass.* For treason, desperate, most malicious treason:  
I have undone you, Sir!

*Dem.* It does appear

You had a will.

*Cass.* I'll make you all the recompense I can;  
But ere you kill me, hear me! Know the man  
Whom I, to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd  
T'your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,  
Eubulus' son. [Exit Ant.]

*Dem.* It is not then our brother?

*Cass.* An insolent usurper, proud and bloody  
Seleucus. Is no leprosy upon me?  
There is not punishment enough in nature  
To quit my horrid act; I have not in  
My stock of blood, to satisfy with weeping;  
Nor could my soul, tho' melted to a flood  
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.

*Dem.* How! an impostor? What will become on's  
now?

We're at his mercy.

*Cass.* Sir, the peoples' hearts  
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see  
I dare accuse myself, and suffer for it.  
Have courage then, young king! thy fate cannot  
Be long compell'd,

*Dem.* Rise, our misfortune  
Carries this good; altho' it lose our hopes,  
It makes you friend with Virtue; We'll expect  
What Providence will do,

*Cass.* You are too merciful.

<sup>36</sup> As nimble as he were in's shirt ] This may allude to Hieronimo's appearing in his *shirt* on the stage, in the Spanish Tragedy, and inveighing against the murderer of his son.

*Lysim.* Our duties shall beg Heaven still to preserve you.

*Enter Antigonus.*

*Ant.* Our enemy desires some parley, Sir.

*Lysim.* 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.

*Polid.* I'll wait upon you.

*Dem.* Thou art my angel,  
And canst best instruct me!—Boldly present ourselves!  
You'll with's, Cassander?

*Cass.* And in death be blest  
To find your charity.

[Exit.]

*Sophia.* Lysimachus!

*Lysim.* Madam?

*Sophia.* They will not miss your presence, the small  
time

Is spent in asking of a question.

*Lysim.* I wait your pleasure.

*Sophia.* Sir, I have a suit to you.

*Lysim.* To me? it must be granted.

*Sophia.* If you  
Have cancelled your kind opinion of me,  
Deny me not to know who hath succeeded  
Sophia in your heart! I beg the name  
Of your new mistress.

*Lysim.* You shall know her, madam,  
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us  
To see the court again. I hope you'll bring  
No mutiny against her. But this is  
No time to talk of love: Let me attend you!

*Sophia.* I must expect, 'till you are pleas'd to satisfy  
My poor request. Conduct me at your pleasure.

[Exeunt,

*Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lysander, and  
Philocles.*

*Leo.* They are too slow! dispatch new messengers,  
T' entreat 'em fairly hither. I am extasied!  
Were you witness for me too? Is't possible

I am,

I am what this affirms, true Leonatus?  
 And were you not my father? was I given  
 In trust to you an infant?

*Eub.* 'Tis a truth  
 Our soul's bound to acknowledge: You supplied  
 The absence and opinion of my son,  
 Who died but to make you my greater care.  
 I knew not of Demetrius; but suppos'd  
 Him dead indeed, as Epire thought you were.  
 Your father's character doth want no testimony,  
 Which, but compar'd with what concerns Demetrius,  
 Will prove itself king Theodosius' act,  
 Your royal father.

*Bishop.* I am subscrib'd to both his legacies,  
 By oath oblig'd to secrefy, until  
 Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.

*Eub.* Cassander had no thought you would prove  
 thus,  
 To whose policy I gave this aim, altho'  
 He wrought you up to serve but as his engine  
 To batter young Demetrius: For it was  
 Your father's prudent jealousy that made him  
 Give out your early deaths, as if his soul  
 Prophesied his own first, and fear'd to leave  
 Either of you to the unsafe protection  
 Of one, whose study would be to supplant  
 Your right, and make himself the king of Epire.

*Bishop.* Your sister, fair Sophia, in your father's  
 Life, was design'd to marry with Lysimachus;  
 That guarded her; altho' she us'd some art  
 To quit her pupillage, and being absolute,  
 Declar'd love to Demetrius, which enforc'd  
 Macarius to discover first your brother.

*Leo.* No more! lest you destroy again Leonatus,  
 With wonder of his fate! Are they not come yet?—  
 Something it was I felt within me envy  
 Of young Demetrius' fortune; there were seeds  
 Scatter'd upon my heart, that made it swell  
 With thought of empire: Princes I see cannot

Be totally eclips'd. But wherefore stays  
Demetrius and Sophia, at whose names  
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood?<sup>37</sup>?

*Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, Cassander,  
and Lysimachus.*

*Eub.* They're here.

*Leo.* Then thus I fly into their bosoms!  
Nature has rectified in me, Demetrius,  
The wandrings of ambition. Our dear sister,  
You are amaz'd; I did expect it: Read  
Assurance there! the day is big with wonder.

*Mac.* What means all this?

*Leo.* Lysimachus, be dear to us!  
*Cassander,* you are welcome too.

*Cass.* Not I;  
I do not look for't; all this sha'not bribe  
My conscience to your faction, and make  
Me false again. Seleucus is no son  
Of Theodosius: My dear countrymen,  
Correct your erring duties, and to that,  
Your lawful king, prostrate yourselves! Demetrius  
Doth challenge all your knees.

*Dem.* All love and duty  
Flow from me to my royal king, and brother!  
I am confirm'd.

<sup>37</sup> ————— at whose names

*A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood?*] This would imply, that before he knew his relation to his brother and sister, he had often had, by secret instinct, a love for them: But as no hint of this appears in any thing he before says or does, I prefer the present tense: ————— walks upon my blood?

This expression is noble, and seems taken from Genesis. *The spirit of God mov'd upon the face of the waters.* Seward.

I conceive, that the Poet designed here to express, how dormant that affection which ought to be toward brethren, though strangers to each other, had lain in Seleucus; and upon this account I would suppose, that a word of a stronger import may yet bid fairer for the true one: I read thus,

*A gentle spirit wakes upon my blood?*

*Sympson.*

We have retained the old reading, as thinking it far preferable to either of the variations.

*Cass.* You are too credulous !  
What can betray your faith so much ?

*Leo.* Sophia, you appear sad, as if your will  
Gave no consent to this day's happiness.

*Sophia.* No joy exceeds Sophia's for yourself.

*Lysim.* With your pardon, Sir, I apprehend  
A cause that makes her troubled : She desires  
To know what other mistress, since her late  
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct  
My faith and service.

*Leo.* Another mistress ?

*Lysim.* Yes, Sir.

*Leo.* And does our sister love Lysimachus ?

*Sophia.* Here's something would confess.

*Leo.* He must not dare  
To affront Sophia.

*Cass.* How my shame confounds me !  
I beg your justice, without pity, on  
My age.

*Leo.* Your penance shall be, to be faithful  
To our state hereafter.

*Omnes.* May you live long  
And happy, Leonatus, king of Epir !

*Leo.* But where's your other mistress ?

*Lysim.* Even here, Sir.

*Leo.* Our sister ? is this another mistress, Sir ?

*Lysim.* It holds  
To prove my thoughts were so : When she began  
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness  
Deserv'd I should esteem her another mistress  
Than when she cruelly forsook Lysimachus.  
Your pardon, madam ! and receive a heart  
Proud with my first devotions to serve you !

*Sophia.* In this I'm crown'd again ! now mine for  
ever !

*Leo.* You have deceiv'd her happily.  
Joy to you both !

*Dem.* We're ripe for the same wishes ;  
Polidora's part of me.

*Polid.*

## 78 THE CORONATION.

*Polid.* He all my blessing.

*Leo.* Heav'n pour full joys upon you!

*Mac.* We're all blest:

There wants but one to fill your arms.

*Leo.* My mistress

And wife shall be my country, to which I  
Was in my birth contracted: Your love since  
Hath play'd the priest to perfect what was ceremony.  
Tho' kingdoms by just titles prove our own,  
The subjects' hearts do best secure a crown.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

## E P I L O G U E.

**T**HERE is no Coronation to-day,  
Unless your gentle votes do crown our play.  
If smiles appear within each lady's eye,  
Which are the leading stars in this fair sky,  
Our solemn day sets glorious; for then  
We hope, by their soft influence, the men  
Will grace what they first shin'd on: Make't appear,  
(Both) how we please, and bless our covetous ear  
With your applause; more welcome than the bells  
Upon a triumph, bonfires, or what else  
Can speak a Coronation! And tho' I  
Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of majesty,  
By the kind aid of your hands, gentlemen,  
I quickly may be crown'd a queen again.

THE  
SEA - VOYAGE.  
A COMEDY.

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*This Play is in the Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribed to Fletcher alone, and was first printed in the folio of 1647. It was revived by Tom Durfey, with alterations, in the year 1686, and exhibited at the Theatre-Royal, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women, and at the same time printed in quarto.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

Albert, *a French pirate, in love with Aminta.*  
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry gentleman, friend to Albert.*  
Master of the ship, *an honest merry man.*  
Lamure, *an usuring merchant.*  
Franville, *a vainglorious gallant.*  
Morillat, *a shallow-brained gentleman.*  
Boatswain, *an honest man.*  
Sebastian, *a noble gentleman of Portugal, husband to Rosellia.*  
Nicusa, *nephew to Sebastian; both cast upon a desert island.*  
Raymond, *brother to Aminta.*  
Surgeon.  
Sailors.

### W O M E N.

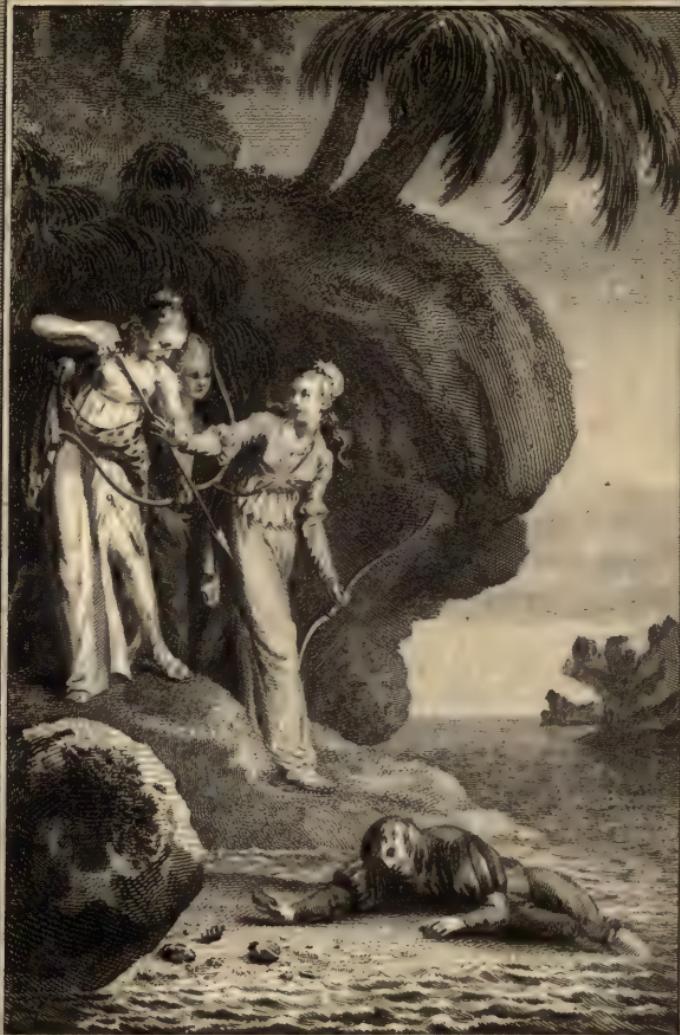
Aminta, *mistress to Albert, a noble French virgin.*  
Rosellia, *governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*  
Clarinda, *daughter to Rosellia, in love with Albert.*  
Hippolita,  
Crocale,  
Juletta, } *three ladies, members of the female commonwealth.*

*The Scene, first at SEA, then in the DESART ISLANDS.*



THE SEA

VOYAGE



Hip. It is a man: Shall I shoot him?

Croc. No, no; 'tis a handsome beast:

'Would we had more o'th' breed!' *Act. II.*

M.A.Rooker del.

J. Collyer sc.



*Publish'd as the Act directs, Dec. 15. 1777, by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, Covent Garden.*

T H E

# S E A - V O Y A G E .

## A C C T . I.

*A tempest, thunder and lightning.*

*Enter Master and two Sailors.*

*Master.* **L**AY her aloof, the sea grows dangerous :  
How't spits against the clouds ! how  
it capers,  
And how the fiery element frights it back !  
There be devils dancing in the air I think.

<sup>1</sup> This play, as it stands in all the former copies, has not received so much injury in its sense as measure, and so we have not so much cause to complain of the former as of the latter ; yet cause there is, as the reader will see in the following notes. Mr. Shirley, who published the old folio edition, seems to have had little care of making our Poets appear to advantage, when he sent this play into the world in so unpoetical a dress : I own the restoring of the measure cost me abundantly more application and pains than the correcting the text ; but yet the reader must not expect that musical, exact flow of numbers which our modern gentlemen of Parnassus are so careful about, here, any more than in Shakespeare : However, I think, I may remark once for all, both upon our Authors and him, that whenever any subject requires the sublime, the pathetick or descriptive, there the numbers are equal to both the sentiment and diction, and the happy mixture is capable of transporting any soul who has the least taste for the beauties of poetry. *Sympson.*

In 'restoring the measure' (as Mr. Sympson calls it) he has tacitly interpolated and omitted in a manner unprecedented in any editors but those of these Works in 1750. The variations, both avowed and secret, we may safely pronounce to be almost all for the worse, and unworthy mention ; those which are otherwise, shall be properly noticed.

I saw a dolphin hang i'th' horns o'th' moon,  
Shot from a wave. Hey day, hey day, how she  
kicks and yerks!

Down with the main-mast! lay her at hull!  
Furl up all her linens, and let her ride it out!

1 Sailor. She'll never brook it, Master;  
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.

Master. Hang her!  
Can she not buffet with a storm a little?  
How it tosses her! she reels like a drunkard.

2 Sailor. We have discover'd the land, Sir; pray  
let's make in!

She is so drunk else she may chance  
To cast up all her lading.

1 Sailor. Stand in, stand in!  
We are all lost else, lost and perish'd.

Master. Steer her a-starboard there!  
2 Sailor. Bear in with all the sail we can! See, Master,  
See what a clap of thunder there is! what  
A face of Heav'n! how dreadfully it looks!

Master. Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, th'haft  
been praying!  
I see it in thy face; thou hast been mumbling,  
When we are split, you slave<sup>2</sup>! Is this a time  
To discourage our friends with your cold orizons?  
Call up the Boatswain. How it storms! holla!

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. What shall we do, Master? Cast over all  
her lading?  
She will not swim an hour else.

Enter Albert, Franville, Lamure, Tibalt du Pont, and  
Morillat.

Master. The storm is loud; we cannot  
Hear one another. What's the coast?

Boats. We know

<sup>2</sup> When we are split, you slave.] The accurate Sympson reads,  
When we are splitting, slave.

Not yet; shall we make in?

*Alb.* What comfort, Sailors?  
I never saw, since I have known the sea,  
(Which has been this twenty years) so rude a tempest:  
In what state are we?

*Master.* Dangerous enough, captain:  
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;  
(Still rage!) besides, her ribs are open<sup>3</sup>;  
Her rudder almost spent: Prepare yourselves,  
And have good courages! Death comes but once;  
And let him come in all his frights!

*Alb.* Is't not possible,  
To make in to the land? 'Tis here before us.

*Mor.* Here hard by, Sir.

*Master.* Death's nearer, gentlemen.  
Yet, do not cry; let's die like men!

*Tib.* Shall's hoise the boat out,  
And go all at one cast? The more the merrier!

*Enter Aminta.*

*Master.* You are too hasty, monsieur; do you long  
To be i' th' fish-market before your time?  
Hold her up there!

*Aminta.* Oh, miserable fortune!  
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears;  
No minute to promise to my frighted soul!

*Tib.* Peace, woman!  
We ha' storms enough already; no more howling!

*Aminta.* Gentle master!

*Master.* Clap this woman under hatches!

*Alb.* Prithee speak mildly to her.

<sup>3</sup> We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;

Still rage; besides, her ribs are open.] Here the words *still rage*, should either be in a parenthesis with a note of admiration, (*still rage!*) or else, which is more probable from the defect in the measure, something is lost, and I believe the original was,

— five leaks, and no little ones;

The winds still rage; besides, her ribs are open,  
Or perhaps, The seas.

Sympson.

We think the first conjecture best.

*Aminta.* Can no help—

*Master.* None, that I know,

*Aminta.* No promise from your goodness—

*Master.* Am I a god? For Heaven's sake, stow this woman!

*Tib.* Go, take your gilt Prayer-book, and to your busines!

Wink and die! There an old haddock stays for you.

*Aminta.* Must I die here in all the frights, the terrors, The thousand several shapes Death triumphs in?

No friend to counsel me?

*Alb.* Have peace, sweet mistress!

*Aminta.* No kindred's tears upon me? Oh, my country!

No gentle hand to close mine eyes?

*Alb.* Be comforted;

Heaven has the same pow'r still, and the same mercy.

*Aminta.* Oh, that wave will devour me!

*Master.* Carry her down, captain, Or, by these hands, I'll give no more direction, Let the ship sink or swim! We ha' ne'er better luck When we've such stowage as these trinkets with us, These sweet sin-breeders: How can Heaven smile on us,

When such a burden of iniquity

Lies tumbling, like a potion, in our ship's belly? [Ex.

*Tib.* Away with her; and, if she have a prayer That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quickly, And seriously! [Exit.

*Alb.* Come; I see it clear, lady; Come in, and take some comfort! I'll stay with you.

*Aminta.* Where should I stay? to what end should I hope?

Am I not circled round with misery?

Confusions in their full heights dwell about me!

Oh, monsieur Albert, how am I bound to curse you, (If curses could redeem me) how to hate you!

You forc'd me from my quiet, from my friends, Even from their arms that were as dear to me

As

As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched ;  
 You forc'd my friends, some from their peaceful rest,  
 Some your relentless sword gave their last groans ;  
 ('Would I had there been number'd !) and to Fortune's  
 Never-satisfied afflictions you turn'd my brother  
 And those few friends I'd left, like desperate creatures,  
 To their own fears and the world's stubborn pities.  
 Oh, merciless !

*Alb.* Sweet mistress !

*Aminta.* And whether they are wandring to avoid  
 you,

Or whether dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em—  
 Was this a lover's part ? But Heaven has found you,  
 And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,  
 And in the mutiny of his deep-wonders<sup>4</sup>,  
 He tells you now, you weep too late.

*Alb.* Let these tears

Tell how I honour you ! You know, dear lady,  
 Since you were mine, how truly I have lov'd you,  
 How sanctimoniously observ'd your honour :  
 Not one lascivious word, not one touch, lady,  
 No, not a hope that might not render me  
 The unpolluted servant of your chastity.  
For you I put to sea, to seek your brother<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> Of his deep wonders.] *Deep wonders* may be good English, but it is not very intelligible as it is here circumstanced ; the addition of a single hyphen makes all clear, *deep-wonders*. *Sympson.*

<sup>5</sup> For you I put to sea, to seek your brother.] This, if it has any meaning, must signify that his sole end of putting to sea was to find out her brother, and yet, act iii. scene i. *Franville* says positively that they were bound

*For happy places, and most fertile islands,*  
 but that afterwards

*She turn'd the captain's mind, &c.*

This inconsistency might possibly be owing to some over and above complaisant player, who was willing to enhance the value of Albert's service, and make him compliment his mistress, not only at the expense of our Poets, but even of truth itself. *Sympson.*

This assertion here is too positive, and too much pursued, and the circumstance too unimportant to be ascribed to the interpolation of a player. If there is an inconsistency, it is more probably owing to the inadvertency of the Authors.

(Your captain, yet your slave) that his redemption,  
If he be living where the sun has circuit,  
May expiate your rigour, and my rashness.

*Aminta.* The storm grows greater; what shall we do?

*Alb.* Let's in,

And ask Heaven's mercy! My strong mind yet presages,  
Thro' all these dangers, we shall see a day yet  
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes.

[Exit with *Aminta*.]

*Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain.*

*Master.* It must all overboard.

*Boats.* It clears to seaward, Master,

*Master.* Fling o'er the lading there, and let us  
lighten her,

(All the meat, and the cakes; we are all gone else!)  
That we may find her leaks, and hold her up!  
Yet save some little biscuit for the lady,  
Till we come to th' land<sup>6</sup>!

*Lam.* Must my goods over too?

Why, honest Master, here lies all my money,  
The money I ha' rack'd by usury,  
To buy new lands and lordships in new countries,  
Cause I was banish'd from mine own: I ha' been  
This twenty years a-raising it,

*Tib.* Out with it!

The devils are got together by the ears,  
Who shall ha't; and here they quarrel in the clouds.

*Lam.* I am undone, Sir!

*Tib.* And be undone; 'tis better than we perish.

*Lam.* Oh, save one chest of plate!

*Tib.* Away with it lustily, sailors!

It was some pawn that he has got unjustly;  
Down with it low enough, and let crabs breed in't!

*Master.* Over with the trunks too.

<sup>6</sup> Fling o'er the lading, &c.] The giving this and the following four lines to the *Master* (which was before a continuation of the *Boatswain's* speech) is recommended by *Sympson*.

Enter *Albert*.

*Alb.* Take mine, and spare not.

*Master.* We must over with all.

*Fran.* Will ye throw away my lordship that I sold,  
Put it into cloaths and necessaries, to go to sea with?

*Tib.* Over wi't! I love to see a lordship sink:  
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;  
You might ha' sav'd it else.

*Fran.* I am undone  
For ever.

*Alb.* Why, we're all undone: Would you  
Be only happy?

*Lam.* Sir, you may lose too.

*Tib.* Thou liest! I ha' nothing but my skin,  
And my cloaths; my sword here, and myself;  
Two crowns in my pocket, two pair of cards<sup>7</sup>,  
And three false dice: I can swim like a fish,  
Rascal; nothing to hinder me.

*Boats.* In with her of all hands!

*Master.* Come, gentlemen; come, captain; ye must  
help all.

My life now for the land! 'Tis high, and rocky,  
And full of perils.

*Alb.* However, let's attempt it!

*Master.* Then cheer lustily, my hearts! [Exeunt.

Enter *Sebastian and Nicusa*.

*Seb.* Yes, 'tis a ship; I see it now; a tall ship!  
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance.  
Heaven's mercy, what a wretched day has here been!

*Nicusa.* To still and quiet minds that knew no  
misery,

<sup>7</sup> Two pair of cards.] i. e. Two PACKS of cards, as they are now called. They were formerly called, as here, PAIRS of cards. Thus in 'The honorable historie of the Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, by Robert Greene, 1630,' 'Have you not good tippling houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a PAIRE of cardes, a swinging piece of chalke, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drinke.'

R.

It may seem wretched ; but with us 'tis ordinary ;  
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,  
That can seem new to us.

*Seb.* 'Tis true, Nicusa :

If Fortune were determin'd to be wanton,  
And would wipe out the stories of mens' miseries,  
Yet we two living, we could cross her purpose ;  
For 'tis impossible she should cure us,  
We are so excellent in our afflictions :  
It would be more than glory to her blindness,  
And stile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

*Nicusa.* Do they live still ?

*Seb.* Yes, and make to harbour.

*Nicusa.* Most miserable men ! I grieve their fortunes.

*Seb.* How happy had they been, had the sea cover'd  
'em !

They leap from one calamity to another ;  
Had they been drown'd, they'd ended all their sorrows.  
What shouts of joy they make ! [ *Shout within.* ]

*Nicusa.* Alas, poor wretches !

Had they but once experience of this island,  
They'd turn their tunes to wailings.

*Seb.* Nay, to curses,  
That ever they set foot on such calamities :  
Here is no thing but rocks and barrenness<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> *Here's nothing but rocks and barrenness,  
Hunger and cold to eat ; here's no vineyards, &c.] Nothing but  
rocks and barrenness to eat, is intelligible and good language, but  
surely no poetical licence will excuse what follows,*

*Hunger and cold to eat ;* —

I would read, *for meat* ; *i. e.* instead of meat, and propose to supply  
the measure thus,

*There's nothing here but rocks and barrenness,*

*Hunger and cold for meat ; here are no vineyards, &c.*

*Seward.*

I would read and point thus,

*Here's nothing here but rocks and barrenness,*

*Hunger and cold ; nothing to eat ; no vineyards —*

As I have not alter'd the text, the reader may take his choice.

*Sympson.*

We do not understand why *meat* is better than *eat* ; the sense is the  
same ; and the rest of the variation is unauthorized.

*Hunger*

Hunger and cold, to eat ; here's no vineyards  
 To chear the heart of man, no crystal rivers,  
 After his labour, to refresh his body,  
 If he be feeble ; nothing to restore him,  
 But heav'ly hopes : Nature that made those remedies,  
 Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,  
 For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

*Nicusa.* Oh, uncle, yet a little memory of what  
 we were !

'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities :  
 When we were feated in our blessed homes,  
 How happy in our kindreds, in our families,  
 In all our fortunes —

*Seb.* Curse on those French pirates  
 That displanted us ! That flung us from that happiness  
 We found there, constrained us to sea,  
 To save our lives, honours, and our riches,  
 With all we had, our kinsmen and our jewels,  
 In hope to find some place free from such robbers ! —  
 Where a mighty storm sever'd our barks, that where  
 My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies  
 That went with her, virgins and loving souls,  
 To scape those pirates —

*Nicusa.* They are living yet ; such goodness cannot  
 perish.

*Seb.* But never to me, cousin, never to me again.  
 What bears their flag-staves ?

*Nicusa.* The arms of France sure.  
 Nay, do not start ! we cannot be more miserable ;  
 Death is a cordial now, come when it will.

*Seb.* They get to shore apace ; they'll fly as fast  
 When once they find the place. What's that which  
 swims there ?

*Nicusa.* A strong young man, Sir, with a handsome  
 woman

Hanging about his neck.

*Seb.* That shews some honour :  
 May thy brave charity, whate'er thou art,  
 Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,

And

And not die here!

*Nicusa.* The boat, it seems, turn'd over,  
So forced to their shifts; yet all are landed.  
They're pirates, on my life.

*Seb.* They will not rob us;  
For none will take our misery for riches.  
Come, cousin, let's descend, and try their pities!  
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;  
If not, we shall but load this wretched island  
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure, Master, Franville, Surgeon, and Sailors.*

*Tib.* Wet come ashore<sup>9</sup>, my mates! we're safe arriv'd yet.

*Master.* Thanks to Heaven's goodness, no man lost:  
The ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.

*Alb.* The weather's turn'd more courteous.—How does my dear?

'Alas, how weak she is, and wet!

*Aminta.* I am glad yet, I scap'd with life;  
Which certain, noble captain, next to Heaven's goodness,

I must thank you for; and, which is more,  
Acknowledge your dear tendernes, your firm love,  
To your unworthy mistress; and recant too  
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,  
Those cruel unkind thoughts, I heap'd upon you;  
Further than that, I must forget your injuries,  
So far I am tied and fetter'd to your service;  
Believe me, I will learn to love.

*Alb.* I thank you, madam;  
And it shall be my practice to serve.  
What cheer, companions?

<sup>9</sup> Wet come ashore—arrived yet.

*Mast. Thanks—*] Wet come alluding to *Welcome* is exceeding right and proper here in *Tibalt's* mouth, whose droll character is well supported throughout the play.

*Sympson.*  
*Tib.*

*Tib.* No great cheer, Sir ; a piece of soured biscuit,  
And half an hard egg ; for the sea has ta'en order,  
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, captain.  
For mine own part, I'll dance till I am dry :  
Come, Surgeon, out with your clyster-pipe,  
And strike a galliard.

*Alb.* What a brave day again ! and what fair weather,  
After so foul a storm !

*Lam.* Ay, an't pleas'd the Master,  
He might ha' seen this weather, and ha' sav'd our goods.

*Alb.* Never think on 'em ! we've our lives and healths.

*Lam.* I must think on 'em, and think 'twas most maliciously

Done to undo me.

*Fran.* And me too ; I lost all :  
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me,  
Nor cloaths, but these poor rags : I had fifteen  
Fair suits, the worst was cut upon taffaty.

*Tib.* I am glad you ha' lost : Give me thy hand !  
Is thy skin whole ? Art thou not purl'd <sup>to</sup> with icabs ?  
No antient monuments of madam Venus ?  
Th' hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st tailor,  
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,  
'Till thy executors, the worms, uncase thee ;  
They take off glorious suits, Franville ! thou'rt happy  
Thou art deliver'd of 'em ; here are no brokers,  
No alchymists to turn 'em into metal ;  
Nor leather'd captains,  
With ladies to adore 'em ! Wilt thou see  
A dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,  
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry ?  
Or an old haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword  
Thou paid'st a hundred crowns for ?  
A mermaid in a mantle of your worship's ?  
Or a dolphin in your double ruff ?

<sup>to</sup> *Purl'd.* — Perhaps from the French word *perlé*, rough, rugged, not smooth. Cotgrave's Dictionary.

R.  
Fran.

*Fran.* Ye're merry ;  
But if I take it thus, if I be foisted  
And jeer'd out of my goods—

*Lam.* Nor I, I vow thee !  
Nor Master nor Mate—I see your cunning,

*Alb.* Oh,  
Be not angry, gentlemen !

*Mor.* Yes, Sir, we've reason :  
And some friends I can make.

*Mast.* What I did, gentlemen,  
Was for the general safety : If ye aim  
At me, I'm not so tame—

*Tib.* Pray take my counsel ;  
Gallants, fight not till the surgeon be well !  
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all ;  
Besides, h' has lost his fiddlestick, and the best  
Box of boar's-grease. Why do you make such faces,  
And hand your swords ?

*Alb.* Who would ye fight with, gentlemen ?  
Wh' has done ye wrong ? for shame, be better temper'd !  
No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,  
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us,  
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance  
on us ?

What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,  
These strong temptations of their holy pities,  
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful  
That the singing storms are slumbers to it ?

*Tib.* Be men, and rule your minds !  
If you will needs fight, gentlemen,  
And think to raise new riches by your valours,  
Have at ye ! I have little else to do now ;  
I have said my prayers. You say you have lost,  
And make your loss your quarrel,  
And grumble at my captain here, and th' Master,  
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,  
Thou Galloon gallant, and Mammon you  
That build on golden mountains ! thou money-  
maggot !

Come,

Come, all draw your swords ! Ye say ye're miserable.

*Alb.* Nay, hold, good Tibalt !

*Tib.* Captain, let me correct 'em ! —

I'll make ye ten times worse ! — I will not leave 'em —

For look ye, fighting's as nourishing to me as eating ;

I was born quarrelling.

*Master.* Pray, Sir !

*Tib.* I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em ! —

Do ye grumble when ye are well, ye rogues ?

*Master.* Noble Du-Pont !

*Tib.* Ye have cloaths now, and ye prate.

*Aminta.* Pray, gentlemen, for my sake, be at peace !

Let it become me to make all friends !

*Fran.* You've stopt our angers, lady.

*Alb.* This shews noble.

*Tib.* 'Tis well ; 'tis very well ! There's half a biscuit ;  
Break it amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.

This is cloaths and plate too ; come, no more quarrelling !

*Aminta.* But ha ! what things are these ? Are they  
human creatures ?

*Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.*

*Tib.* I've heard of sea-calves.

*Alb.* They're no shadows sure ;

They've legs and arms.

*Tib.* They hang but lightly on tho'.

*Aminta.* How they look ! Are they mens' faces ?

*Tib.* They have horse-tails growing to 'em,  
Goodly long manes.

*Aminta.* 'Las, what funk eyes they have !  
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted !  
Sure they are wretched men.

*Tib.* Where are their wardrobes ?

Look ye, Franville, here are a couple of courtiers !

*Aminta.* They kneel : Alas, poor souls !

*Alb.* What are ye ? speak !  
Are ye alive ? or wandring shadows,  
That find no peace on earth, till ye reveal

Some hidden secret ?

*Seb.* We are men as you are,  
Only our miseries make us seem monsters.  
If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts——

*Alb.* We understand 'em too ! Pray mark 'em,  
gentlemen !

*Seb.* Or that Heaven's pleas'd with human charity ;  
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,  
Or suffer'd in yourselves the least afflictions ;  
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye tenderly,  
And mothers that have wept for your misfortunes ;  
Have mercy on our miseries !

*Alb.* Stand up, wretches.  
Speak boldly, and have release !

*Nicusa.* If ye be Christians,  
And by that blessed name bound to relieve us,  
Convey us from this island !

*Alb.* Speak ! what are ye ?  
*Seb.* As you are, gentle born ; to tell ye more,  
Were but to number up our own calamities,  
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings.  
These many years in this most wretched island  
We two have liv'd, the scorn and game of Fortune :  
Bless yourselves from it, noble gentlemen !  
The greatest plagues that human nature suffers  
Are seated here, wilderness and wants innumerable !

*Alb.* How came ye hither ?

*Nicusa.* In a ship, as you do, and (as you might have  
been,  
Had not Heav'n preserv'd ye for some more noble use)  
Wreckt desperately ; our men and all consum'd,  
But we two, that still live, and spin out  
The thin and ragged threads of our misfortunes.

*Alb.* Is there no meat above ?

*Seb.* Nor meat nor quiet :  
No summer here, to promise any thing ;  
Nor autumn, to make full the reapers' hands :  
The earth, obdurate to the tears of Heav'n,

Lets

Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds ;  
 No rivers, nor no pleasant groves, no beasts :  
 All that were made for man's use fly this desart ;  
 No airy fowl dares make his flight o'er it,  
 It is so ominous.

Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature,  
 Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters :  
 Sometimes we find a fulsome sea-root,  
 And that's a delicate ; a rat sometimes,  
 And that we hunt like princes in their pleasure ;  
 And when we take a toad, we make a banquet.

*Aminta.* For Heav'n's sake, let's aboard !

*Alb.* D'ye know no further ?

*Nicusa.* Yes ;

We've sometimes seen the shadow of a place  
 Inhabited, and heard the noise of hunters,  
 And have attempted to find it : So far as a river,  
 Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high rocks,  
 We've gone ; but, not able t'atchieve that hazard,  
 Return'd to our old miseries. If this  
 Sad story may deserve your pities——

*Alb.* Ye shall

Aboard with us ; we will relieve your miseries.

*Seb.* Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit ;  
 No, gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance :  
 Look, ye that plough the seas for wealth and pleasures,  
 That out-run day and night with your ambitions,  
 Look on those heaps ! they seem hard ragged  
 quarries ;

Remove, and view 'em fully !

*Master.* Oh, Heav'n, they're gold and jewels !

*Seb.* Be not too hasty ! Here lies another heap.

*Mor.* And here another, all perfect gold !

*Alb.* Stand further off !

You must not be your own carvers.

*Lam.* We have shares, and deep ones.

*Fran.* Yes, Sir, we will maintain't : Ho, fellow-sailors !

*Lam.* Stand all to your freedoms ! I'll have all this.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* And I this.

*Tib.* You shall be hang'd first.

*Lam.* My losses shall be made good.

*Fran.* So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do't.—  
All that will share with us, assist us !

*Tib.* Captain, let's set in !

*Alb.* This money will undo us, undo us all.

*Seb.* This gold was th' overthrow of my happiness :  
I had command too, when I landed here,  
And led young, high, and noble spirits under me :  
This cursed gold enticing 'em, they set upon their  
captain,

On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor gentleman ;  
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own  
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,  
And who lords over all, turn'd against their own lives ;  
First, in their rage consum'd the ship,  
(That poor part of the ship that scap'd the first wreck)  
Next, their lives by heaps : Oh, be you wise and careful !

*Lam.* We'll ha' more : Sirrah, come shew it !

*Fran.* Or ten times worse afflictions than thou  
speak'st of—

*Alb.* Nay, an ye will be dogs — [Beats 'em.

*Tib.* Let me come, captain !

This golden age must have an iron ending.

Have at the bunch ! [He beats 'em off. *Exit.*

*Aminta.* Oh, Albert ! oh, gentlemen ! oh, friends !

[*Exit.*]

*Seb.* Come, noble nephew ! if we stay here we die :  
Here rides their ship yet ; all are gone to th' spoil ;  
Let's make a quick use !

*Nicusa.* Away, dear uncle !

*Seb.* This gold

Was our o'erthrow.

*Nicusa.* It may now be our happiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Tibalt* pursuing and beating the rest.

*Tib.* You shall have gold ? yes, I will cram it int'ye !  
You shall be your own carvers ? yes, I'll carve ye.

*Mor.*

*Mor.* I'm sore: I pray hear reason!

*Tib.* I'll hear none:

Covetous base minds have no reason.

I'm hurt myself; but, whilst I have a leg left,  
I will so haunt your gilded souls—How d'ye, captain?  
You bleed apace; curse on the causers on't!  
You do not faint?

*Alb.* No, no; I'm not so happy.

*Tib.* D'ye howl? nay, ye deserve it:

Base greedy rogues! Come, shall we make an end of 'em?

*Alb.* They are our countrymen; for Heav'n's sake,  
spare 'em!

Alas, they're hurt enough, and they relent now.

*Aminta [above].* Oh, captain, captain!

*Alb.* Whose voice is that?

*Tib.* The lady's.

*Aminta.* Look, captain, look! you are undone:  
Poor captain!

We're all undone, all, all! we are all miserable!

Mad wilful men, ye are undone: Your ship, your ship!

*Alb.* What of her?

*Aminta.* She is under sail, and floating;  
See, where she flies! See, to your shames, you wretches,  
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you gold!

*[Lamure and Franville go up to see the ship.]*

*1 Sailor.* They have cut the cables,  
And got her out; the tide too has befriended 'em.

*Master.* Where are the sailors that kept her?

*Boats.* Here, here i' th' mutiny, to take up money,  
And left no creature; left the boat ashore too:  
This gold, this damn'd enticing gold!

*2 Sailor.* How the wind drives her,  
As if it vied to force her from our furies!

*Lam.* Come back, good old men!

*Fran.* Good honest men, come back!

*Tib.* The wind's against ye; speak louder!

*Lam.* Ye shall have all your gold again. They see us.

*Tib.* Hold up your hands, and kneel, and howl,  
ye blockheads!

They'll have compassion on ye?

Yes, yes, 'tis very likely; ye've deserv'd it.

D'ye look like dogs now? Are your mighty courages  
Abated?

*Alb.* I bleed apace, Tibalt.

*Tib.* Retire, Sir;

And make the best use of our miseries!

They but begin now.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Aminta.* Are ye alive still?

*Alb.* Yes, sweet.

*Tib.* Help him off, lady,

And wrap him warm in your arms; here is something  
That's comfortable; off with him handsomely!

I'll come to ye straight, but vex these rascals a little.

[*Exeunt Albert and Aminta.*

*Fran.* Oh, I'm hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

*Tib.* Here is a pestle of a Portigue, Sir!

'Tis excellent meat with four sauce:

And here's two chains; suppose 'em sausages!

Then there wants mustard; but the fearful Surgeon  
Will supply ye presently<sup>11</sup>.

*Lam.* Oh, for that Surgeon! I shall die else.

*Tib.* Faith, there he lies in the same pickle too.

*Surgeon.* My falves and all my instruments are lost;  
And I am hurt and stary'd: Good Sir, seek for  
Some herbs!

*Tib.* Here's herb-graceless; will that serve?

Gentlemen, will ye go to supper?

*Omnes.* Where is the meat?

*Tib.* Where is the meat? What a veal-voice is there?

<sup>11</sup> *But th' fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently.*

*Lam.* *Ob, for that Surgeon, I shall die else.*] Fearful, in the present passage, is an epithet, which carries neither sente nor humour. If we would make Tibalt congruous with himself, methinks it should be done by reading in both lines thus;

*But th' careful Surgeon, &c.*

To which Lamure should answer;

*Ob, for that careful Surgeon, I shall die else.* Sympson.

*Fran.*

*Fran.* 'Would we had it, Sir; or any thing else !

*Tib.* I would now cut your throat, you dog, but that I wo'not do you such a courtesy,

To take you from the benefit of starving.

Oh, what a comfort will your worship have

Some three days hence ! Ye things beneath pity !

Famine shall be your harbinger :

You must not look for down-beds here, nor hangings ;

Tho' I could wish ye strong ones ;

Yet there be many lightsome cool star-chambers,

Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,

Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye :

Your first course is serv'd; expect the second ! [Exit.

*Fran.* A vengeance on these jewels !

*Lam.* Oh, this cursed gold !

[Exeunt.

## A C T II.

*Enter Albert and Aminta.*

*Alb.* ALAS, dear soul, you faint !

*Aminta.* You speak the language  
Which I should use to you. Heav'n knows my weakness  
Is not for what I suffer in myself,  
But to imagine what you endure,  
And to what fate your cruel stars reserve you.

*Alb.* Do not add to my afflictions by  
Your tender pities ! Sure we have chang'd sexes :  
You bear calamity with a fortitude  
Would become a man ; I like a weak girl suffer.

*Aminta.* Oh, but your wounds,  
How fearfully they gape ! and every one  
To me's a sepulchre. If I lov'd truly,  
(Wise men affirm, that true love can do wonders)  
These bath'd in my warm tears would soon be cur'd,  
And leave no orifice behind. Pray give me leave  
To play the surgeon, and bind 'em up !

The raw air rankles 'em.

*Alb.* Sweet, we want means.

*Aminta.* Love can supply all wants.

*Alb.* What have ye done, sweet?

Oh, sacrilege to beauty! there's no hair  
Of these pure locks<sup>12</sup>, by which the greatest king  
Would not be gladly bound, and love his fitters.

*Aminta.* Oh, Albert, I offer  
This sacrifice of service to the altar  
Of your staid temperance, and still adore it:  
When with a violent hand you made me yours,  
I curs'd the doer; but, now I consider  
How long I was in your power, and with what honour  
You entertain'd me, (it being seldom seen,  
That youth and heat of blood could e'er prescribe  
Laws to itself) your goodness is the Lethe  
In which I drown your inj'ries, and now live  
Truly to serve ye. How do you, Sir? Receive you  
The least ease from my service? If you do,  
I'm largely recompensed.

*Alb.* You good angels  
That are engag'd, when man's ability fails,  
To reward goodness, look upon this lady!  
Tho' hunger gripes my croaking entrails,  
Yet, when I kis these rubies methinks  
I'm at a banquet, a refreshing banquet.  
Speak, my bles'd one; art not hungry?

*Aminta.* Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.

*Alb.* Blush, unkind Nature,  
If thou haft power or being! To hear  
Thyself, and by such innocence, accus'd,  
Must print a thousand kinds of shames upon  
Thy various face: Canst thou supply a drunkard,  
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of wines,

<sup>12</sup> *Ob, sacrilege to beauty! &c.* This is seemingly from Tasso, book 19. stanza 112, where Erminia binds up Tancred's wounds with her hair.

‘ For with her amber locks cut off, each wound

‘ She tied: Oh, happy man, so cur'd so bound.’ *Sympson.*

'Till he cast up thy blessings ? or a glutton,  
 That robs the elements to sooth his palate,  
 And only eats to beget appetite,  
 Not to be satisfied ? and suffer here  
 A virgin, which the saints would make their guest,  
 To pine for hunger ? [Horns within.] Ha ! if my sense  
 Deceive me not, these notes take being from  
 The breath of men. Confirm me, my Aminta !  
 Again ! This way the gentle wind conveys it to us <sup>13</sup>.  
 Hear you nothing ?

*Aminta.* Yes ; it seems free hunters' musick.

*Alb.* Still 'tis louder ; and I remember the Portugals  
 Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,  
 But ne'er could touch the shore from whence it came.  
 Follow me, my Aminta ! My good genius,  
 Shew me the way ! Still, still we are directed ;  
 When we gain the top of this near rising hill,  
 We shall know further. [Ex. and enter above.]

*Alb.* Courteous Zephyrus,  
 On's dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us :  
 The air clears too ; and now we may discern another  
 island,

And questionless, the seat of fort'nate men :  
 Oh, that we could arrive there !

*Aminta.* No, Albert ;  
 It is not to be hop'd : This envious torrent  
 Is cruelly interpos'd ; we have no vessel  
 That may transport us, nor hath Nature given  
 Us wings to fly.

*Alb.* Better try all hazards,  
 Than perish here remediless ; I feel  
 New vigour in me, and a spirit that dares  
 More than a man to serve my fair Aminta :  
 These arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim,  
 And my zeal to save thy innocent self, like wings,

<sup>13</sup> Again, this way the gentle wind conveys it to us.] Symfon  
 seems positive that 'the word *again* is only an order for the horns to  
 'sound a second time,' and therefore places it as a marginal direc-  
 tion : But we think it might very well be a part of the text.

Shall bear me up above the brackish waves.

*Aminta.* Will ye then leave me? 'Till now I ne'er  
was wretched <sup>14</sup>.

*Alb.* My best Aminta, I swear by goodness, 'tis not  
Hope, nor fear, of myself, that invites me  
To this extreme; 'tis to supply thy wants: And be-  
lieve me,

Tho' pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,  
And happiness courted me to entertain her,  
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd  
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.

*Aminta.* Oh, but your absence—

*Alb.* Suppose it but a dream, and, as you may,  
Endeavour to take rest! And when that sleep  
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,  
Think you have sent me for discovery  
Of some most fortunate continent, yet unknown,  
Which you are to be queen of!—  
And now, ye pow'rs that e'er heard lovers' prayers,  
Or cherish'd pure affection, look on him  
That is your votary; and make it known,  
Against all stops, you can defend your own! [Exe,

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, and Juletta.

*Hip.* How did we lose Clarinda?

*Croc.* When we believ'd the stag was spent,  
And would take foil, the sight of the Black Lake,  
Which we suppos'd he chose for his last refuge,  
Frighted him more than we that did pursue him.

*Jul.* That's usual; for death itself is not so terrible  
To any beast of chase.

*Hip.* Since we liv'd here,

<sup>14</sup> Aminta. Will ye then leave me?

*Alb.* Till now I ne'er was wretched.] This is the most ma-  
terial corruption in the sense that I have met with in this play. The  
pretty softness and tender fears of Aminta are given to Albert. I  
read,

Aminta. Will ye leave me then? 'till now I ne'er was wretched.

*Alb.* My best Aminta, I swear by goodness, 'tis

Not hope, &c.

Seward.

We

We ne'er could force one to it.

*Croc.* 'Tis so dreadful,

The birds that with their pinions cleave the air  
 Dare not fly o'er it. When the stag turn'd head,  
 And we even tir'd with labour,  
 Clarinda, as if she were made of air  
 And fire, and had no part of earth in her,  
 Eagerly pursu'd him :  
 Nor need we fear her safety ; this place yields  
 Not fawns nor satyrs, or most lustful men ;  
 Here we live secure,  
 And have among ourselves a commonwealth,  
 Which in ourselves begun, with us must end.

*Jul.* Ay, there's the misery !

*Croc.* But being alone,

Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts !  
 The strictness of our governess, that forbids us,  
 On pain of death, the sight and use of men,  
 Is more than tyranny : For herself, she's past  
 Those youthful heats, and feels not the want  
 Of that which young maids long for : And her  
 daughter

The fair Clarinda, tho' in few years improv'd  
 In height and large proportion, came here so young,  
 That, scarce remembering that she had a father,  
 She never dreams of man ; and should she see one,  
 In my opinion, a' would appear  
 A strange beast to her.

*Jul.* 'Tis not so with us.

*Hip.* For my part, I confess't, I was not made for  
 This single life ; nor do I love hunting so,  
 But that I had rather be the chase myself.

*Croc.* By Venus (out upon me ! I should have  
 Sworn by Diana), I'm of thy mind too, wench :  
 And tho' I have ta'en an oath, not alone  
 To detest, but never to think of man,  
 Ev'ry hour something tells me I'm forsworn ;  
 For, I confess, imagination helps me  
 Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on ;

We might starve else ; for if I've any pleasure in  
This life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan.  
Then, from the courtier to the country clown,  
I have strange visions—

*Jul.* Visions, Crocale ?

*Croc.* Yes, and fine visions too ;  
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,  
And not forbid by' our canons. The last night  
(Troth, 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)  
As I lay in my cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking—

*Hip.* Upon your back ?

*Croc.* How should a young maid lie, fool,  
When she would be intranc'd ?

*Hip.* We are instructed ;  
Forward, I prithee.

*Croc.* Methought a sweet young man,  
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,  
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one<sup>15</sup>,  
Stole slyly to my cabin all unbrac'd,  
Took me in's arms, and kiss'd me twenty times ;  
Yet still I slept.

*Jul.* Fy ! thy lips run over, Crocale.  
But to the rest !

*Croc.* Lord, what a man is this,  
Thought I, to do this to a maid ! Yet then  
For my life I could not wake. The youth,  
A little daunted, with a trembling hand  
Heav'd up the cloaths.

*Hip.* Yet still you slept ?

*Croc.* I'faith, I did.  
And when, methoughts, he was warm by my side,  
Thinking to catch him, I stretch'd out both mine arms ;

<sup>15</sup> *And yet no red one.*] Painters used frequently in the times of our Authors to pourtray Judas with a red beard. In many of our old plays, a Judas-beard or Judas-coloured beard are mentioned ; and to this circumstance, joined to Judas's being a deceiver, our Author seems here to allude. See *Leland's Citharoma*, vol. v. p. 295, where it is said, painters constantly represented Judas the traitor with a red beard.

See also vol. viii. p. 462, of this Work.

And when I felt him not, I shrieked out,  
And wak'd for anger.

*Hip.* 'Twas a pretty dream!

*Croc.* Ay, if it had been a true one.

[*Albert discovered lying along upon the shore.*

*Jul.* But stay!

What's here cast on the shore?

*Hip.* It is a man:

Shall I shoot him?

*Croc.* No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;  
'Would we had more o'th' breed! Stand close,  
wenches,

And let's hear if he can speak!

*Alb.* Do I yet live?

Sure it is air I breathe! What place is this?

Sure something more than human keeps residence here,  
For I have past the Stygian gulph,  
And touch upon the blessed shore: 'Tis so;  
This is th' Elysian shade; these, happy spirits  
That here enjoy all pleasures!

*Hip.* He makes towards us.

*Jul.* Stand, or I'll shoot!

*Croc.* Hold! he makes no resistance.

*Alb.* Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall  
Thus prostrate at your feet! or, if not such,  
But nymphs of Dian's train, that range these groves,  
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know  
I am a man, a wicked sinful man:

And yet not bold

So far to impudence, as to presume  
To press upon your privacies, or provoke  
Your heavenly angers! 'tis not for myself  
I beg thus poorly; for I'm already wounded,  
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath is for  
A virgin, comes as near yourselves in all  
Perfection, as what is mortal may  
Resemble things divine. Oh, pity her,  
And let your charity free her from that desart,  
If heay'nly charity can reach to hell;

For sure that place comes near it ! and where-e'er  
My ghost shall find abode, eternally  
I shall pour blessings on ye !

*Hip.* By my life,  
I cannot hurt him !

*Croc.* Tho' I lose my head for't,  
Nor I : I must pity him, and will.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Jul.* But stay !  
Clarinda !

*Clar.* What new game have ye found here ! Ha !  
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore ?

*Croc.* Keep off !

*Clar.* Wherefore, I pray ? I never turn'd  
From a fell lioness robb'd of her whelps ;  
And shall I fear dead carrion ?

*Jul.* Oh, but——

*Clar.* But, what is't ?

*Hip.* It is infectious.

*Clar.* Has it not a name ?

*Croc.* Yes ;

But such a name, from which, as from the devil,  
Your mother commands us fly.

*Clar.* Is it a man ?

*Croc.* It is.

*Clar.* What a brave shape it has in death !  
How excellent would it appear, had it life !  
Why should it be infectious ? I have heard  
My mother say, I had a father ;  
And was not he a man ?

*Croc.* Questionless, madam.

*Clar.* Your fathers too were men ?

*Jul.* Without doubt, lady.

*Clar.* And without such it is impossible  
We could have been ?

*Hip.* A sin against nature to deny it.

*Clar.* Nor can you or I have any hope to be a mother,  
Without the help of men.

*Croc.*

*Croc.* Impossible!

*Clar.* Which of you then, most barbarous, that knew  
You from a man had being, and owe to it  
The name of parent, durst presume to kill  
The likeness of that thing by which you are?  
Whose arrows made these wounds? speak, or, by Dian,  
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all!

*Jul.* Not mine,

*Hip.* Nor mine,

*Croc.* 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.  
Restrain your fury, madam! had we kill'd him,  
We had but perform'd your mother's command.

*Clar.* But if she command unjust and cruel things,  
We're not t' obey it.

*Croc.* We are innocent:

Some storm did cast him shipwreck'd on the shore,  
As you see wounded: Nor durst we be surgeons  
To such your mother doth appoint for death,

*Clar.* Weak excuse! where's pity?  
Where's soft compassion? Cruel and ungrateful,  
Did Providence offer to your charity  
But one poor subject to express it on,  
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you  
So carelessly negle&t it?

*Hip.* For aught I know,  
He's living yet; and you may tempt your mother,  
By giving him succour.

*Clar.* Ha! come near, I charge ye.  
So! bend his body softly; rub his temples;  
Nay, that shall be my office: How the red steals  
Into his pale lips! Run and fetch the simples  
With which my mother heal'd my arm, when last I  
Was wounded by the boar.

*Croc.* Do; but remember  
Her to come after you, that she may behold  
Her daughter's charity!

*Clar.* Now he breathes! [Exit *Hip.*]  
The air passing thro' th' Arabian groves  
Yields not so sweet an odour: Prithee taste it,  
Taste it, good Crocale! yet I envy thee

So great a blessing. 'Tis not sin to touch  
These rubies, is it?

*Jul.* Not, I think.

*Clar.* Or thus to live, camelion-like? I could  
Resign my essence to live ever thus.  
Oh, welcome! Raise him up gently. Some soft hand  
Bound up these wounds: A woman's hair? What fury,  
For which my ign'rance does not know a name,  
Is crept into my breast? But I forget

*Enter Hippolita.*

My pious work. Now if this juice hath power,  
Let it appear! His eye-lids ope: Prodigious!  
Two suns break from these orbs.

*Alb.* Ha! where am I? what new vision's this?  
To what goddess do I owe this second life?  
Sure thou art more than mortal!  
And any sacrifice of thanks or duty  
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short  
Of your immortal bounty: But to shew  
I'm not unthankful, thus in humility  
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,  
By bearing of your weight.

*Clar.* No goddess, friend,  
But made of that same brittle mould as you are;  
One too acquainted with calamities,  
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever  
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet  
In the receiver. Oh, forbear this duty!  
I have a hand to meet with yours, and lips  
To bid yours welcome.

*Croc.* I see that, by instinct,  
Tho' a young maid hath never seen a man,  
Touches have titillations, and inform her,

*Enter Rosellia.*

But here's our governess: Now I expect a storm.

*Ref.* Child of my flesh, and not of my fair unspotted  
mind,  
Unhand this monster!

*Clar.*

*Clar.* Monster, mother?

*Rof.* Yes;

And ev'ry word he speaks, a fyren's note,  
 To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee  
 The falsehood and the perjuries of men,  
 On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,  
 Is to be cruel to herself? The sovereignty  
 Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,  
 We confer on ourselves, and love those fetters  
 We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, Glarinda,  
 Since thy father's wreck, fought liberty,  
 To lose it uncompeil'd? Did Fortune guide,  
 Or rather Destiny, our bark (to which  
 We could appoint no port) to this blest place,  
 Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,  
 That kept men in subjection? did we then,  
 By their example, after we had lost  
 All we could love in man, here plant ourselves,  
 With execrable oaths never to look  
 On man, but as a monster? and wilt thou  
 Be the first precedent to infringe those vows  
 We made to Heaven?

*Clar.* Hear me, and hear me with justice!  
 And as you are delighted in the name  
 Of mother, hear a daughter that would be like you!  
 Should all women use this obstinate abstinence  
 You would force upon us, in a few years  
 The whole world would be peopled only with beasts.

*Hip.* We must and will have men.

*Croc.* Ay, or we'll shake off all obedience.

*Rof.* Are ye mad? can no persuasion alter ye?  
 Suppose you had my suffrage to your suit,  
 Can this shipwreck'd wretch supply ye all?

*Alb.* Hear me, great lady!  
 I've fellows in my misery: Not far hence,  
 Divided only by this hellish river,  
 There live a company of wretched men,  
 Such as your charity may make your slaves:  
 Imagine all the miseries mankind

May suffer under, and they groan beneath 'em.

*Clar.* But are they like to you?

*Jul.* Speak they your language?

*Croc.* Are they able, lusty men?

*Alb.* They were, good ladies,

And in their May of youth, of gentle blood,  
And such as may deserve ye: Now cold and hunger  
Have lessen'd their perfection; but, restor'd  
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear  
Worthy your favours.

*Jul.* This is a blessing  
We durst not hope for.

*Clar.* Dear mother, ben't obdurate!

*Ros.* Hear then my resolution, and labour not  
To add to what I'll grant! for 'twill be fruitless.  
You shall appear as good angels to these wretched men;  
In a small boat we will pass over to 'em,  
And bring 'em comfort: If you like their persons,  
And they approve of yours, for we'll force nothing—  
And since we want ceremonies,  
Each one shall chuse a husband, and enjoy  
His company a month; but that expir'd,  
You shall no more come near 'em: If you prove  
fruitful,

The males ye shall return to them, the females  
We will reserve ourselves. This is the utmost  
Ye shall ever obtain.—As ye think fit,  
Ye may dismiss this stranger, and prepare  
Tomorrow for the journey.

[Exit.]

*Clar.* Come, Sir, will you walk?  
We'll shew you our pleasant bowers, and something you  
Shall find to cheer your heart.

*Alb.* Excellent lady,  
Tho' 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd  
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take  
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desart  
A virgin almost pin'd.

*Clar.* She's not your wife?

*Alb.* No, lady, but my sister.—'Tis now dangerous  
To

# T H E S E A - V O Y A G E .    III

To speak truth.—To her I deeply vow'd  
Not to taste food, or rest, if Fortune brought it me,  
'Till I bless'd her with my return: Now if  
You please t' afford me an easy passage to her,  
And some meat for her recovery,  
I shall live your slave, and thankfully she shall  
Ever acknowledge her life at your service.

*Clar.* You plead so well, I can deny you nothing:  
I myself will see you furnished, and with  
The next sun visit and relieve thee.

*Alb.* You're all goodness!

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T       III.

*Enter severally, Lamure, Franville, and Morillat.*

*Lam.* O H! what a tempest have I in my stomach!  
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds  
ache;  
Would they would bleed again, that I might get  
Something to quench my thirst!

*Fran.* Oh, Lamure, the happiness my dogs had  
When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,  
A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts,  
Happy crusts! Oh, how sharp hunger pinches me!

[*Exit.*]

*Mor.* Oh, my importunate belly! I have nothing  
to satisfy thee:

I've sought as far as my weak legs would carry me,  
Yet can find nothing, neither meat nor water,  
Nor any thing that's nourishing. My belly  
Is grown together like an empty fatchel.

*Re-enter Franville.*

*Lam.* How now? what news?

*Mor.* Hast any meat yet?

*Fran.* Not a bit that I can see;

Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard to gnaw.  
I ha'

I ha' got some mud, (we will eat it with spoons)  
 Very good thick mud; but it stinks damably:  
 There's old rotten trunks of trees too,  
 But not a leaf nor blossom in all th' island.

*Lam.* How it looks?

*Mor.* It stinks too.

*Lam.* It may be poison.

*Fran.* Let it be any thing, so I can get it down!

Why, man,

Poison's a princely dish!

*Mor.* Hast thou no biscuit?

No crumbs left in thy pocket? here's my doublet,  
 Give me but three small crumbs.

*Fran.* Not for three kingdoms,  
 If I were master of 'em. Oh, Lamure,  
 But one poor joint of mutton we ha' scorn'd, man!

*Lam.* Thou speak'st of Paradise.

*Fran.* Or but the snuffs of those healths we have  
 lewdly

At midnight flang away!

*Mor.* Ah, but to lick the glasses!

*Enter Surgeon.*

*Fran.* Here comes the Surgeon: What hast thou  
 discover'd?

Smile, smile, and comfort us.

*Surgeon.* I am expiring;

Smile they that can! I can find nothing, gentlemen;  
 Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.  
 Oh, that I had my boxes and my lints now,  
 My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,  
 What dainty dishes could I make of 'em!

*Mor.* Hast ne'er an old suppository?

*Surgeon.* Oh, would I had, Sir!

*Lam.* Or but the paper where such a cordial,  
 Potion, or pills hath been entomb'd?

*Fran.* Or the blest bladder where a cooling-clister—

*Mor.* Hast thou no scarcloths left? nor any old  
 poultices?

*Fran.* We care not to what it hath been minister'd.

*Surgeon.*

*Surgeon.* Sure I have none of these dainties, gentlemen.

*Fran.* Where's the

Great wen thou cut'ft from Hugh the sailor's shoulder?  
That would serve now for a most princely banquet.

*Surgeon.* Ay, if we had it, gentlemen :  
I flung it overboard, slave that I was !

*Lam.* A most unprovident villain !

*Surgeon.* If I had any thing that were but supple now !  
I could make fallads of your shoes, gentlemen,  
And rare ones ! any thing unctuous.

*Mor.* Ay, and then we might fry the foals i' th' sun ;  
The foals would make a second dish.

*Lam.* Or souse 'em in the salt-water ;  
An inner foal well sou'sd —

*Enter Aminta.*

*Fran.* Here comes the woman ;  
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us !  
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready !  
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

*Aminta.* How weary and how hungry am I,  
How feeble and how faint is all my body !  
Mine eyes, like spent lamps glowing out<sup>17</sup>, grow  
heavy,  
My sight forsaking me ; and all my spirits,  
As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,  
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny.  
Oh, for a little water ! a little, little meat,  
A little to relieve me, ere I perish !  
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourish'd me,  
But they are all consum'd for thee, dear Albert ;  
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead ;  
Merciless Fate has swallow'd thee ! — Oh ! I

<sup>17</sup> *Like spent lamps glowing out.*] Perhaps *going out* ; for though *glowing out* may properly express the *blaze* which the candle often exerts before it is extinguished, yet this is not a circumstance proper to the context. The light of Aminta's eyes was fading gradually. But as the former is poetical, I would not propose a change of the text.

*Seward.*

Grow heavy; sleep's a salve for misery:  
Heav'n look on me, and either take my life,  
Or make me once more happy!

*Lam.* She's fast asleep already.

Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,  
Wake to our wants?

*Mor.* This thing hath been our overthrow,  
And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us  
Are come thro' her means.

*Fran.* True; we were bound, ye all know,  
For happy places, and most fertile islands,  
Where we had constant promises of all things:  
She turn'd the captain's mind, and must have him go  
In search, I know not of who, nor to what end;  
Of such a fool her brother, and such a coxcomb her  
Kinsman, and we must put in every where;  
She has put us in now, i'faith!

*Lam.* Why should we  
Consume thus, and starve, have nothing to relieve us,  
And she live there, that bred all our miseries,  
Unroasted or unsod?

*Mor.* I've read in stories—

*Lam.* Of such restoring meats we have examples,  
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;  
Women that have eat their children, men  
Their slaves, nay their brothers; but these are nothing;  
Husbands devour'd their wives (they are their chattels);  
And of a schoolmaster that in a time of famine  
Powder'd up all his scholars.

*Mor.* She's young and tidy;  
In my conscience, she'll eat delicately, just like  
young pork,

A little lean. Your opinion, Surgeon?

*Surgeon.* I think she may be made good meat; but  
look,

We shall want salt.

*Fran.* Tush, she needs no powdering.

*Surgeon.* I grant you,  
But to suck out the humorous parts. By all means,  
Let's

THE SEA-VOYAGE. 115

Let's kill her in a chafe; she'll eat the sweeter.

*Lam.* Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly: That we might be at our meat!

*Surgeon.* How if the captain—

*Mor.* Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.

Awake her, Surgeon, and cut her throat; And then divide her, every man his share!

*Fran.* She wakes herself.

*Aminta.* Holy and good things keep me!

What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these? Oh, they're my friends! For Heav'n's sake, gentlemen, Give me some food to save my life, if ye Have aught to spare! a little to relieve me, I may bless ye! For, weak and wretched, ready to perish,

Ev'n now I die.

*Mor.* You'll save a labour then:

You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't. We have no meat, nor where to have we know not; Nor how to pull ourselves from these afflictions; We are starv'd too, famish'd, all our hopes deluded; Yet, ere we die thus, we'll have one dainty meal.

*Aminta.* Shall I be with ye, gentlemen?

*Lam.* Yes, marry shall ye; in our bellies, lady!

We love you well—

*Aminta.* What said you, Sir?

*Lam.* Marry, we'll eat your ladyship.

*Fran.* You that have buried us in this base island; We'll bury you in a more noble monument.

*Surgeon.* Will you say your prayers, that I may perform, lady?

We're wondrous sharp-set. Come, gentlemen; Who are for the hinder parts?

*Mor.* I.

*Fran.* I.

*Lam.* And I.

*Surgeon.* Be patient!

They will not fall to every man's share.

*Aminta.* Oh, hear me,  
Hear me, ye barbarous men !

*Mor.* Be short and pithy ;  
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.

*Surgeon.* And be not fearful ; for I'll kill you daintily.

*Aminta.* Are ye not Christians ?

*Lam.* Why, don't Christians eat <sup>18</sup> women ?

*Enter Tibalt, Master, and Sailors.*

*Aminta.* Eat one another ? 'tis most impious.

*Surgeon.* Come, come !

*Aminta.* Oh, help, help, help !

*Tib.* The lady's voice !

Stand off, slaves ! what do you intend, villains ?

I have

Strength enough left me, if you abuse this soul, to—

*Master.* They would have ravish'd her, upon my life :  
Speak ! how was it, lady ?

*Aminta.* Forgive 'em ! 'twas their hungers.

*Tib.* Ha ! their hungers ?

*Master.* They would have eaten her.

*Tib.* Oh, damned villains !

Speak ; is it true ?

*Surgeon.* I confess an appetite.

*Tib.* An appetite ? I'll fit ye for an appetite !  
Are ye so sharp-set, that her flesh must serve you ?  
Murder's a main good service with your worships.  
Since ye would be such devils, why did you not  
Begin with one another handsomely,  
And spare the woman to beget more food on ?

*Aminta.* Good Sir—

*Tib.* You shall grow mummy, rascals ;  
I'll make ye fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,  
And worry one another like keen bandogs.

*Aminta.* Good Sir, be merciful !

*Tib.* You shall know what 'tis to be damn'd canibals.

*Aminta.* Oh, my best friend !

<sup>18</sup> *Don't Christians eat women ?* Amended in 1750.

## Enter Albert.

*Alb.* Alas, poor heart ! Here,  
Here's some meat and sovereign drink to ease you.  
Sit down, gentle sweet !

*Aminta.* I am bleſ'd to see you.

*Tib.* Stir not within forty foot of this food !  
If you do, dogs—

*Omnes.* Oh, captain, captain, captain !

*Alb.* Ye ſhall have meat, all of you.

*Tib.* Captain, hear me first : Hark ! 'tis ſo inhuman  
I would not ha' the air corrupted with it. [Whispers.

*Alb.* Oh, barbarous men ! Sit down, Du-Pont ! good  
Master,

And honest Sailors !

*Tib.* But stand you off, and wait  
Upon our charity ; (I'll wait on you else !)  
And touch nothing but what is flung to ye,  
As if you were dogs ; if you do,  
I'll cut your fingers, friends ; I'll spoil your carving !

*Aminta.* There, wretches, there !

*Tib.* Eat your meat handſomely now,  
And give Heaven thanks !

*Alb.* There is more bread.

*Tib.* See,

They snarl like dogs ! Eat quietly, you rascals,  
Eat quietly.

*Alb.* There's drink too.

*Tib.* Come, come, I

Will fill you each your cups ; ye ſhall not ſurfeit.

*Aminta.* And what have you discover'd ?

*Alb.* Sweet, a paradise,  
A paradise inhabited with angels,  
Such as you are ; their pities make 'em angels ;  
They gave me these viands, and ſupplied me  
With these precious drinks.

*Aminta.* Shall not we ſee 'em ?

*Alb.* Yes, they will ſee you :  
Out of their charities, having heard our story,

118 THE SEA-VOYAGE.

They'll come, and comfort us, come presently;  
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.

*Aminta.* Are they all women?

*Alb.* All, and all in love with us.

*Aminta.* How!

*Alb.* Don't mistake; in love with our misfortunes;  
They'll cherish and relieve our men.

*Tib.* Do you shrug now,  
And pull up your noses? You smell comfort.  
See, they stretch out their legs like dottrels<sup>19</sup>,  
Each like a new Saint Dennis<sup>20</sup>!

*Alb.* Dear mistress,  
When you would name me, and the women here,  
Call me your brother; you I'll call my sister:  
And pray observe this all.—Why do you change  
colour, sweet?

*Aminta.* Eating too much meat.

*Alb.* Sauc'd with jealousy:  
Fy, fy, dear saint! i'faith, you are to blame;  
Are you not here? here fixed in my heart?

*Omnes.* Hark, hark!

*Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.*

*Alb.* They're come! Stand ready, and look nobly,  
And with all humble reverence receive 'em!  
Our lives depend upon their gentle pities,  
And death waits on their anger,

*Mor.* Sure they're fairies.

*Tib.* Be they devils, devils of flesh and blood,  
After so long a Lent, and tedious voyage,

<sup>19</sup> *Dottrels.*] A *dottrel* is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, 'till at last he is taken: If the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. So, in the Devil is an Ass, by Ben Jonson, act iv. scene v.

‘We have another leg strain'd for this *dottrel*.’  
See Whalley's note.

R.

<sup>20</sup> *Each like a new St. Dennis.*] The legend of *St. Dennis* affirms, that, after that saint was beheaded at Paris, he walked from thence with his head in his hand to a town four miles from the place where he was executed.

R.  
To

To me they're angels.

*Fran.* Oh, for some eringoes <sup>21</sup> !

*Lam.* Potatoes, or cantharides !

*Tib.* Peace, ye rogues,

That buy abilities of your apothecaries !

Had I but took the diet of green cheese

And onions for a month, I could do wonders.

*Rof.* Are these the jewels you run mad for ? What can  
You see in one of these, to whom you would  
Vouchsafe a gentle touch ? Can nothing persuade you  
To love yourselves, and place your happiness  
In cold and chaste embraces of each other ?

*Jul.* This is from the purpose.

*Hip.* We had your grant  
To have them as they were.

*Clar.* It is a beauteous creature ;  
And to myself I do appear deform'd,  
When I consider her : And yet she is  
The stranger's sister ; why then should I fear ?  
She cannot prove my rival.

*Rof.* When you repent  
That you refus'd my counsel, may it add  
To your afflictions, that you were forewarn'd <sup>22</sup>,  
Yet leap'd into the gulph of your misfortunes !  
But, have your wishes.

*Master.* Now she makes to us.

*Aminta.* I am instructed : But take heed, Albert,  
You prove not false !

*Alb.* You are your own assurance,  
And so acquainted with your own perfections,  
That weak doubts cannot reach you ; therefore fear not !

*Rof.* That you are poor and miserable men  
My eyes inform me ; that, without our succours,  
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety,  
The present plight you are in can resolve you ;  
That to be merciful is to draw near  
The heav'ly essence ; whether you will be

<sup>21</sup> Eringoes—Potatoes.] See note 43 on the Elder Brother.

<sup>22</sup> That you were forward.] Amended by Sympson.

120 THE SEA-VOYAGE;

Thankful I do not question; nor demand  
What country bred you, what your names, what  
manners:

To us it is sufficient we relieve  
Such as have shapes of men; and I command you,  
As we are not ambitious to know  
Further of you, that you on pain of death  
Presume not to enquire what we are,  
Or whence deriv'd!

*Alb.* In all things we obey you;  
And thankfully we ever shall confess  
Ourselves your creatures!

*Ref.* You speak as becomes you.  
First then, and willingly, deliver up  
Those weapons we could force from you.

*Alb.* We lay 'em down most gladly at your feet.

*Tib.* I have had many a combat with a tall wench;  
But never was disarm'd before,

*Ref.* And now, hear comfort:  
Your wants shall be supplied; and tho' it be  
A debt women may challenge, to be sued to,  
Especially from such they may command,  
We give up to you that power; and therefore  
Freely each make his choice!

*Fran.* Then here I fix.

*Mor.* Nay, she is mine; I ey'd her first,

*Lam.* This mine!

*Tib.* Stay,  
Good rascals! you're too forward, Sir Gallant;  
You are not giving order to a tailor  
For the fashion of a new suit:  
Nor are you in your warehouse, master Merchant!  
Stand back, and give your betters leave, your betters;  
And grumble not! if you do, as I love meat,  
I will so swinge the salt itch out of you.—  
Captain, Master, and the rest of us,  
That are brothers, and good fellows, we have been  
Too late by th' ears, and yet smart for our follies:  
To end therefore all future emulation,

If

If you please to trust to my election,  
You shall say I am not partial to myself;  
I doubt not give content to all.

*Omnes.* Agreed, agreed!

*Tib.* Then, but observe how learned and discreetly  
I will proceed; and, as a skilful doctor  
In all the quirks belonging to the game,  
Read over your complexions! For you, captain,  
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,  
I give my judgment thus: For your aspect,  
You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that  
Tells me the sullen Saturn had predominance  
At your nativity; a malignant planet!  
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction  
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under Venus,  
It may prove fatal; therefore to your arms  
I give this rose-cheek'd virgin.

*Clar.* To my wish!

\*Till now I ne'er was happy.

*Aminta.* Nor I accursed.

*Tib.* Master,  
You're old, yet love the game, (that I perceive too)  
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty;  
Therefore, to help you, here's a bradamanta,  
Or I am cozen'd in my calculation.

*Croc.* A poor old man allotted to my share!

*Tib.* Thou wouldst have two, nay, I think twenty:  
But fear not, wench; tho' he be old he's tough:  
Look on his making; he'll not fail, I warrant thee,

*Rof.* A merry fellow!

And were not man a creature I detest,  
I could endure his company.

*Tib.* Here's a fair herd  
Of does before me; and now for a barren one!  
For tho' I like the sport, I do not love  
To father children. Like the Grand Signior,  
Thus I walk in my feraglio,  
And view 'em as I pass; then draw I forth  
My handkerchief, and having made my choice,

I thus

I thus bestow it.

*Rof.* On me?

*Tib.* On you: And now

My choice is made, to it, you hungry rascals!

*Alb.* Excellent!

*Rof.* As I love goodness<sup>23</sup>,

It makes me smile, i'th' heighth of all my fears.

*Clar.* What a strong contention you may behold  
Between my mother's mirth and anger!

*Tib.* Nay, no coyness! be mistrels of your word!  
I must and will enjoy you.

*Rof.* Be advis'd, fool!

Alas, I am old! how canst thou hope content  
From one that's fifty?

*Tib.* Never talk of it;  
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;  
Besides, the weather's hot,  
And men that have experience fear fevers:  
A temperate diet is the only physic. Your julips,  
Nor guiacums, prunellos, camphire-pills, nor  
Goord-water, come not near your old woman;  
Youthful stomachs are still craving, tho' there be  
Nothing left to stop their mouths with; and believe me  
I am no frequent giver of those bounties.  
Laugh on, laugh on, good gentlemen; do!  
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you  
Dig i'th' mines 'till your hearts ache.

*Rof.* A mad fellow!

Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing, and, as I like  
Your wooing and discourse:—But I must tell you, Sir,  
That rich widows look for great sums in present,  
Or assurances of ample jointures.

*Tib.* That to me is easy,  
For instantly I'll do it. Hear me, comrades!

*Alb.* What say'st thou, Tibalt?

*Tib.* Why, that to woe a wench with empty hands

<sup>23</sup> Aminta. *As I love, &c.*] It seems clear that this speech belongs to Rosellia: Her preceding speeches, and those that follow from her and Clarinda, shew it.

Is no good heraldry ; therefore, let's to th' gold,  
 And share it equally ; 'twill speak for us  
 More than a thousand compliments or cringes,  
 Ditties stolen from Petrarch, or discourse  
 From Ovid : Besides, 'twill beget us respect ;  
 And if ever Fortune friend us with a bark,  
 Largely supply us with all provision.

*Alb.* Well advis'd ; defer it not.

*Tib.* Are ye all  
 Contented ?

*Omnes.* We are.

*Tib.* Let us away then !

Straight we'll return, and you shall see our riches. [ *Exe.*  
*Rof.* Since I knew what wonder and amazement was<sup>24</sup>,  
 I ne'er was so transportéd.

*Clar.* Why weep you, gentle maid ?  
 There is no danger here to such as you :  
 Banish fear ! for with us I dare promise  
 You shall meet all courteous entertainment.

*Croc.* We esteem ourselves most happy in you.

*Hip.* And bless  
 Fortune that brought you hither.

*Clar.* Hark in your ear !  
 I love you as a friend already ; ere long  
 You shall call me by a nearer name : I wish  
 Your brother well ; I know you apprehend me.

*Aminta.* Ay, to my grief I do !—  
 Alas, good ladies, there is nothing left me  
 But thanks, to pay you with.

*Clar.* That's more than yet  
 You stand engaged for.

*Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with treasure.*

*Rof.* So soon return'd ?

*Alb.* Here ; see the idol of the lapidary !

<sup>24</sup> *Rof.* Since I knew what wonder and amazement was, &c.]  
 Seward gives this speech to *Clarinda*, to whom he thinks it must belong, 'unless *Rosellia* had spoke it below, upon sight of her own treasure.'

*Tib.* These pearls for which the slavish negro dives  
To th' bottom of the sea !

*Lam.* To get which th' industrious merchant  
touches

At either pole !

*Fran.* The never-failing purchase  
Of lordships, and of honours !

*Mor.* The world's mistress,  
That can give every thing to the possessors !

*Master.* For which the sailors scorn tempestuous  
winds,

And spit defiance in the sea !

*Tib.* Speak, lady ;  
Look we not lovely now ?

*Rof.* Yes, yes.—Oh, my stars !  
Be now for ever blessed, that have brought  
To my revenge these robbers !—Take your arrows,  
And nail these monsters to the earth !

*Alb.* What mean you, lady ?  
In what have we offended ?

*Rof.* Oh, my daughter !  
And you companions with me in all fortunes,  
Look on these caskets, and these jewels !  
These were our own, when first we put to sea  
With good Sebastian ; and these the pirates  
That not alone depriv'd him of this treasure,  
But also took his life.

*Croc.* Part of my present  
I well remember was mine own.

*Hip.* And these  
Were mine.

*Jul.* Sure I have worn this jewel.  
*Rof.* Wherefore do you stay then,  
And not perform my command ?

*Alb.* Oh, Heaven !  
What cruel fate pursues us !

*Tib.* I'm well enough serv'd,  
That must be offering jointures, jewels,  
And precious stones, more than I brought with me.

*Rof.*

*Rof.* Why shoot you not?

*Clar.* Hear me, dear mother;

And when the greatest cruelty is justice,  
Do not shew mercy! Death to these starv'd wretches  
Is a reward, not punishment: Let 'em live  
To undergo the full weight of your displeasure.  
And that they may have sense to feel the torments  
They have deserv'd, allow 'em some small pittance,  
To linger out their tortures.

*Rof.* 'Tis well counsell'd!

*Omnes.* And we will follow't.

*Alb.* Hear us speak.

*Rof.* Peace, dogs!—

Bind 'em fast! When Fury hath giv'n way to Reason,  
I will determine of their sufferings,  
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, tho' slow-pac'd,  
At length o'ertakes the guilty; and the wrath  
Of the incensed Powers will fall most sure  
On wicked men, when they are most secure. [Exeunt.

## A C T IV.

*Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Sailors.*

1 *Sailor.* **H**ERE's nothing, Sir, but poverty and  
hunger;  
No promise of inhabitance; neither track  
Of beast, nor foot of man! We have search'd all  
This rocky desart, yet can't discover any  
Assurance here is, or hath been such men.

2 *Sailor.* Not a relique of any thing they wore,  
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,  
Or to warn others from the like misfortune!  
Believe it, these fellows are both false, and,  
To get a little succour in their misery,  
Have fram'd this cunning tale.

*Raym.* The ship, I know, is French, and own'd  
by pirates,

If not by Albert, my arch enemy.

You told me too there was a woman with 'em,  
A young and handsome woman.

*Seb.* There was so, Sir.

*Raym.* And such and such young gallants.

*Nicusa.* We told you true, Sir ;  
That they'd no means to quit this island——

*Raym.* And that  
Amidst their mutiny, to save your lives,  
You got their ship ?

*Seb.* All is most certain, Sir.

*Raym.* Where are they then ? where are these men,  
Or woman ? We are landed where your faiths  
Did assure us we could not miss their sights.  
For this news we took ye to our mercy,  
Reliev'd ye, when the furious sea and Famine  
Strove which should first devour ye ; cloath'd  
And cherish'd ye ; us'd ye as those ye say ye are,  
Fair gentlemen. Now keep your words, and shew us  
This company your own free pities spoke of,  
These men ye left in misery ; the woman !  
Men of those noble breedings ye pretend to  
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falsehood ;  
Come, direct us.

*Seb.* Alas, Sir, they are gone ;  
But by what means, or providence, we know not.

2 *Sailor.* Was not the captain  
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,  
A middle stature, and of brown complexion ?

*Nic.* He was, Sir.

*Raym.* 'Twas Albert,  
And my poor wretched sister !

1 *Sailor.* 'Twas he certain ;  
I ha' been at sea with him, many times at sea.

*Raym.* Come, shew us these men ;  
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us !

*Seb.* We left 'em here, (what should we say, Sir ?)  
here in  
This place.

2 *Sailor.* The earth can't swallow 'em ; they have

No wings ; they can't fly sure.

*Raym.* You told us too  
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,  
That set their hearts a-fire ; we see no such thing,  
No such sign : What can ye say to purge ye ?  
What have ye done with these men ?

*Nic.* We, Sir ?

*Raym.* You, Sir ;  
For certain I believe ye saw such people.

*Seb.* By all that's good, by all that's pure and  
honest,  
By all that's holy —

*Raym.* I dare not credit ye ;  
Ye've so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

*1 Sailor.* Let's put 'em in their ragged cloaths again,  
Captain, for certain they are knaves ; let's e'en  
Deliver 'em to their old fruitful farm ;  
Here let 'em walk the island !

*Seb.* If ye do so, we shall curse your mercies.

*Nic.* Rather put us to sea again.

*Raym.* Not so ;  
Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye're Christians,  
Tho' I hardly credit it. Bring in the boat,  
And all aboard again, but these two wretches !  
Yet leave 'em four days' meat. If in that time  
(For I will search all nooks of this strange island)  
I can discover any track of these men,  
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour ye ;  
If not, ye've found your graves : So, farewell !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Nic.* That goodness dwells above, and knows us  
innocent,  
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us !

*Seb.* Come, cousin, come ! Old Time will end our  
story ;  
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.

*Rof.* Use 'em with all the austerity that may be ;  
They are our slaves ! Turn all those pities,

Those

Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,  
 To stern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,  
 Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,  
 Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their rapines!  
 Some five days hence that blessed hour comes,  
 Most happy once to me, that knit this hand  
 To my dear husband's,  
 And both our hearts in mutual bands. That hour,  
 ladies—

*Clar.* What of that hour?

*Rof.* Why, on that hour, daughter,  
 And in the height of all our celebrations,  
 Our dear remembrances of that dear man,  
 And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,  
 Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to Vengeance,  
 Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice.  
 I will look glorious in their bloods; and the  
 Most noble spirit of Sebastian,  
 That perish'd by the pride of these French pirates,  
 Shall smile in Heav'n, and bless the hand that  
 kill'd 'em.

Look strictly all unto your prisoners;  
 For he that makes a scape beyond my vengeance,  
 Or entertains a hope by your fair usage—  
 Take heed, I say! she that deceives my trust—  
 Again take heed! her life—and that's but light  
 Neither; her life, in all the tortures  
 My spirit can put on—

*Omn.* We shall be careful.

*Rof.* Do so.

[Exit.]

*Clar.* You're angry, mother, and you're old too,  
 Forgetting what men are; but we shall temper you.  
 How fare your prisoners, ladies? in what forms  
 Do they appear in their afflictions?

*Jul.* Mine fare but poorly; for so I'm commanded;  
 'Tis none of my fault.

*Clar.* Of what sort are they?

*Jul.* They say they're gentlemen, but they shew  
 mungrels.

*Clar.* How do they suffer?

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Faith, like boys ;  
 They are fearful in all fortunes ; when I smile  
 They kneel and beg to have that face continued,  
 And, like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on :  
 When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads,  
 Like fearful sheep-hounds : Shew 'em a crust of bread,  
 They'll saint me presently ; and skip like apes  
 For a sup of wine. I'll whip 'em like hacknies,  
 Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

*Clar.* Tush, these are poor things. Have they  
 names like Christians ?

*Jul.* Very fair names ; Franville, Lamure, and  
 Morillat ;  
 And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very  
 handsomely,  
 But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.  
 They are found too, o' my conscience,  
 Or very neat upon it.

*Clar.* Fy ! away, fool !

*Jul.* They tell me, if they might be brought before  
 you,  
 They would reveal things of strange consequence.

*Clar.* Their base poor fears !

*Jul.* Ay, that makes me hate 'em too ;  
 For if they were but manly to their sufferance,  
 Sure I should strain a point or two.

*Clar.* An hour hence I will take a view of 'em,  
 And hear their business. Are your men thus too ?

*Croc.* Mine? no, gentle madam ; mine were not cast  
 In such base moulds : Afflictions, tortures,  
 Are names and natures of delight to my men ;  
 All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.  
 I have but two, the one they call Du-Pont,  
 Tibalt Du-Pont ; the other the Ship-Master.

*Clar.* Have they not lives and fears ?

*Croc.* Lives they have, madam ;  
 But those lives never link'd to such companions  
 As fears or doubts.

*Clar.* Use 'em nobly ;  
 VOL. IX.

And where you find fit subjects for your pities,  
Let it become ye to be courteous!

My mother will not always be thus rigorous.

*Hip.* Mine are sailors, madam; but they sleep soundly,

And seldom trouble me, unless it be  
When they dream sometimes of fights and tempests;  
Then they roar and whistle for cans of wine,  
And down they fling me; and in that rage,  
(For they are violent fellows) they play such freaks!—  
If they have meat, they thank me; if none,  
They heartily desire to be hang'd quickly;  
And this is all they care.

*Clar.* Look to 'em diligently,  
And where your pities tell ye they may deserve,  
Give comfort!

*Omnes.* We will. *[Exeunt.]*

*Clar.* Come hither; be not frightened!

*Enter Aminta.*

Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it.  
Your tender innocence assures me, virgin,  
You had no share in those wrongs these men did us;  
I find you are not harden'd in such mischiefs.  
Your brother was misled sure, foully misled.

*Aminta.* How much I fear these pities!

*Clar.* Certain he was, so much I pity him;  
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him; nay,  
For his own sake—

*Aminta.* Ha!

*Clar.* For I see about him,  
(Women have subtle eyes, and look narrowly)  
Or I am much abus'd, many fair promises;  
Nay, beyond those too, many shadow'd virtues.

*Aminta.* I think he's good.

*Clar.* I assure myself he will be;  
And out of that assurance take this comfort,  
(For I perceive your fear hath much dejected you)  
I love your brother—

*Aminta.*

*Aminta.* Madam?

*Clar.* Nay, do not take it for a dreamt-of favour,  
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes:  
Indeed I love him.

*Aminta.* Do you indeed?

*Clar.* You doubt still, 'cause you fear his safety!  
Indeed he is the sweetest man I ever saw;  
I think the best. You may hear without blushes,  
And give me thanks, if you please, for my courtesey.

*Aminta.* Madam, I ever must:—Yet, witness Heaven,  
They are hard pull'd from me.—Believe me, madam,  
So many imperfections I could find—  
(Forgive me, grace, for lying!)—and such wants—  
('Tis to an honest use)—such poverties,  
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too—  
There are a hundred handsomer—(I lie lewdly)—  
Your noble usage, madam, hath so bound me to you  
That I must tell you—

*Clar.* Come, tell your worst.

*Aminta.* He is no husband for you:  
I think you mean in that fair way.

*Clar.* You've hit it.

*Aminta.* I'm sure  
You've hit my heart.—You will find him dangerous,  
madam,  
As fickle as the flying air, proud, jealous,  
Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful.  
I could say more; and tell you I've a brother,  
Another brother, that so far excels this,  
Both in the ornaments of man, and making—

*Clar.* If you  
Were not his sister, I should doubt you mainly,  
Doubt you for his love, you deal so cunningly.  
Do not abuse me; I have trusted you  
With more than life, with my first love; be careful  
Of me!

*Aminta.* In what use, madam?

*Clar.* In this, lady:  
Speak to him for me; you have power upon him;

Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him;  
It will become your tongue.

*Aminta.* Become my grave!  
Oh, Fortune, oh, curs'd Fortune!

*Clar.* Tell him his liberty,  
And all those with him, all our wealth and jewels—  
Good sister, for I'll call you so—

*Aminta.* I shall, lady—  
E'en die, I hope.

*Clar.* Here's meat and wine, (pray take it)  
And there he lies: Give him what liberty you please,  
But still conceal'd; what pleasure you shall please, sister!  
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'll take it!  
Why do you study thus?

*Aminta.* To avoid mischiefs;  
If they should happen—

*Clar.* Go, and be happy for me.  
*Aminta.* Oh, blind Fortune!  
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him.  
In what strange desolation lives he here now,  
Sure this curtain will reveal.

*Enter Albert.*

*Alb.* Who's that? ha!  
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort;  
Or, if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadow'd.

*Aminta.* Have you forgot me, Sir?

*Alb.* My Aminta!

*Aminta.* She, Sir,  
That walks here up and down an empty shadow;  
One, that for some few hours  
But wanders here, carrying her own sad coffin,  
Seeking some desart place to lodge her griefs in.

*Alb.* Sweet sorrow, welcome! welcome, noble grief!  
How got you this fair liberty to see me?  
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.

*Aminta.* I come to counsel you.

*Alb.* You're still more welcome;  
For good friends in afflictions give good counsels.

Pray

Pray then proceed.

*Aminta.* Pray eat first; you shew faint:  
Here's wine to refresh you too.

*Alb.* I thank you, dear.

*Aminta.* Drink again!

*Alb.* Here's to our loves!—How! turn and weep?  
Pray pledge it! This happiness we have yet left,  
Our hearts are free—Not pledge it? why?  
Altho' beneath the axe, this health were holy<sup>25</sup>.  
Why do you weep thus?

*Aminta.* I come to wooe you.

*Alb.* To wooe me, sweet? I'm woo'd and won already;  
You know I'm yours. This pretty way becomes you!  
But you'd deceive my sorrows; that is your intent.

*Aminta.* I would I could! I should not weep, but  
smile.

D'ye like your meat and wine?

*Alb.* Like it?

*Aminta.* Do you like your liberty?

*Alb.* All these I well may like.

*Aminta.* Then pray like her that sent 'em. Do you  
like wealth,

And most unequal'd beauty?

*Alb.* Peace! indeed

You'll make me angry.

*Aminta.* 'Would I were dead that ask it!

Then you might freely like, and I forgive you.

*Alb.* What like? and who? Add not more misery  
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions!

Who is't you'd have me like? who sent these comforts?

*Aminta.* I must tell.

*Alb.* Be bold!

*Aminta.* But be you temperate!

If you be bold, I die. The young fair virgin—  
(Sorrow hath made me old!) Oh, hearken,  
And wisely hark—the governess's daughter,  
That star that strikes this island full of wonder,

<sup>25</sup> And though beneath.] The slight corruption of *And though for*  
*Although,* Mr. Seward saw and corrected with me. *Sympson.*

That blooming sweetness—

*Alb.* What of her?

*Aminta.* She sent it;

And with it—it must be out!—She dotes on you,  
And must enjoy you; else no joy must find you.

*Alb.* And have you the patience to deliver this?

*Aminta.* A sister may say much, and modestly.

*Alb.* A sister?

*Aminta.* Yes, that name undid you,  
Undid us both: Had you nam'd wife, sh' had fear'd you,  
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; she had shunn'd, yea  
Her virgin modesty had not touch'd at you:  
But thinking you were free hath kindled a fire,  
I fear will hardly be extinguish'd.

*Alb.* Indeed I play'd the fool.

*Aminta.* Oh, my best Sir, take heed,  
Take heed of lies! Truth, tho' it trouble some minds,  
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,  
Yet it preserves itself, comes off pure, innocent,  
And, like the sun, tho' never so eclips'd,  
Must break in glory. Oh, Sir, lie no more!

*Alb.* You've read me a fair lecture,  
And put a spell upon my tongue for feigning.  
But how will you counsel now?

*Aminta.* You must study to forget me.

*Alb.* How!

*Aminta.* Be patient!

Be wise and patient, it concerns you highly.  
Can you lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?  
You are a man, and men may shift affections;  
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point;  
You must lose me; many and mighty reasons—

*Alb.* Hear me, Aminta!

Haye you a man that loves you too? that feeds you?  
That sends you liberty? has this great governess  
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch you?  
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,  
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,  
My fortune like my waining self, for this despis'd?

Ami

Am I for this forsaken ? A new love chosen,  
 And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers ?  
 Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it,  
 And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous,  
 Take heed yourself ! You swore you lov'd me dearly,  
 No few nor little oaths you swore, Aminta ;  
 Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assur'd myself :  
 Oh, seek no new ways to cozen truth !

*Aminta.* I do not : By love itself, I love thee,  
 And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it !

*Alb.* Why do you urge me thus then ?

*Aminta.* For your safety ;  
 To preserve your life.

*Alb.* My life, I do confess, is hers ; she gives it,  
 And let her take it back ! I yield it.  
 My love's entirely thine, none shall touch at it ;  
 None, my Aminta, none.

*Aminta.* You've made me happy ;  
 And now I know you're mine, Fortune, I scorn thee !  
 Go to your rest, and I'll sit by you : Whilst  
 I've time I'll be your mate, and comfort you ;  
 For only I am trusted. You shall want  
 Nothing, not a liberty that I can steal you.

*Alb.* May we not celebrate our loves, Aminta ?  
 And where our wishes cannot meet —

*Aminta.* You're wanton ;  
 But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever,  
 (Look for no more) and that in private too !  
 Believe me, I shall blush else. But, let's consider ;  
 We are both lost else.

*Alb.* Let's in, and prevent fate.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, and Master.*

*Tib.* You do well to air us, ladies ; we shall be musty  
 else.

What are your wise wills now ?

*Croc.* You're very crank still.

*Tib.* As crank as a holy friar fed with hail-stones.  
 But do ye bring us out to bait, like bulls ?

*Master.* Or are you weary of the charge ye're at ?

Turn us abroad again; let us jog, ladies;  
We're gross, and coarse, unfit for your sweet pleasures.

*Tib.* Knock off our shoes and turn's to grafts.

*Croc.* You are

Determined still to be stubborn then?

It well becomes you.

*Tib.* An humour, lady, that  
Contents a prisoner: A full fit sometimes  
Serves for a second course.

*Jul.* Ye may as well be kind,  
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink, and  
lodging  
To rest your bones.

*Tib.* My bones have borne me thus long,  
And had their share of pains and recreations;  
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.

*Croc.* Are ye thus harsh to all our sex?

*Master.* We can't  
Be merry without a fidler: Pray strike up  
Your tabors, ladies.

*Croc.* The fools despise us.

*Jul.* We know  
Ye're very hungry now.

*Tib.* Yes; 'tis very wholesome, ladies;  
For we that have gross bodies must be careful.  
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?  
We are beholding to ye for our ordinary.

*Jul.* Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

*Master.* Very likely:  
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.  
Hanging's as sweet to us as dreaming to you.

*Croc.* Come, be more courteous.

*Jul.* Do, and then ye shall  
Be pleas'd, and have all necessaries.

*Tib.* Give me  
Some ratsbane then.

*Croc.* And why ratsbane, monsieur?

*Tib.* We live like vermin here, and eat up your  
cheese,

Your mouldy cheese, that none but rats would bite at;  
Therefore

Therefore 'tis just that ratsbane should reward us.  
We are unprofitable, and our ploughs are broken;  
There is no hope of harvest this year, ladies.

*Jul.* Ye shall have all content.

*Master.* Ay, an we'll serve your uses.

I'd rather serve hogs, there is more delight in't;  
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;  
Like hungry camels just, sleeping or waking  
You chew the cud still.

*Croc.* By this hand we'll starve ye.

*Master.* 'Tis a noble courtesy: I had as lief ye  
Should famish me, as founder me; to be  
Jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.  
Here be certain tarts of tar about me,  
And parcels of potargo in my jerkin;  
As long as these last——

*Jul.* Which will not last ever.

*Tib.* Then we'll eat one another, like good fellows.  
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine!

*Jul.* 'Tis excellent.

*Tib.* 'Twill be, as we'll dress it, ladies.

*Croc.* Why sure ye are not men?

*Master.* Ye had best come search us;  
A seaman is seldom without a salt eel.

*Tib.* I am bad enough,  
And in my nature a notorious wencher;  
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.  
Tell me, good Master, didst e'er see such things?

*Master.* I could like 'em, tho' they were lewdly giv'n,  
If they could say no; but, fy on 'em!  
They gape like oysters.

*Tib.* Well, ye may hang, or starve us,  
But your commanding impudence shall never  
Fear us<sup>26</sup>. Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunning,  
Crept into us, and shew'd us your necessities;  
We'd met your purposes, supplied your wants.  
We are no saints, ladies:

<sup>26</sup> Fear us.] i. e. Make us fear.

I love a good wench as I love my life,  
 And with my life I will maintain my love ;  
 But such a fordid impudence I'll spit at.  
 Let's to our dens again ! Come, noble Master !  
 You know our minds, ladies : This is the faith  
 In which we'll die. [Exeunt Tibalt and Master.]

Croc. I do admire 'em.

Jul. They

Are noble fellows, and they shall not want  
 For this.

Croc. But see, Clarinda comes. Farewell !  
 I'll to my charge. [Exit.]

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Bring out those prisoners now, and let me  
 see 'em,  
 And hear their busines.

Jul. I will, madam.

[Exit.]

Clar. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother,  
 Sh' has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness  
 My love is ready to fling on him.  
 And sure he must be glad, and certain wonder,  
 And bless the hour that brought him to this island.  
 I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franville, and Lamure.

Mor. Blefs thy divine beauty !

Fran. Mirror of sweetnes !

Lam. Ever springing brightness !

Clar. Nay, stand up, gentlemen ; and leave your  
 flatteries.

Mor. She calls us gentlemen ! Sure we shall have  
 Some meat now !

Clar. I am a mortal creature ; worship Heav'n,  
 And give these attributes to their divinities.  
 Methinks you look but thin.

Mor. Oh, we are starv'd,  
 Immortal beauty.

Lam. We're all poor starv'd knaves.

Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, lady,

Mor.

*Mor.* We were handsome men, and gentlemen, and sweet men,

And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties ;  
But now we look like rogues, like poor starv'd rogues.

*Clar.* What would ye do, if ye were to die now ?

*Fran.* Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,  
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,  
To put us in heart !

*Mor.* Or if you'll drown us,  
Let us be drunk first, that we may die merrily.  
And bless the founders !

*Clar.* Ye sha'n't die so hastily.  
What dare ye do to deserve my favour ?

*Lam.* Put us to any service.

*Fran.* Any bondage,  
Let us but live !

*Mor.* We'll get a world of children ;  
For we know ye're heinously provided that way :  
And you shall beat us when we offend you,  
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.

*Clar.* These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.

What's the great service ye so oft have threaten'd,  
If ye might see me, and win my favour ?

*Jul.* That busines of discov'ry ?

*Mor.* Oh, I'll tell ye, lady.

*Lam.* And so will I.

*Fran.* And I. Pray let me speak first !

*Mor.* Good no confusion !

We are before a lady that knows manners :  
And, by the next meat I shall eat 'tis certain,  
This little gentlewoman that was taken with us —

*Clar.* Your captain's sister ? she you mean ?

*Mor.* Ay, ay ;

She is the busines that we'd open to you.

You're cozen'd in her.

*Clar.* How ! what is't you would open <sup>27</sup> ?

<sup>27</sup> How ! what is't you would open ?] This speech, so evidently *Clarinda's*, is in all the editions given to *Lamure*.

*Fran.* She is no sister.

*Mor.* Good Sirs, how quick you are !  
She is no sister, madam.

*Fran.* She is his —

*Mor.* Peace, I say !

*Clar.* What is she ?

*Mor.* Faith, sweet lady,

She's, as am an would say, his —

*Clar.* What ?

*Lam.* His mistress.

*Mor.* Or, as some new translators read, his —

*Clar.* Oh me !

*Mor.* And why he should delude you thus, unless  
He meant some villainy — These ten weeks he has  
Had her at sea, for his own proper appetite.

*Lam.* His cabin-mate, I'll assure you.

*Clar.* No sister, say ye ?

*Mor.* No more than I am brother to your beauty.  
I know not why he should juggle thus.

*Clar.* Do not lie to me !

*Mor.* If ye find me lie, lady, hang me empty !

*Clar.* How am I fool'd ! Away with 'em, Juletta,  
And feed 'em : —

But, hark ye, with such food as they've giv'n me,  
New misery !

*Fran.* Nor meat nor thanks for all this ?

*Clar.* Make 'em more wretched.

Oh, I could burst ! curse and kill now,  
Kill any thing I meet. Juletta, follow me,  
And call the rest along !

*Jul.* We follow, madam.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Albert and Aminta.*

*Aminta.* I must be gone now, else she may suspect me.  
How shall I answer her ?

*Alb.* Tell her directly.

*Aminta.* That were too sudden, too improvident :  
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly ;  
They will waste all come near 'em else. Farewell,  
Once

Once more!

*Alb.* Farewell, and keep my love entire !  
Nay, kiss me once again ! Methinks we should not part.

*Aminta.* Oh, be wise, Sir.

*Alb.* Nay, one kiss more !

*Aminta.* Indeed you're wanton ;  
We may be taken too.

*Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale and Hippolita.*

*Clar.* Out, thou base woman !  
By Heaven, I'll shoot 'em both !

*Croc.* Nay, stay, brave lady, hold !  
A sudden death cuts off a nobler vengeance.

*Clar.* Am I made bawd to your lascivious meetings ?  
Are ye grown so wise in sin ? Shut up that villain :  
And, firrah, now expect my utmost anger.  
Let him there starve !

*Alb.* I mock at your mischiefs ! [Exit.

*Clar.* Tie that false witch unto that tree ; there let  
The savage beasts gnaw off her sweetness, and snakes  
Embrace her beauties ; tie her, and watch that none  
Relieve her !

*Hip.* We could wish you better fortune, lady ;  
But dare not help you.

*Aminta.* Be your own friends ; I thank ye ! [Exit.  
Now, only my last audit, and my greatest !  
Oh, Heav'n ! be kind unto me ;  
And, if it be thy will, preserve —

*Enter Raymond.*

*Raym.* Who's this ?  
Sure 'tis a woman. I have trod this place,  
And found much footing ; now I know 'tis peopled.  
Ha ! let me see ! it is her face ! Oh, Heav'n !  
Turn this way, maid !

*Aminta.* Oh, Raymond, oh, brother !

*Raym.* Her tongue too ! 'tis my sister ! What rude  
hand —

Nay, kiss me first ; oh, joy !

*Aminta.*

*Aminta.* Fly, fly, dear brother !  
You are lost else:

*Jul.* A man, a man, a new man !

*Raym.* What are these ?

Enter *Juletta, Crocale, and Clarinda.*

*Croc.* An enemy, an enemy !

*Clar.* Dispatch him ;  
Take him off ; shoot him straight !

*Raym.* I dare not use my sword, ladies,  
Against such comely foes.

*Aminta.* Oh, brother, brother !

*Clar.* Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em !  
One word replied, ye die both. Now, brave mother,  
Follow thy noble anger, and I'll help thee ! [Exeunt.

## A C T V.

Enter *Rosellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.*

*Ros.* **I** AM deaf to all your intreaties ; she that moves me

For pity or compassion to these pirates,  
Digs up her father's, or her brother's tomb,  
And spurns about their ashes.—

Couldst thou remember what a father thou  
Hadst once, 'twould steel thy heart 'gainst foolish pity :  
By his memory, and the remembrance of  
His dear embraces, I am taught, that in  
A noble cause revenge is noble : And they  
Shall fall the sacrifices, to appease  
His wandring ghost and my incensed fury.

*Clar.* The new-come prisoner too ?

*Ros.* He too :—Yet, that we may learn  
Whether they are the same, or near allied  
To those that forc'd me to this cruel course,

Better

Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em  
To meet together, and confer,  
Within the distance of your ear ! Perhaps  
They may discover something that may kill  
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em  
From certain ruin.

*Croc.* That shall be my charge.

*Rof.* Yet, to prevent

All hope of rescue (for this new-come captain  
Hath both a ship and men not far off from us,  
Tho' ignorant to find the only port  
That can yield entrance to our happy island)  
Guard the place strongly ; and, ere the next sun  
Ends his diurnal progress, I will be  
Happy in my revengé, or set 'em free. [Exeunt.

*Enter Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.*

*A table furnished.*

*Croc.* So, serve it plentifully, and lose not time  
T' enquire the cause ; there is a main design  
That hangs upon this bounty. See the table  
Furnish'd with wine too ; that discovers secrets  
Which tortures cannot open : Open the doors too  
O' th' several prisons, and give all free entrance  
Into this room ! Undiscover'd I can here mark all.

*Enter Tibalt and Master.*

Here's captain Careless, and the tough Ship-Master ;  
The slaves are nos'd like vultures : How wild they  
look !

*Tib.* Ha !

The mystery of this some good hobgoblin  
Rise and reveal !

*Master.* I am amaz'd at it ;  
Nor can I found th' intent.

*Tib.* Is not this bread ?  
Substantial bread, not painted ?

*Master.* But take heed !  
You may be poison'd.

*Tib.*

*Tib.* I am sure I'm famish'd;  
And famine, as the wise man says, gripes the guts  
As much as any mineral. This may be treacle  
Sent to preserve me after a long fast;  
Or, be it viper's spittle, I'll run the hazard.

*Master.* We're past all fear; I'll take part with you.

*Tib.* Do:

And now, i'faith, how do you feel yourself?  
I find great ease in't. What's here? wine, an't be  
Thy will! strong lusty wine! [drinks.] Well, fools  
may talk

Of Mithridate, cordials, and elixirs;  
But from my youth this was my only phisick.  
Here's a colour!

What lady's cheek, tho' cerus'd o'er, comes near it?  
It sparkles too, hangs out diamonds: Oh,  
My sweetheart, how I will hug thee! again, and  
again!

They are poor drunkards, and not worth thy favours,  
That number thy moist kisses in these crystals.

*Master.* But, monsieur,  
Here are buckets, and sweet dishes.

*Tib.* Tush! boys-meat!  
I'm past it: Here is strong food, fit for men,  
Nectar, old lad! Mistress of merry hearts,  
Once more I am bold with you.

*Master.* Take heed, man!  
Too much will breed distemper.

*Tib.* Hast thou liv'd at sea  
The most part of thy life, where to be sober,  
While we have wine aboard, is capital treason,  
And dost thou preach sobriety?

*Master.* Prithee, forbear;  
We may offend in it; we know not for whom  
It was provided.

*Tib.* I am sure for me;  
Therefore, *footra!* when I am full, let 'em hang me;  
I care not!

*Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Morillat, and Franville, severally.*

*Master.* This has been his temper ever.  
See, provoking dishes ; candied eringoes,  
And potatoes !

*Tib.* I'll not touch 'em ; I will drink ;  
But not a bit on a march ;  
I'll be an eunuch rather.

*Master.* Who are these ?

*Tib.* Marry, who you will ;  
I keep my text here.

*Alb.* Raymond ?

*Raym.* Albert ?

*Tib.* Away ! I'll be drunk alone ;  
Keep off, rogues, or I'll belch ye into air ;  
Not a drop here !

*Aminta.* Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger !

Those looks, poison'd with fury, shot at him,  
Reflect on me. Oh, brother, look milder, or  
The crystal of his temperance will turn  
Them on yourself.

*Alb.* Sir, I have sought you long  
To find your pardon ; you have plough'd the ocean  
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape  
Of this fair virgin. Now our fortune guides us  
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather  
A mutual pity of our present state,  
Than to expostulate of breaches past,  
Which cannot be made up. And tho' it be  
Far from your power to force me to confess  
That I have done you wrong, or, such submission  
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger,  
You being yourself slav'd, as I, to others ;  
Yet for your sister's sake, her blessed sake,  
In part of recompence of what sh' has suffer'd  
For my rash folly, the contagion  
Of my black actions catching hold upon

Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy ;  
 And wish, however several motives kept us  
 From being friends while we had hope to live,  
 Let death, which we expect, and cannot fly from,  
 End all contention !

*Tib.* Drink upon it ; it  
 Is a good motion ! ratify't in wine,  
 And 'tis authentical !

*Raym.* When I consider  
 The ground of our long difference, and look on  
 Our not-to-be-avoided miseries,  
 It doth beget in me, I know not how,  
 A soft religious tenderness ; which tells me,  
 Tho' we have many faults to answer for  
 Upon our own account, our fathers' crimes  
 Are in us punish'd. Oh, Albert, the course  
 They took to leave us rich was not honest ;  
 Nor can that friendship last which Virtue joins not.  
 When first they forc'd th' industrious Portugals  
 From their plantations in the Happy Islands —

*Croc.* This is that I watch for.

*Raym.* And did omit no tyranny which men,  
 Inur'd to spoil and mischief, could inflict  
 On the griev'd sufferers ; when by lawless rapine  
 They reap'd the harvest which their labours sow'd ;  
 And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,  
 But laid for 'em at sea, to ravish from 'em  
 The last remainder of their wealth ; then, then,  
 After a long pursuit, each doubting other,  
 As guilty of the Portugals' escape,  
 They did begin to quarrel, like ill men :  
 (Forgive me, piety, that I call 'em so !)  
 No longer love or correspondence holds  
 Than it is cemented with prey or profit :  
 Then did they turn those swords they oft had bloodied  
 With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,  
 And paid the forfeit of their cruelty.  
 Shewn to Sebastian and his colony,  
 By being fatal enemies to each other.

Thence

Thence grew Aminta's rape, and my desire  
 To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue !  
 As they for spoil forgot compassion  
 To women, (who should ever be exempted  
 From the extremities of a lawful war)  
 We now, young able men, are fall'n into  
 The hands of women ; that, against the soft,  
 Soft tenderness familiar to their sex,  
 Will shew no mercy.

*Enter Crocale.*

*Croc.* None, unless you shew us  
 Our long-lost husbands.  
 We are those Portugals you talk'd of.

*Raym.* Stay !  
 I met upon the sea in a tall ship  
 Two Portugals, famish'd almost to death.

*Tib.* Our ship, by this wine,  
 And those the rogues that stole her,  
 Left us to famish in the Barren Islands !

*Raym.* Some such tale they told me ;  
 And something of a woman, which I find  
 To be my sister.

*Croc.* Where are these men ?

*Raym.* I  
 Left 'em, supposing they'd deluded me  
 With forg'd tales, in the island, where they said  
 They had liv'd many years, the wretched owners  
 Of a huge mass of treasure.

*Alb.* The same men,  
 And that the fatal muck we quarrell'd for.

*Croc.* They were Portugals, you say ?

*Raym.* So they profess'd.

*Croc.* They may prove such men as may save your lives :  
 And so much I am taken with fair hope,  
 That I will hazard life to be resolv'd on't.  
 How came you hither ?

*Raym.* My ship lies by the river's mouth ;  
 That can convey ye to these wretched men

Which you desire to see:

*Croc.* Back to your prisons,  
And pray for the success! If they be those  
Which I desire to find, you're safe; if not,  
Prepare to die tomorrow! for the world  
Cannot redeem ye.

*Alb.* Howe'er, we are arm'd  
For either fortune.

[*Exit.*]

*Tib.* What must become of me now,  
That I am not dismiss'd?

*Croc.* Oh, Sir, I purpose  
To have your company.

*Tib.* Take heed, wicked woman!  
I'm apt to mischief now.

*Croc.* You can't be so  
Unkind, to her that gives you liberty.

*Tib.* No,  
I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't!  
I've had store of good wine; and, when I'm drunk,  
Joan is a lady to me, and I shall lay  
About me, like a lord. I feel strange motions!  
Avoid me, temptation!

*Croc.* Come, Sir; I'll help you in.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.*

*Nicusa.* What may that be  
That moves upon the lake?

*Seb.* Still it draws nearer;  
And now I plainly can discern it:  
It is the French ship.

*Nicusa.* In it a woman,  
Who seems t' invite us to her.

*Seb.* Still she calls  
With signs of love to hasten to her:  
So lovely hope doth still appear,  
I feel nor age, nor weakness.

*Nicusa.* Tho' it bring death,  
To us 'tis comfort, and deserves a meeting:  
Or else Fortune, tir'd with what we've suffered,

*And*

And in it overcome, as it may be,  
Now sets a period to our misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Horrid music.*]

*Enter severally Raymond, Albert, and Aminta.*

*Raym.* What dreadful sounds are these?

*Aminta.* Infernal music,  
Fit for a bloody feast.

*Alb.* It seems prepar'd  
To kill our courages, ere they divorce  
Our souls and bodies.

*Raym.* But they that fearless fall,  
Deprive them of their triumph.

*An altar prepar'd.* *Enter Rosellia, Clarinda, Julietta,*  
*Hippolita, &c.*

*Aminta.* See the furies,  
In their full trim of cruelty!

*Ros.* 'Tis the last  
Duty that I can pay to my dead lord.  
Set out the altar! I myself will be  
The priest, and boldly do those horrid rites  
You shake to think on. Lead these captains nearer;  
For they shall have the honour to fall first  
To my Sebastian's ashes. And now, wretches,  
As I am taught already, that you are,  
And lately by your free confession,  
French pirates, and the sons of those I hate  
E'en equal with the devil; hear, with horror,  
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,  
And what you are to suffer! No Amazons we,  
But women of Portugal, that must have from you  
Sebastian and Nicusa: We are they  
That groan'd beneath your fathers' wrongs! We are  
Those wretched women  
Their injuries purfu'd and overtook,  
And from the sad remembrance of our losses  
We are taught to be cruel. When we were forc'd  
From that sweet air we breath'd in, by their rapine,

And sought a place of being, as the seas  
 And winds conspir'd with their ill purposes,  
 To load us with afflictions, in a storm  
 That fell upon us the two ships that brought us,  
 To seek new fortunes in an unknown world,  
 Were sever'd; th' one bore all the able men,  
 Our treasure and our jewels; in the other  
 We women were embark'd, and fell upon,  
 After long tossing in the troubled main,  
 This pleasant island; but in few months  
 The men that did conduct us hither died:  
 We long before had given our husbands lost.  
 Rememb'ring what we'd suffer'd by the French,  
 We took a solemn oath, ne'er to admit  
 The curs'd society of men. Necessity  
 Taught us those arts, not usual to our sex;  
 And the fertile earth yielding abundance to us,  
 We did resolve, thus shap'd like Amazons  
 To end our lives: But when you arriv'd here,  
 And brought as presents to us our own jewels,  
 Those which were borne in the other ship—  
 How can ye hope to 'scape our vengeance?

*Aminta.* It boots not then to swear our innocence?

*Alb.* Or that we never forc'd it from the owners?

*Raym.* Or that there are a remnant of that wreck,  
 And not far off?

*Rof.* All you affirm, I know, is  
 But to win time; therefore prepare your throats;  
 The world shall not redeem ye! And, that your cries  
 May find no entrance to our ears, to move  
 Pity in any, bid loud music sound  
 Their fatal knells! If ye have prayers, use 'em  
 Quickly, to any power will own ye: But—

*Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa, and Tibalt.*

Ha! who are these? what spectacles of misfortune?  
 Why are their looks so full of joy and wonder?

*Croc.* Oh, lay by  
 These instruments of death, and welcome to

Your

Your arms what you durst never hope t' embrace!  
 This is Sebastian; this Nicusa, madam;  
 Preserv'd by miracle. Look up, dear Sir,  
 And know your own Rosellia! be not lost  
 In wonder and amazement; or if nature  
 Can, by instinct, instruct you what it is  
 To be bles'd with the name of father, freely  
 Enjoy't in this fair virgin!

*Seb.* Tho' my miseries,  
 And many years of wants I have endur'd,  
 May well deprive me of the memory  
 Of all joys past; yet, looking on this building,  
 This ruin'd building of a heav'nly form  
 In my Rosellia, I must remember  
 I am Sebastian.

*Ros.* Oh, my joys!

*Seb.* And here,  
 I see a perfect model of thyself,  
 As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine:  
 These cheeks and fronts, tho' wrinkled now with time,  
 Which art cannot restore, had equal pureness  
 Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:  
 Which, by fair order and succession, I see  
 Descend on her; and may thy virtues wind  
 Into her form, and make her a perfect dower,  
 No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her!  
 I will not now, Rosellia, ask thy fortunes,  
 Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;  
 Those shall hereafter serv'e to make glad hours  
 In their relation. All past wrongs forgot,  
 I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; but most,  
 That it is in my power to save your lives;  
 You sav'd ours, when we were near starv'd at sea,  
 And I despair not—for, if she be mine,  
 Rosellia can deny Sebastian nothing.

*Ros.* She does give up herself,  
 Her power and joys, and all, to you, to be  
 Discharged of 'em as too burdensome;  
 Welcome in any shape!

Seb. Sir, in your looks<sup>28</sup>, I read  
 Your suit of my Clarinda; she is yours.  
 And, lady, if't be in me to confirm  
 Your hopes in this braye gentleman, presume  
 I am your seryant.

Alb. We thank you, Sir.

Aminta. Oh, happy hour!

Alb. Oh, my dear Aminta,  
 Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix;  
 She's mettle, steel to the back, and will cut  
 My leaden dagger, if not us'd with discretion.

Croc. You're still no changeling.

Seb. Nay, all look chearfully; for none shall be  
 Denied their lawful wishes. When a while  
 We've here refresh'd ourselves, we will return  
 To our sev'ral homes: And well that Voyage ends,  
 That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends!

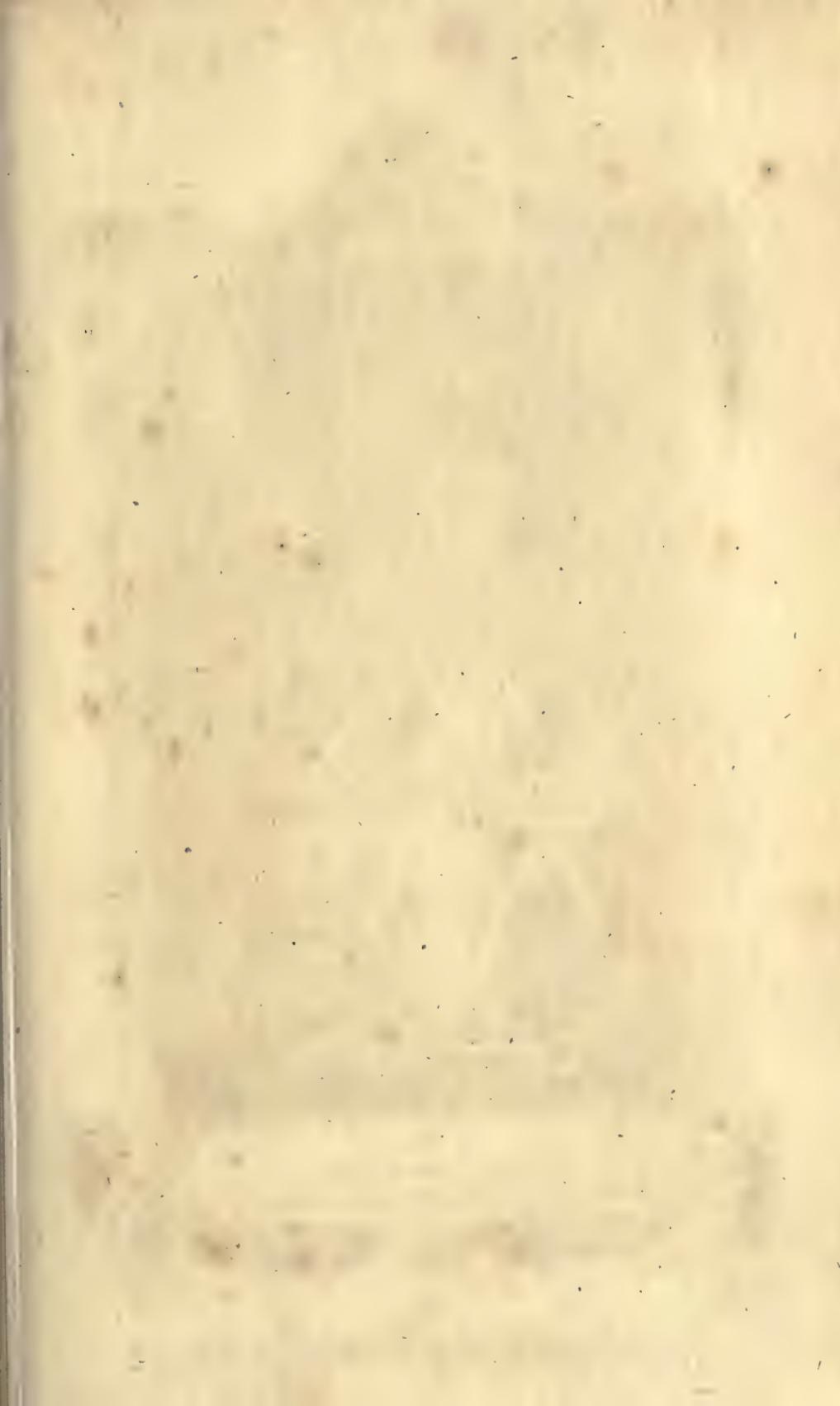
[*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>28</sup> *Sir, in your looks,*

*I read your suit of my Clarinda;—* ] Perhaps the reader would  
 wish to know whom the old gentleman means here. I can think of  
 no one but *Nicusa* his nephew. Yet this is but a guess, and if the  
 reader imagines any one of the company (*Albert* and *Tibalt* excepted)  
 deserves *Clarinda* better than her cousin, let him reject mine, and  
 enjoy his own opinion.

*Simpson.*

When Aminta deprecates Albert, in her conversation with *Clarinda*, she recommends *Raymond* to her: It is most likely, therefore,  
 he is the person intended by the Poet to possess her.



THE COXCOMBE



Pedro. Let go the Wench!

Silvio. Let you go the Wench!

Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers.

Act I.

M. A. Rooker delin.

C. Grignion Sculp.

Published as the Act directs, Dec<sup>r</sup> 22, 1777, by T. Sherlock.

T H E  
C O X C O M B.  
A C O M E D Y.

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*The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills speak of this Comedy as the production of Fletcher alone; but the Prologue mentions it as the joint performance of both Authors. It was first printed in the folio of 1647; and appears to have been revived at the Theatre Royal about the end of the last century, when a prologue was spoken by Joe Haines. We do not know of any performance of it since that time.*

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

**Antonio, the Coxcomb.**

**Mercury, fellow-traveller with Antonio.**

**Ricardo, a young gentleman in love with Viola.**

**Uberto,**

**Pedro,** } *three merry gentlemen, friends to Ricardo.*

**Silvio,** }

**Valerio, a country gentleman.**

**Curio, kinsman to Antonio.**

**Justice, a shallow one.**

**Andrugio, father to Viola.**

**Alexander, servant to Mercury's Mother.**

**Mark, the Justice's clerk.**

**Rowland, servant to Andrugio.**

**Tinker.**

**Constable.**

**Watch.**

**Drawer.**

**Musicians.**

## W O M E N.

**Maria, wife to Antonio.**

**Viola, daughter to Andrugio.**

**Mother to Mercury.**

**Nan,** }

**Madge,** } *milk-maids.*

**Dorothy, the Tinker's trull.**

## SCENE, ENGLAND<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *England, France.]* As the scene never changes from *England* through the whole play, and, as I remember, the word *France* does not occur above once in this piece, I have made no scruple to expel and explode what never possibly could have stood in the Authors manuscript.

*Sympson.*

## P R O L O G U E.

THIS Comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,  
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head,  
And to your noble censures does present  
Her outward form, and inward ornament.  
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,  
The makers, that confess'd it for their own,  
Were this way skilful, and without the crime  
Of flatteries I may say may please the time.  
The work itself too, when it first came forth,  
In the opinion of men of worth,  
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, tho' some rude  
And harsh among th' ignorant multitude,  
(That relish gross food better than a dish  
That's cook'd with care, and serv'd in to the wish  
Of curious palates) wanting wit and strength  
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length<sup>2</sup>:

That

<sup>2</sup> —— condemn'd it for the length :

*That fault's reform'd.*] In the Stationer's Preface to the edition of 1647, we have these words. ' When these *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were presented on the stage, the *actors* omitted some *scenes* and *passages* (with the *Authors* consent) as occasion led 'em; and when private friends desired a copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they *acted*. But now you have both all that was *acted*, and all that *was not*; even the perfect full originals, without the least mutilation: So that were the *Authors* living (and sure they can never die) they themselves would challenge neither *more* nor *less* than what is here published.' —— But what a glaring contradiction to this whole passage are the words of the prologue, cited at the head of this note? Was it not condemn'd for its length by the ignorant multitude? And upon reviving of it, is it not as plain as words can make it, that it was mutilated then? What other sense can we put upon this passage? *That fault's reform'd*—Who the curtailer, or curtailers were, is not possible now to be known: I could have wished that he, or they, who undertook the charge of *reforming* the *length* of this piece, had had sufficient *wit and strength* to have gone through that business neatly. But it seems as if his or their judgment was as little in the shortning, as the rabble's was condemning it for its length. Had we but the original manuscript, I don't doubt but we should see a strange difference betwixt that, and

## P R O L O G U E.

That fault's reform'd ; and now 'tis to be tried  
Before such judges 'twill not be denied  
A free and noble hearing ; nor fear I  
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,  
And give you cause (and with content) to say,  
Their care was good that did revive this play.

the play, as it now stands. The first note on this performance is a specimen, to let the reader see what strange work has been made by the reviver, or revivers, of this piece : and how little he or they thought on (supposing they knew it) that rule of Horace,

*Versate diu, quid ferre recusat,*

*Quid valeant Humeri*

*Sympson.*

The Stationer's Preface is no ' glaring contradiction to the prologue,' but rather confirms the assertion, than the ' Actors (with the Author's consent) omitted scenes and passages, as occasion led them, and afterwards transcribed what they acted : But the book-sellers gave all that was *acted*, and all *that was not*.' Who the curtailers were, therefore, is easily known ; certainly THE ACTORS, *with the AUTHOR'S CONSENT.*

T H E

T H E  
C O X C O M B.

A C T I.

*Enter Ricardo and Viola.*

*Ric.* **L**E T us make use of this stol'n privacy,  
And not lose time in protestation, mistres !  
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,  
To say again I love you.

*Viola.* Sweet, speak softly ;  
For tho' the venture of your love to me  
Meets with a willing and a full return,  
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,  
This were our last discourse.

*Ric.* How shall he know it ?

*Viola.* His watching cares are such, for my ad-  
vancement,  
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me :  
This night, that does afford us some small freedom,  
At the request and much intreaty of  
The mistres of the house, was hardly given me ;  
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,  
But he hath spies upon me : Yet, I know not,  
You have so won upon me, that could I think  
You would love faithfully (tho' to entertain  
Another thought of you would be my death)  
I should adventure on his utmost anger.

*Ric.* Why, do you think I can be false ?

*Viola.* No, faith !  
You have an honest face ; but, if you should —

*Ric.*

*Ric.* Let all the stored vengeance of Heav'n's justice—

*Viola.* No more! I do believe you. The dance ended, Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have Ere they depart, I will make home, and store me With all the jewels, chains, and gold are trusted Unto my custody; and at the next corner To my father's house, before one, at the furthest, Be ready to receive me!

*Ric.* I desire No bond beyond your promise. Let's go in! To talk thus much before the door may breed Suspicion.

*Enter Mercury and Antonio.*

*Viola.* Here are company too.

*Ric.* Away!

Those Powers that prosper true and honest loves Will bless our undertakings.

*Viola.* 'Tis my wish, Sir. [Exe. *Ric.* & *Viola.*

*Merc.* Nay, Sir, excuse me! I have drawn you to Too much expence already in my travel, And you have been too forward in your love, To make my wants your own; allow me manners! Which you must grant I want, should I encrease The bond in which your courtesies have tied me, By still consuming of you: Give me leave To take mine own ways now, and I shall often, With willingness, come to visit you, and thank you.

*Ant.* By this hand, I could be angry! What do you think me?

Must we, that have so long time been as one, Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders, Been bedfellows, and in our various journey Mix'd all our observations, part (as if We were two carriers at two several ways, And as the fore-horse guides, cry God be with you) Without or compliment, or ceremony? In travellers that know Transalpine garbs,

Tho'

Tho' our designs are ne'er so serious, friend,  
 It were a capital crime; it must not be;  
 Nay, what is more, you shall not. You ere long  
 Shall see my house, and find what I call mine  
 Is wholly at your service.

*Merc.* 'Tis this tires me!—

Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else  
 But my will lay i'th' choice; but 'tis not so:  
 My friends and kindred, that have part of me,  
 And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,  
 Justly expect the tender of my love  
 After my travel; then my own honesty  
 Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means  
 To keep me in my quality and rank,  
 At my return, to tire another's bounty,  
 And let mine own grow lusty: Pardon me!

*Ant.* I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:  
 Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend  
 Be burdensome to me? For this excuse,  
 Had I no reason else, you should not leave me;  
 By a traveller's faith, you should not! I have said!  
 And then, you know my humour, there's no contending.

*Merc.* Is there no way to 'scape this inundation?  
 I shall be drown'd with folly, if I go;  
 And, after nine days, men may take me up  
 With my gall broken.

*Ant.* Are you yet resolv'd?

*Merc.* 'Would you would spare me!

*Ant.* By this light, I cannot,  
 By all that may be sworn by!

*Merc.* Patience help me,  
 And Heaven grant his folly be not catching!  
 If't be, the town's undone: I now would give  
 A reasonable sum of gold to any sheriff  
 That would but lay an execution on me,  
 And free me from his company. While he was abroad,  
 His want of wit and language kept him dumb;  
 But Balaam's ass will speak now, without spurring.

*Ant.* Speak, have I won you?

*Enter*

## Enter Servant and Musicians.

*Merc.* You're not to be resisted.

*Serv.* Be ready, I entreat you! The dance done,  
Besides a liberal reward, I have  
A bottle of sherry in my power shall beget  
New crotchets in your heads.

*Musicians.* Tush, fear not us!  
We'll do our parts.

*Serv.* Go in.

*Ant.* I know this fellow.  
Belong you to the house?

*Serv.* I serve the mistress.

*Ant.* Pretty and short! Pray you, Sir, then inform her,  
Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd  
With her fair presence.

*Serv.* She shall know so much.  
This is a merry night with us, and forbids not  
Welcome to any that looks like a man:  
I'll guide you the way.

*Ant.* Nay, follow! I've a trick in't. [Exeunt.

Enter *Uberto, Silvio, Ricardo, Maria, Pedro, Portia, Viola, with others.*

*Uberto.* Come, where is this masque<sup>3</sup>? Fairest, for  
our cheer,  
Our thanks and service; may you long survive  
To joy in many of these nights!

*Maria.* I thank you!

*Uberto.* We must have music too; or else you give us  
But half a welcome.

<sup>3</sup> Come, where's this masque? fairest, for our cheer,  
Our thanks and service, may you long survive  
To joy in many of these nights.

*Maria.* I thank you.

*Uberto.* We must have music too, or else you give us  
But half a welcome.

*Maria.* Pray you, Sir, excuse me.

*Silvio.* By no means, lady.

*Uberto.* We'll crown our liberal feast,  
With some delightful strain fitting your love

And

*Maria.* Pray you, Sir, excuse me!

*Silvio.* By no means, lady.

*Uberto.* We'll crown your liberal feast  
With some delightful strain, fitting your love  
And this good company.

*Maria.* Since you enforce it,  
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill,  
Or be or nice or curious: Every year  
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will  
'Till I see my absent husband.

*Uberto.* 'Tis fit freedom.

*Silvio.* Ricardo, thou art dull.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ric.* I shall be lighter when  
I've had a heat.

*Maria.* Now, Sir, the news?

*Serv.* Mistress,  
There are two gentlemen—

*Maria.* Where?

*Serv.* Complimenting  
Who should first enter.

*Maria.* What are they?

*And this good company.*

*Maria.* Since you enforce it,

*I will not plead the excuse of want of skill.] Quod dedit principium adveniens?* may full as well be applied to the curtailer of this comedy, as the booby captain of whom it was first spoke. That a masque was in the original is plain from the question, *Where's this masque?* but it had been better never to have told us that, except it had been exhibited. Again, if *they were to have music*, some delightful strain; who was to play? *Maria* it seems, for she says, *she won't plead the excuse of want of skill*, but 'tis too too plain she does no such thing. Further, we have a little lower a dance, but 'tis a dance without music, and yet 'tis quite clear the performers were actually in the house.

*Sympson.*

We do not believe any thing written by the Authors is omitted:— The masque was, we apprehend, only an antic dance. It is not clear that *Maria* more than *prepares* to play, when she is interrupted by the *Servant* announcing *Mercury* and *Antonio*. The dance must have been without music, or the dialogue between the *Servant*, *Mercury*, and *Antonio*, which passes during the dance, could not be heard.

*Serv.* Heav'n knows !  
But for their strangeness—have you never seen  
A cat wash her face ?

*Uberto.* Yes.

*Serv.* Just such a stir they keep :  
If you make but haste, you may see 'em yet  
Before they enter.

*Enter Antonio and Mercury.*

*Maria.* Let 'em be what they will,  
We'll give them fair entertain, and gentle welcome.

*Ant.* It shall be so.

*Merc.* Then let it be your pleasure.

*Ant.* Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have  
Fine sport anon.

*Merc.* A fair society ;  
Do you know these gentlewomen ?

*Ant.* Yes.

*Merc.* What are they ?

*Ant.* The second is a neighbour's daughter ; her  
Name's Viola. There is my kinsman's wife ;  
Portia her name, and a friend too.

*Merc.* Let her.  
What's she that leads the dance ?

*1 Serv.* A gentlewoman.

*Merc.* I see that.

*1 Serv.* Indeed ?

*Merc.* What ?

*1 Serv.* A gentlewoman.

*Merc.* Udsfoot ! Good Sir, what's she that leads the  
dance ?

*2 Serv.* My mistress.

*Merc.* What else ?

*2 Serv.* My mistress, Sir.

*Merc.* Your mistress ? A pox on you,  
What a fry of fools are here ? I see 'tis treason  
To understand in this house : If Nature were not  
Better to them than they can be to themselves,  
They would scant hit their mouths. My mistress ?

Is

Is there any one with so much wit in's head,  
That can tell me at the first sight,  
What gentlewoman that is that leads the dance?

*Ant.* 'Tis my wife.

*Merc.* Hum!

*Ant.* How dost thou like her?

*Merc.* Well;

A pretty gentlewoman!

*Ant.* Prithee be quiet.

*Merc.* I would I could!

Let never any hereafter that's a man,  
That has affections in him and free passions,  
Receive the least tie from such a fool as this is,  
That holds so sweet a wife!

'Tis lamentable to consider truly

What right he robs himself of, and what wrong

He doth the youth of such a gentlewoman,

That knows her beauty is no longer hers

Than men will please to make it so, and use it,

Neither of which lies freely in a husband.

Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Coxcomb!

If I had never seen, or never tasted,

The goodness of this kix, I had been a made man;

But now to make him cuckold is a sin

'Gainst all forgiveness, worse than any murder:

I have a wolf by th' ears, and am bitten both ways!

*Ant.* How now, friend? what are you thinking of?

*Merc.* Nothing concerning you: I must be gone.

*Ant.* Pardon me, I will have no going, Sir.

*Merc.* Then, good Sir, give me leave to go to bed:  
I'm very weary and ill-temper'd.

*Ant.* You shall presently; the dance is done.

*1 Serv.* Mistrefs, these are the gentlemen.

*Maria.* My husband? Welcome home, dear Sir!

*Merc.* She's fair still;

Oh, that I were a knave, or durst be one,  
For thy sake, Coxcomb! He that invented honesty  
Undid me.

*Ant.* I thought you had not known me.

You're merry; 'tis well thought. And how is't with These worthy gentlemen?

*Uberto and Silvio.* We're glad to see You here again.

*Ant.* Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost? But get you into travels; there you may learn—I cannot say what hidden virtues.

*Merc.* Hidden from you, I'm sure. My blood boils like a furnace! She's a fair one.

*Ant.* Pray entertain this gentleman with all The courtesy fitting my most especial friend.

*Maria.* What this poor house may yield, to make you welcome,

Dear Sir, command, without more compliment.

*Merc.* I thank you!—She is wife, and speaks well too: Oh, what a blessing is gone by me, never To be recover'd! Well, 'twas an old shame The devil laid up for me, and now h'has hit me home. If there be any ways to be dishonest, And save myself yet—No, it must not be! Why should I be a fool too?—Yet those eyes Would tempt another Adam! How they call to me, And tell me—'Sfoot, they shall not tell me any thing! Sir, will you walk in?

*Ant.* How is't, signor?

*Merc.* Crazy a little.

*Maria.* What ail you, Sir? What's in my power, pray Make use of, Sir.

*Merc.* 'Tis that must do me good! She does not mock me, sure!—An't please you, nothing;

My disease is only weariness.

*Uberto.* Come, gentlemen! We will not keep you from your beds too long.

*Ric.* I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you Far from your lodging.

*Silvio.* Well? [ *Exeunt. Manent Ant. Maria, and Merc.* ]

*Ant.* Come, my dear Mercury! I'll bring you to your chamber; and then I am

For

For you, Maria: Thou'rt a new wife to me now,  
And thou shalt find it ere I sleep.

*Merc.* And I

An old ass to myself! mine own rod whips me!—  
Good Sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious!

You are the best guide in your own house; go, Sir.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Maria.*]

This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic;  
From two such physics for the soul deliver me! [*Exit.*]

Enter *Ricardo, Uberto, Pedro, and Silvio.*

*Uberto.* Well, you must have this wench then?

*Ric.* I hope so;

I'm much o'th' bow-hand else.

*Pedro.* 'Would I were hang'd,  
'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture  
Herself upon a coast she ne'er knew yet!  
But these women! when they are once thirteen,  
God speed the plough!

*Silvio.* Faith, they will venture further for their lading  
Than a merchant,  
And thro' as many storms, but they'll be fraughted;  
They're made like carracks, only strength and stowage.

*Ric.* Come, come, you talk, you talk!

*Silvio.* We do so. But,  
Tell me, *Ricardo*, wo't thou marry her?

*Ric.* Marry her? why, what should I do with her?

*Pedro.* Pox, I thought we should have had all shares  
in her,

Like lawful prize.

*Ric.* No, by my faith, Sir; you shall pardon me;  
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,  
And so I'll keep her.

*Uberto.* What's the hour?

*Ric.* Twelve.

*Uberto.* What shall we do the while? 'Tis yet scarce  
eleven.

*Silvio.* There is no standing here; is not this the place?

*Ric.* Yes.

*Pedro.* And to go back  
Unto her father's house may breed suspicion :  
Let's slip into a tavern for an hour ;  
'Tis very cold.

*Uberto.* Content ; there's one hard by.  
A quart of burnt sack will recover us :  
I am as cold as Christmas. This stealing flesh  
I'th' frosty weather may be sweet i'th' eating,  
But sure the woodmen have no great catch of it.  
Shall's go ?

*Ric.* Thou art the strangest lover of  
A tavern ! What shall we do there now ? Lose  
The hour and ourselves too ?

*Uberto.* Lose a pudding !  
What dost thou talk o'th' hour ? will one quart muzzle  
us ?

Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask  
The drawers, but we must stand here like bawds  
To watch the minutes ?

*Silvio.* Prithee content thyself<sup>4</sup> !  
We shall scout here, as tho' we went a-haying,  
And have some mangy 'prentice, that can't sleep  
For scratching, over-hear us. Come, will you go, Sirs ?  
When your love-fury is a little frozen,  
You'll come to us.

*Ric.* Will you drink but one quart then ?  
*Pedro.* No more, i'faith.

*Silvio.* Content !

*Ric.* Why then, have with you !  
But let's be very watchful.

*Uberto.* As watchful as the bellman. Come, I'll lead,  
Because I hate good manners ; they're too tedious. [Exe.

Enter *Viola*, with a key and a little casket.

*Viola.* The night is terrible, and I enclos'd  
With that my virtue and myself hate most,  
Darknes ; yet must I fear, that which I wish,

<sup>4</sup> Silvio. Prithee content thyself.] Probably this belongs to *Ricardo*,  
and *We shall scout here*, to *Silvio*. *Sympson.* *Some*

Some company; and every step I take  
 Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night,  
 Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell  
 That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise  
 When I unlock the door! Were it by day,  
 I'm bold enough, but then a thousand eyes  
 Warn me from going. Might not Heav'n have made  
 A time for envious prying folk to sleep,  
 Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun have shone?  
 Yet I was bold enough to steal this key  
 Out of my father's chamber; and dare yet  
 Venture upon mine enemy, the night,  
 Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend.  
 Alas, how valiant, and how 'fraid at once  
 Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key  
 Back thro' a window: I have wealth enough  
 In jewels with me, if I hold his love  
 I steal 'em for. Farewell, my place of birth!  
 I never make account to look on thee again;  
 And if there be, as I have heard men say,  
 These household gods, I do beseech them look  
 To this my charge; bless it from thieves and fire,  
 And keep, 'till happily my love I win,  
 Me from thy door, and hold my father in! [Exit.]

*Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a candle.*

*Ric.* No more, for God's sake!  
 How's the night, boy?

*Drawer.* Faith, Sir, 'tis very late.

*Uberto.* Faith, Sir, you lie! is this your Jack i'th' clock-house<sup>s</sup>?

<sup>s</sup> *Is this your Jack i'th' clock-house?*

*Will you strike, Sir?]* In Shakespeare's King Richard III. the King says to Buckingham,

‘—— like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the *stroke*

‘ Betwixt thy begging and my meditation;  
 on which passage are the following notes:

An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's Discourse on the Government

Will you strike, Sir? Give's some more sack, you varlet.

*Ric.* Nay, if you love me, good *Uberto*, go!  
I am monstrous hot with wine.

*Uberto.* Quench it again with love!  
Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then,  
If my legs say me not shamefully nay,  
I will go with you. Give me a singular quart!

*Drawer.* Of what wine, Sir?  
*Uberto.* Of sack, you that speak confusion at the bar!  
Of sack, I say; and every one his quart,  
What a devil, let's be merry!

*Drawer.* You shall, Sir. [Exit.  
*Pedro.* We will, Sir; and a dried tongue,  
*Silvia.* And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of  
fidlers!  
My head swims plaguily; 'uds precious, I shall be  
claw'd.

*Enter Drawer with four quarts of wine.*  
*Ric.* Pray go! I can drink no more; think on your  
promise;  
'Tis midnight, gentlemen.  
*Uberto.* Oh, that it were dumb midnight now!  
Not a word more! every man on's knees,  
And betake himself to his saint: Here's to your wench,  
signor!

All this, and then away.

*Ric.* I cannot drink it.

*Pedro.* 'Tis a toy, a toy; away wi't!

*Uberto.* Now dare I  
Speak any thing to any body living!  
Come, where's the fault? Off with it.

*Ric.* I have broke  
My wind. Call you this sack? I wonder who made it;

of Oliver Cromwell. *Richard* resembles *Buckingham* to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. *Hawkins.*

So in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610.—*Their tongues are, like a  
Jack o'the clock, still in labour;* *Steevens*

*He*

He was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work.  
Is it gone round?

*Uberto.* 'Tis at the last. Out of my way, good boy!  
Is the moon up yet?

*Drawer.* Yes, Sir.

*Uberto.* Where is she, boy?

*Drawer.* There, Sir.

*Uberto.* We shall have rain and thunder, boy.

*Drawer.* When, Sir?

*Uberto.* I cannot tell; but sure we shall, boy.

*Drawer.* The gentleman is wine-wise.

*Uberto.* Drawer!

*Drawer.* Here, Sir.

*Uberto.* Can you procure?

*Drawer.* What, Sir?

*Uberto.* A whore, or two, or three,

As need shall serve, boy?

*Silvio.* Ay, a good whore were worth money, boy.

*Drawer.* I protest, Sir, we are altogether unprovided.

*Ric.* The more's the pity, boy; can you not 'vise us  
Where, my child?

*Drawer.* Neither, in troth, Sir<sup>6</sup>.

*Pedro.* Why, where were you brought up, boy?  
No inkling of a whore? no aim, my boy?

*Uberto.* It cannot sink in my head now that thou  
shouldst marry;

Why shouldst thou marry, tell me?

*Ric.* I marry? I'll be hang'd first.

Some more wine, boy!

*Silvio.* Is she not a whore

Translated? An she be, let's repair to her!

*Ric.* I cannot tell; she may be an offender:  
But, signor Silvio, I shall scratch your head;  
Indeed I shall.

*Silvio.* Judge me, I do but jest  
With thee: What an she were inverted, with  
Her heels upward like a traitor's coat, what care I?

<sup>6</sup> *Drawer.* *Neither in troth, Sir.*] This little speech is only in the first folio.

*Uberto.*

*Uberto.* Ay, hang her ! shall we fall out for her ?

*Ric.* I am a little angry. But these wenches !  
Did you not talk of wenches ?

*Silvio.* Boy, lend me your candle !

*Drawer.* Why, Sir ?

*Silvio.* To set fire to your rotten ceiling :  
You'll keep no whores, rogue, no good members !

*Drawer.* Whores, Sir ?

*Silvio.* Ay, whores, Sir ; do you think we come to lie  
With your hogsheads ?

*Ric.* I must beat the watch ;  
I have long'd for it any time this three weeks.

*Silvio.* We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt ;  
we're proof, boy !

Shall we kill any body ?

*Ric.* No ; but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

*Uberto.* Silvio, now must I kill one ; I cannot avoid it.  
Boy, easily afore there with your candle !

Where's your mistress ?

*Drawer.* A-bed, Sir.

*Silvio.* With whom ?

*Drawer.* With my master.

*Uberto.* You lie, boy ! she's better brought up than to  
Lie with her husband ; has he not cast his head yet ?  
Next year he'll be a velvet-headed cuckold.

*Drawer.* You are a merry gentleman. There, Sir ;  
take hold !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Viola.*

*Viola.* This is the place ! I have out-told the clock  
For haste ; he is not here. Ricardo ? No !  
Now every power that loves and is belov'd,  
Keep me from shame to-night ! for you all know  
Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,  
As flesh and blood can hold. I cannot back ;  
I threw the key within, and, ere I raise  
My father up to see his daughter's shame,  
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern wind,  
That it is gentler than the curling West,

If

If it will blow me dead ! But he will come.  
 I'faith, 'tis cold. If he deceive me thus,  
 A woman will not easily trust a man.  
 Hark ! what's that ?

*Silvio* [within]. Thou'rt over long at thy pot, Tom,  
 Tom :

Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom. [Singing.]

*Viola*. Bless me ! Who's that ?

*Pedro* [within]. Whoo !

*Uberto* [within]. There, boys !

*Viola*. Darkness, be thou my cover ! I must fly ;  
 To thee I haste for help.—They have a light :

Enter *Ricardo*, *Pedro*, *Uberto*, *Silvio*, and *Drawer* with a torch.

Wind, if thou lov'st a virgin, blow it out !  
 And I will never shut a window more,  
 To keep thee from me.

*Ric.* Boy !

*Drawer*. Sir ?

*Ric.* Why, boy !

*Drawer*. What say you, Sir ?

*Ric.* Why, boy, art thou drunk, boy ?

*Drawer*. What would you, Sir ?

*Ric.* Why, very good ; where are we ?

*Uberto*. Ay, that's the point.

*Drawer*. Why, Sir, you will be at your lodging presently.

*Ric.* I'll go to no lodging, boy.

*Drawer*. Whither will you go then, Sir ?

*Ric.* I'll go no further.

*Drawer*. For God's sake, Sir, do not stay here all night.

*Ric.* No more I will not :

Boy, lay me down, and roll me to a whore.

*Uberto*. And me.

*Pedro*. There spoke an—

*Silvio* [singing]. Then set your foot to my foot,  
 and up fails all !

*Viola*.

Viola. That is Ricardo: What a noise they make!  
It is ill done of 'em. Here, Sirs! Ricardo!

Ric. What's that, boy?

Drawer. 'Tis a wench, Sir: Pray, gentlemen, come away!

Viola. Oh, my dear love! how dost thou?

Ric. Faith, sweetheart,  
Ev'n as thou feest.

Pedro. Where's thy wench?

Uberto. Where's this bed-worm?

Viola. Speak softly, for the love of Heaven!

Drawer. Mistress,  
Get you gone, and don't entice the gentlemen,  
Now you see they're drunk; or I'll call the watch,  
And lay you fast enough.

Viola. Alas, what are you?  
Or, what do you mean? Sweet love, where's the place?

Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here: Lie down; I'll feese thee.

Viola. Good God! What mean you?

Pedro. I will have the wench.

Uberto. If you can get her.

Silvio. No, I'll lie with  
The wench to-night, and she shall be yours tomorrow.

Pedro. Let go the wench!

Silvio. Let you go the wench!

Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers—

Uberto. They had no mothers; they're the sons of bitches.

Ric. Let that be maintain'd!

Silvio. Marry then—

Viola. Oh, bless me, Heav'n!

Uberto. How many is there on's?

Ric. About five.

Uberto. Why then, let's fight three to three,

Silvio. Content. [Draw and fall down.

Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch!

Where are you? [Exit.

Ric. Where are these cowards?

[Exit.

Pedro.

*Pedro.* There's the whore.

*Viola.* I never saw a drunken man before ;  
But these I think are so.

*Silvio.* Oh !

*Pearo.* I miss'd you narrowly there.

*Viola.* My state is such, I know not how to think  
A prayer fit for me ; only I could move,  
That never maiden more might be in love ! [Exit.

Enter *Drawer*, *Constable* and *Watch*.

*Watch.* Where are they, boy ?

*Drawer.* Make no such haste, Sir ; they are  
No runners.

*Uberto.* I am hurt, but that's all one ;  
I shall light upon some of ye. *Pedro*,  
Thou art a tall gentleman ; let me kiss thee !

*Watch.* My friend —

*Uberto.* Your friend ? you lie !

*Ric.* Stand further off !

The watch ? you're full of fleas.

*Const.* Gentlemen,

Either be quiet, or we must make you quiet.

*Ric.* Nay, good Mr. Constable, be not so rigorous !

*Uberto.* Mr. Constable, lend me thy hand of  
justice !

*Const.* That I will, Sir.

*Uberto.* Fy, Mr. Constable !

What golls you have ? Is Justice

So blind you cannot see to wash your hands ?

I cry you mercy, Sir ; your gloves are on.

*Drawer.* Now you are up, Sir, will you go to bed ?

*Pedro.* I'll truckle here, boy ; give me another  
pillow.

*Drawer.* Will you stand up, and let me lay it on  
then ?

*Pedro.* Yes.

*Drawer.* There ; hold him, two of ye. Now they  
are up,

Be going, Mr. Constable.

*Ric.*

*Ric.* And this way, and that way, Tom.

*Uberto.* And here away, and there away, Tom.

*Silvio.* This is the right way, the other's the wrong.

*Pedro.* Th' other's the wrong.

*Omnes.* Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom, Tom.

*Ric.* Lead valiantly, sweet Constable ! whoop ! ha, boys !

*Const.* This wine hunts in their heads.

*Ric.* Give me the bill, for I will be the sergeant.

*Const.* Look to him, Sirs !

*Ric.* Keep your ranks, you rascals, keep your ranks !

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*Enter Mercury.*

*Merc.* I CANNOT sleep for thinking of this ass's wife !

I'll be gone presently ; there's no staying here, With this devil about me.—Ho ! This is the house of sleep.

Ho ! again there ! 'Sfoot, the darkness, and this love

Together, will make me lunatick. Ho !

*Enter a Servingman above unready.*

*Serv.* Who calls there ?

*Merc.* Pray take the pains to rise and light a candle.

*Serv.* Presently.

*Merc.* Was ever man but I in such a stocks ? Well, this shall be a warning to me, and A fair one too, how I betray myself To such a dunce, by way of benefit.

*Enter Servingman.*

*Serv.* Did you call ?

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Yes: Pray do me the kindness, Sir, to let me out,

And not enquire why, for I must needs be gone.

*Serv.* Not to-night, I hope, Sir.

*Merc.* Good Sir, to-night;

I would not have troubled you else;

Pray let it be so!

*Serv.* Alas, Sir, my master will be offended.

*Merc.* That I have business? no, I warrant you.

*Serv.* Good Sir, take your rest.

*Merc.* Pray, my good friend,

Let me appoint my own rest.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Merc.* Then shew me the way out; I'll consider you.

*Serv.* Good Lord, Sir—

*Merc.* If I had not

An excellent-temper'd patience, now should I break  
This fellow's head, and make him understand

'Twere necessary; the only plague

Of this house is th' unhandsome love of servants,

That never do their duty i' th' right place,

But when they muster before dinner<sup>7</sup>,

And sweep the table with a wooden dagger,

And then they're troublesome too, to all mens' shou-

lders.—

The woodcock's flush'd again; now I shall have  
A new stir.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Why, how now, friend? what do you up so late?  
Are you well? do you want any thing? Pray speak.

*Merc.* Only the cause I rise for.

*Ant.* What knaves are these!

<sup>7</sup> ——— muster before dinner,

*And sweep the table with a wooden dagger.]* The difficulties in this passage are what in all appearance cannot be got over, without a greater knowledge of the customs and manners of our Authors times than I am master of. *Sympson.*

This seems to be a temporary allusion, of which, it is probable, no explanation can now be obtained.

What

What do you want? Why, sirrah!

*Merc.* Nothing i'th' world,  
But th' keys to let me out of doors; I must be gone:  
Be not against it, for you cannot stay me.

*Ant.* Be gone at this time? that were a merry jest.

*Merc.* If there be any mirth in't, make you use on't,  
But I must go.

*Ant.* Why, for love's sake?

*Merc.* 'Twill benefit  
Your understanding nothing to know the cause.  
Pray go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.

*Ant.* Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason  
To curse you, an you knew all? my wife's up,  
And coming down too.

*Merc.* Alas, it will be  
A trouble: Pray go up to her, and let me  
Disturb no more; it is unmannerly.

*Enter Maria, as out of bed.*

*Ant.* She's here already.  
Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?  
He would away at midnight.

*Maria.* That I am  
Sure he will not.

*Merc.* Indeed I must.

*Maria.* Good Sir,  
Let not your homely entertainment press you  
To leave your bed at midnight! If you want  
What my house, or our town, may afford you,  
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.  
Pray go to bed again! let me compel you:  
I'm sure you've no pow'r to deny a woman.  
The air is piercing;  
And, to a body beaten with long travel,  
'Twill prove an ill physician.

*Merc.* If she  
Speak longer I shall be a knave, as rank  
As e'er sweat for it.—Sir, if you will send  
Your wife up presently, I'll either stay

With

With you, (d'ye mark me?) or deliver you  
So just a cause that you yourself shall thrust  
Me out of doors, both suddenly and willingly.

*Ant.* I'd fain hear that, 'faith!—Pray thee go up,  
sweetheart!

I've half persuaded him; besides, he hath  
Some private busines with me.

*Maria.* Good night, Sir!  
And what content you would have, I wish with you. [Ex.]

*Merc.* Could any man that had a back ask more?  
Oh, me! oh, me!

*Ant.* Now deal directly with me:  
Why should you go?

*Merc.* If you be wise, do not enquire the cause;  
'Twill trouble you.

*Ant.* Why? prithee why?

*Merc.* I'faith,  
I would not have you know it; let me go!  
'Twill be far better for you.

*Ant.* Who is that,  
That knocks there? is't not at the street-door?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.  
*Ant.* Who's there? cannot you speak?

*Viola* [within]. A poor  
Distressed maid; for God's sake, let me in!

*Merc.* Let her in, and me out together; 'tis but  
one labour:  
'Tis pity she should stand i'th' street. It seems  
She knows you.

*Ant.* There she shall stand for me: You're ignorant;  
This is a common custom of the rogues  
That lie about the loose parts of the city.

*Merc.* As how?  
*Ant.* To knock at doors in dead time of night,  
And use some feigned voice to raise compassion;  
And when the doors are open, in they rush,  
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty:  
We cannot be too careful.

*Viola* [within]. As ever you had pity,  
VOL. IX. M Let

Let me in! I am undone else.

*Ant.* Who are you?

*Viola.* My name is Viola, a gentlewoman  
That ill chance hath distress'd; you know my father.

*Merc.* Alas of God! we'll let her in; 'tis one  
O'th' gentlewomen were here in the evening;  
I know her by her name: Poor soul! she's cold,  
I warrant her; let her have my warm bed,  
And I will take her fortune: Come, pray come!

*Ant.* It is not Viola, that's certain;  
She went home to her father's, I am sure.

*Viola.* Will not you be so good to let me in?

*Ant.* I'll be so good to have you whipt away,  
If you stay a little longer. She is gone,  
I warrant her. Now let me know your cause,  
For I will hear't, and not repent the knowing.

*Merc.* Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you:  
I love your wife extremely.

*Ant.* Very well.

*Merc.* And so well that I dare not stay.

*Ant.* Why?

*Merc.* For wronging you: I know I'm flesh and blood,  
And you have done me friendships infinite and often,  
That must require me honest, and a true man;  
And I will be so, or I'll break my heart.

*Ant.* Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.

*Merc.* No; tho' I would be good, I am no saint,  
Nor is it safe to try me: I deal plainly.

*Ant.* Come, I dare try you; do the best you can.

*Merc.* You shall not:

When I am right again, I'll come and see you;  
'Till when, I'll use all countries, and all means,  
But I will lose this folly; 'tis a devil!

*Ant.* Is there no way to stay you?

*Merc.* No; unless

You'll have me such a villain to you, as all men  
Shall spit at me.

*Ant.* Does she know you love her?

*Merc.* No; I hope not: That were recompense

Fit for a rogue to render her.

*Ant.* If ever any  
 Had a faithful friend, I am that man, and I  
 May glory in it! This is he, that *ipse*, he,  
 That passes all Christendom for goodness.  
 He shall not overgo me in his friendship;  
 'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first;  
 I am resolved: Go thy ways; a wife  
 Shall never part us: I've consider'd, and  
 I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art.  
 I'll speak a bold word; take your time and woo her,  
 (You've overcome me clearly)  
 And do what's fitting with her—you conceive me.  
 I'm glad at heart you love her, by this light!  
 Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from't!  
 If you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd;  
 Sir, you're not ev'ry man. Now to your task!  
 I give you free leave; and the fin is mine,  
 If there be any in it.

*Merc.* He'll be hang'd  
 Before he makes this good: He cannot be  
 So innocent a Coxcomb; he can tell ten sure!—  
 If I had never known you, as I have done,  
 I might be one, as others, perhaps sooner;  
 But now it is impossible, there's too  
 Much good between us.

*Ant.* Well, thou'rt e'en the best man—  
 I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd!  
 You must stay this night, and in the morning go  
 As early as you please; I have a toy for you.

*Merc.* I thought this pill would make you sick.

*Ant.* But where you mean to be I must have notice,  
 And it must be hard by too: Do you mark me?

*Merc.* Why, what's the matter?

*Ant.* There is a thing in hand.

*Merc.* Why, what thing?

*Ant.* A sound one, if it take right, and you be not  
 Peevish. We two will be (you'd little think it)  
 As famous for our friendship—

*Merc.* How?

*Ant.* If Heaven please,  
As ever Damon was, and Pytheas;  
Or Pylades, and Orestes; or any two  
That ever were: Do you conceive me yet?

*Merc.* No, by my troth, Sir!—He'll not help me  
up sure?

*Ant.* You shall anon; and, for our names, I think  
They shall live after us, and be remember'd  
While there's a story, or I'll lose my aim.

*Merc.* What a vengeance ails he? How do you?

*Ant.* Yes, faith,  
We two will be such friends as the world shall ring of.

*Merc.* And why is all this?

*Ant.* You shall enjoy my wife.

*Merc.* Away, away!

*Ant.* The wonder must begin.  
So I have cast it, ('twill be scurvy else)  
You shall not stir a foot in't: Pray be quiet  
'Till I have made it perfect.

*Merc.* What shall a man do with this wretched fellow?  
There is no mercy to be us'd towards him;  
He is not capable of any pity;  
He will, in spite of course, be a cuckold;  
And who can help it?—Must it begin so, needs, Sir?  
Think again.

*Ant.* Yes, marry must it;  
And I myself will wooe this woman for you:  
Do you perceive it now? ha?

*Merc.* Yes; now I have a little sight i'th' matter.—  
Oh, that thy head should be so monstrous,  
That all thy servants' hats may hang upon't!—  
But, do you mean to do this?

*Ant.* Yes, certain; I will wooe her, and for you.  
Strive not against it; 'tis the overthrow  
Of the best plot that ever was then.

*Merc.* Nay,  
I will assure you, Sir, I'll do no harm;—

\* *In spight of course.*] Seward would substitute *courtesy* for *course*.  
You

You have too much about you of your own.

*Ant.* Have you thought of a place yet?

*Merc.* A place?

*Ant.* Ay, a place where you will bide:  
Prithee no more of this modesty; 'tis foolish!  
An we were not determined to be  
Absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

*Merc.* I have thought, and you shall hear from me.

*Ant.* Why, this will gain me everlasting glory!

I have the better of him, that's my comfort!

Good night!

[Exit.]

*Merc.* Good night!—

Well, go thy ways! thou art the tidiest wittol  
This day I think above ground;  
And yet thy end for all this must be motly. [Exit.]

*Enter Tinker and Dorothy.*

*Tinker.* 'Tis bitter cold. A plague upon these rogues,  
How wary they are grown! not a door open now,  
But double-barred; not a window,  
But up with a case of wood, like a spice-box;  
And their locks unpickable! the very smiths  
That were half venturers, drink penitent single ale:  
This is the iron age the ballad sings of.  
Well, I shall meet with some of your loose linen yet;  
Good fellows must not starve; here's he shall shew  
You God-a-mighty's dog-bolts, if this hold.

*Dor.* Faith, thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault;  
Thou art as sweet a thief, that sin excepted,  
As ever suffer'd; that is a proud word,  
And I'll maintain it.

*Tinker.* Come, prithee let's shog off<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> *Shog off.*] This cant word is used by Nym, in Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. scene i.

‘ Will you *shog off*? I would have you solus.’  
Again, in Marston's *What You Will*, act v. scene i.

‘ — why then, capricious mirth.

‘ Skip light moriscoes in our frolick blood,

‘ Flagg'd veins, sweet, plump with fresh-infused joys,

‘ Laughter, pucker our cheeks, make shoulders *shog*

And bowze an hour or two<sup>10</sup>; there's ale will make  
A cat speak at the Harrow: We shall get nothing now,  
Without we batter; it is grown too near  
Morning; the rogues sleep sober, and are watchful.

*Dor.* We want a boy extremely for this function,  
Kept under for a year, with milk and knot-grass.  
In my time I have seen a boy do wonders:  
Robin the red tinker had a boy,  
(God rest his soul, he suffer'd this time four years  
For two spoons, and a pewter candlestick)  
That sweet man had a boy, as I am curstend whore,  
Would have run thro' a cat-hole; he would  
Have boulted such a piece of linen in an evening—

*Tinker.* Well, we will have a boy, Prithee let's go!  
I am vengeance cold, I tell thee.

*Dor.* I'll be hang'd  
Before I stir without some purchase! By these  
Ten bones, I'll turn she-ape, and untile a house,  
But I will have it! It may be I have  
A humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell,

*Enter Viola.*

*Tinker,* Peace, you flea'd whore! thou hast a mouth  
like a blood-hound:  
Here comes a night-shade.

*Dor.* A gentlewoman-whore;  
By this darkness, I'll case her to the skin,

*Tinker,* Peace, I say!

*Viola.* What fear have I endur'd this dismal night!  
And what disgrace, if I were seen and known!  
In which this darkness only is my friend,  
That only has undone me. A thousand curses  
Light on my easy, foolish, childish love,

<sup>10</sup> With chucking lightness, &c.'

Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment,

' List to the music that corrupts the gods,

' Subverts even destiny, and thus it shogs.

<sup>10</sup> Browze an hour or two.] The text is from Mr. Theobald's margin. I conjectured we should read *rouse*, i. e. *carouse*, but it is a matter of no great moment.

Sympson.

That

That durst so lightly lay a confidence  
Upon a man, so many being false !  
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy ;  
I must lie down.

*Tinker.* What's this ? a prayer, or  
A homily, or a ballad of good counsel ?  
She has a gown, I'm sure.

*Dor.* Knock out her brains !  
And then she'll never bite.

*Tinker.* Yes, I will knock her,  
But not yet.—You ! woman !

*Viola.* For God's sake, what are you ?

*Tinker.* One of the grooms of your wardrobe. Come,  
Uncase, uncase ! By'r lady, a good kersey !

*Viola.* Pray do not hurt me, Sir.

*Dor.* Let's have no pity <sup>11</sup> ;  
For if you do, here's that shall cut your whistle.

*Viola.* Alas, what would you have ? I am as miserable  
As you can make me any way.

*Dor.* That shall be tried.

*Viola.* Here, take my gown, if that will do you pleasure.

*Tinker.* Yes, marry will't. Look in the pockets, Doll ;  
There may be birds.

*Dor.* They're flown, a pox go with them !  
I'll have this hat, and this ruff too ; I like it :  
Now will I flourish like a lady brave,  
I'faith, boy.

*Viola.* You are so gentle people, to my seeming,  
That by my truth I could live with you !

*Tinker.* Could you so ?

A pretty young round wench, well-blooded ; I  
Am for her <sup>12</sup>.

*Dor.* But by this, I am not ; cool  
Your codpiece, rogue ! or I will clap a spell on't,

<sup>11</sup> Let's have no pity ] i. e. No crying out for pity. *Sympson.*

<sup>12</sup> Am for her, thieves.] *Thieves* has stolen into the text here  
very unaccountably. If the speech is, or is not curtail'd, as I can't  
promise, yet there is no reason for *thieves* standing here, as there is  
nothing to which it can probably refer. There are but two ways I  
know of that we can rid the text of it ; the first is by expunging it

Shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.

*Tinker.* Peace, horse-flesh, peace! I'll cast off my Amazon;

Sh' has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious,  
She'll fight and scold, and drink like one o'th' worthies.

*Dor.* Uds precious,  
You young contagious whore, must you be ticeing?  
And, is your flesh so rank, Sir, that two may live  
upon't?

I'm glad to hear your curtal's<sup>13</sup> grown so lusty;  
He was dry-founder'd t'other day; wehee,  
My pamper'd jade of Asia<sup>14</sup>!

*Viola.* Good woman, do not hurt me! I am sorry  
That I have given any cause of anger.

*Dor.* Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by  
This steel I'll tell, altho' I trus for company!  
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,  
Without vinegar: I must have her nose!

*Viola.* By any thing you love best, good Sir! good  
woman!

*Tinker.* Why her nose, Dorothy?

*Dor.* If I have it not,  
And presently, and warin, I lose that I go withal.

*Tinker.* Would the devil had that thou goest withal,  
And thee together! for sure he got thy whelps,  
If thou hast any; he's thy dear dad<sup>15</sup>. Whore,

as I have done, and the second by supposing that it is a corruption of  
this, and situate in a wrong place, and that the passage once run thus,

*A pretty young round wench well blooded, this,*

*I'm for her* —————

*Sympson.*

<sup>13</sup> *Cortall.*] In Ben Jonson's Masque called Chloridia, a Postillion says, 'Look to my curtal,' (according to which we have reformed the orthography); and Mr. Whalley says,

'A curtal is a small horse; properly one who hath his tail dock'd  
• or curtailed.'

<sup>14</sup> *My pamper'd jade of Asia.*] This is plainly meant as a burlesque on this line in Marlow's *Tamerlane*:

'Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia;  
which is also ridiculed in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii.  
scene iv.

<sup>15</sup> *She's thy dear dad, ——*] Common sense, as Mr. Seward saw  
too, calls out for a change of *She's* into *He's*. *Sympson.*

*Put*

Put up your cut-purse! an I take my switch up,  
'Twill be a black time with you else; sheath your  
bung, whore!

*Dor.* Will you bind her?

We shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.

*Tinker.* Come, I must bind you: Not a word; no  
crying!

*Viola.* Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

*Tinker.* Hurt her not: If thou dost, by ale and beer,  
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece  
Of brass, you bitch incarnate. [Exe. *Tinker and Dor.*]

*Viola.* Oh, Heav'n, to what am I reserv'd! that  
knew not,

Thro' all my childish hours and actions,  
More sin than poor imagination,  
And too-much loving of a faithles man,  
For which I'm paid; and so, that not the day  
That now is rising to protect the harmless,  
And give the innocent a sanctuary  
From thieves and spoilers, can deliver me  
From shame, at leaft suspicion!

*Enter Valerio.*

*Val.* Sirrah, lead down  
The horses easily! I'll walk a-foot  
'Till I be down the hill. 'Tis very early;  
I shall reach home betimes. How now? who's there?

*Viola.* Night, that was ever friend to lovers, yet  
Has rais'd some weary soul, that hates his bed,  
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.

*Val.* H'had a rude heart that did this.

*Viola.* Gentle Sir,  
If you have that which honest men call pity,  
And be as far from evil as you shew,  
Help a poor maid, that this night by bad fortune  
Has been thus us'd by robbers.

*Val.* A pox upon his heart that would not help thee!  
This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands.  
How long have you been tied here?

*Viola.*

*Viola.* Alas,

This hour, and with cold and fear am almost perish'd.

*Val.* Where were the watch the while? Good sober gentlemen!

They were, like careful members of the city,  
Drawing in diligent ale, and singing catches,  
While Mr Constable contriv'd the toasts.

These fellows should be more severely punish'd  
Than wandring gypsies, that ev'ry statute whips;  
For if they'd every one two eyes apiece more,  
Three pots would put them out.

*Viola.* I cannot tell;  
I found no Christian to give me succour.

*Val.* When they take a thief,  
I'll take Ofstend again<sup>16</sup>: The whoresons  
Drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep  
Like tops; as for their bills, they only serve  
To reach down bacon to make rashers on.  
Now let me know to whom I've done this courtesey,  
That I may thank my early rising for it.

*Viola.* Sir, all I am, you see.  
*Val.* You have a name, I'm sure, and a kindred,  
A father, friend, or something that must own you.—  
She's a handsome young wench: What rogues were  
these to rob her!

*Viola.* Sir, you see all I dare reveal; and, as  
You are a gentleman, press me no further!  
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness  
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me;  
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing:  
For your own goodness sake, desire it not!

*Val.* If you would not have me enquire that,  
How do you live then?

*Viola.* How I have liv'd, is  
Still one question, which must not be resolv'd:  
How I desire to live, is in your liking;  
So worthy an opinion I have of you.

*Val.* Is in my liking? How, I pray thee? tell me!

<sup>16</sup> *Ofstend.*] See note 13 on the Woman's Prize.

I'faith, I'll do you any good lies in my power.—  
 She has an eye would raise a bed-rid man :  
**Come, leave your fear, and tell me, that's a good wench !**

*Viola.* Sir, I would serve—

*Val.* Who wouldst thou serve? Don't weep,  
 And tell me.

*Viola.* Faith, Sir, even some good woman ;  
 And such a wife, if you be married,  
 I do imagine yours.

*Val.* Alas! thou'rt young and tender ;  
 Let me see thy hand ! This was ne'er made to wash,  
 Or wind up water, beat cloaths, or rub a floor.  
 By this light, for one use, that shall be nameless,  
 'Tis the best wanton hand that e'er I look'd on !

*Viola.* Dare you accept me, Sir? my heart is honest :  
 Among your virtuous charitable deeds,  
 This will not be the least.

*Val.* Thou canst in a chamber ?

*Viola.* In a chamber, Sir ?

*Val.* I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman.—  
 How quick she is ! I like that mainly too ;  
 I'll have her, tho' I keep her with main strength,  
 Like a besieg'd town ; for I know I shall  
 Have th' enemy afore me within a week.

*Viola.* Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty laces,  
 Dress a head handsome, teach young gentlewomen ;  
 For in all these I have a little knowledge.

*Val.* 'Tis well ;—no doubt I shall encrease that knowledge.

I like her better still ; how she provokes me !—  
 Pretty young maid, you shall serve a good gentlewoman,

Tho' I say it, that will not be unwilling

You should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

*Viola.* I am the happier,

*Val.* My man shall make some shift to carry you  
 Behind him : Can you ride well ?

*Viola.* But I'll hold fast,

For

For catching of a fall.

*Val.* That's the next way

To pull another on you.—I'll work her as I go :  
I know she's wax ! Now, now, at this time could I  
Beget a worthy on this wench.

*Viola.* Sir, for

This gentleness, may Heav'n requite you tenfold !

*Val.* 'Tis a good wench ! however others use thee,  
Be sure I'll be a loving master to thee. Come ! [Exe.

*Enter Antonio like an Irish footman, with a letter.*

*Ant.* I hope I'm wild enough for being known !  
I've writ a letter here, and in it have  
Abus'd myself most bitterly, yet, all  
My fear is, not enough,  
For that must do it, that must lay it on :  
I'll win her out o'th' flint ; 'twill be more famous.  
Now for my language !

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Now, Sir ; who'd you speak with ?

*Ant.* Where be thy mestres, man ? I'd speake with her :  
I have a letter.

*Serv.* Cannot I deliver it ?

*Ant.* No, by my trot and fait, canst thou not, man.

*Serv.* Well, Sir, I'll call her to you ; pray shake  
your ears

Without a little.

[Exit,

*Ant.* Cran a cree, do it quickly !  
This rebel tongue<sup>16</sup> sticks in my teeth  
Worse than a tough hen : Sure it was  
Ne'er known at Babel ; for they sold no apples,  
And this was made for certain at the first  
Planting of orchards, it is so crabbed.

*Enter Maria and Servant.*

*Maria.* What's he would speak with me ?

*Serv.* A Kilkenny ring ;

<sup>16</sup> *This rebel tongue.*] See note 26 on this Play.

There

There he stands, madam.

*Maria.* What would you have with me, friend?

*Ant.* He has a letter for other women; wilt thou read it?

*Maria.* From whence?

*Ant.* De crosse Creeft, from my master!

*Maria.* Who is your master?

*Ant.* I pray do you look.

*Maria.* Do you know this fellow?

*Serv.* No,

Madam, not I, more than an Irish footman.

Stand further, friend; I do not like your rope-runners.

What stallion rogues are these, to wear such trowfers<sup>17</sup>!

The very cotton may commit adultery.

*Maria.* I can't find whose hand this should be; I'll read:

‘To the beauteous wife of don Antonio.’

Sure this is some blind scribe! Well! now what follows?

*Ant.* Pray God it take! I have given her that Will stir her conscience; how it works with her! Hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it!

*Maria.* This is the most abhor'd, intolerable knavery,

That e'er slave entertain'd! Sure there is more Than thine own head in

This villainy; it goes like practis'd mischief.

Disabled in his body? Oh, good God!

As I live, he lies fearfully, and basely.

Ha! I should know that jewel; 'tis my husband!— Come hither, sirrah; are you an Irishman?

*Ant.* Sweet woman, a cree, I am an Irishman.

*Mar.* Now I know't perfectly: Is this your trick, Sir? I'll trick you for it!—How long have you serv'd This gentleman?

*Ant.* Please thee, a little day, O my Mac Dermond put me to my mastree.— 'Tis done, I know.

<sup>17</sup> To wear such dowssets.] The variation by Sympson.

*Maria.*

*Maria.* By my faith, he speaks as well  
 As if he had been lousy for the language  
 A year or two. Well, Sir, you had better  
 Have kept in your own shape, as I will use you.  
 What have I done that should deserve this trial?  
 I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge.  
 Sirrah, come hither!

*Ant.* Now will she send some jewel,  
 Or some letter; I know her mind as well!  
 I shall be famous.

*Maria.* Take this Irish bawd here—

*Ant.* How!

*Maria.* And kick him 'till his breeches  
 And breech be of one colour, a bright-blue both!  
*Ant.* I may be well swing'd thus, for I dare not  
 Reveal myself: I hope she does not mean it.

[*Servant kicks him.*  
 Oh, hone! oh, hone! oh, St. Patrick! oh, a cree!  
 Oh, sweet woman!

*Maria.* Now turn him,  
 And kick him o't'other side! that's well.

*Ant.* Oh, good waiting-man! I beseech thee,  
 Good waiting-man!—A pox fire your legs!

*Maria.* You rogue,  
 You enemy to all, but little breeches,  
 How dar'st thou come to me with such a letter?

*Ant.* Prithee  
 Pity th' poor Irishman!—All this makes for me:  
 If I win her yet, I'm still more glorious.

*Maria.* Now could I weep at what I'ye done;  
 but I'll  
 Harden my heart again.—Go, shut him up—  
 Until my husband comes home. Yet thus much  
 Ere you go, sirrah Thatch'd-Head! wouldst not thou  
 Be whipt, and think it justice?—  
 Well *Aquavite* barrel, I'll bounce you.

*Ant.* I pray, do, I beseech you, be not angry!

*Maria.* Oh, you hobby-headed rascal, I'll have you  
 flead,

And

And trossers<sup>18</sup> made of thy skin to tumble in.  
 Go, away with him! let him see no fun,  
 'Till my husband come home.—Sir, I  
 Shall meet with you for your knavery,  
 I fear it not.

*Ant.* Wilt thou not let me go?—  
 I do not like this.

*Maria.* Away with him!

*Serv.* Come, I'll lead you in by your jack-a-lent-hair.  
 Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack!

*Maria.* And, do you hear me, sirrah? when you've  
 done,

Make my coach ready.

*Serv.* Yes, forsooth. [Exit with Antonio.

*Maria.* Lock him up safe enough.—  
 I'll to this gentleman, and know the reason  
 Of all this business, for I do suspect it;  
 If he have laid this plot, I'll ring him such a peal  
 Shall make his ears deaf for a month at least. [Exit.

Enter Ricardo.

*Ric.* Am I not mad? Can this weak-temper'd head,  
 That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong  
 That I have done a virgin, and my love?  
 Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat  
 The walls and trees down with thee, and will let  
 Either thy memory out, or madness in!  
 But sure I never lov'd fair Viola,  
 I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,  
 Or any thing but drink! Had I had love,  
 Nay, had I known so much charity<sup>19</sup>

<sup>18</sup> *Trossers.*] *Trossers* appear to have been loose breeches: The word is still preserved, but now written *trousers*. *Steevens.*

<sup>19</sup> *Had I known so much charity.*] The omission of a particle here hurts the sense, as well as the measure: *To know so much charity.* is to possess so much charity; but to *know so much of charity.* is to hear or read so much of it, as that it is a duty to save an infant from the fire; which is a stronger exclusion of himself to all pretence of charity. *Seward.*

We think the old reading right.

As

As would have sav'd an infant from the fire,  
 I had been naked, raving in the street,  
 With half a face, gashing myself with knives,  
 Two hours ere this time.

*Enter Pedro, Silvio, and Uberto.*

*Pedro.* Good-morrow, Sir!

*Ric.* Good-morrow, gentlemen!

Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.

*Pedro.* So have I, but they're unsettled ones:  
 'Would I'd some porridge!

*Ric.* The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,  
 And told me, that there was a gentlewoman,  
 Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,  
 For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

*Pedro.* I'faith, nor I.

*Uberto.* I have a glimmering  
 Of some such thing.

*Ric.* Was it you, Silvio,  
 That made me drink so much? 'twas you or Pedro.

*Pedro.* I know not who.

*Silvio.* We were all apt enough.

*Ric.* But I will lay the fault on none but me,  
 That I would be so entreated!—Come, Silvio,  
 Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen,  
 Why do you stay? Let's never leave off now,  
 Whilst we have wine, and throats! I'll practise it,  
 'Till I have made it my best quality;  
 For what is best for me to do but that?  
 For Heav'n sake, come and drink! When I am nam'd,  
 Men shall make answ're, 'Which Ricardo mean you?  
 'The excellent drinker?' I will have it so.

Will you go drink?

*Silvio.* We drunk too much too lately.

*Ric.* Why, there is then the less behind to drink:  
 Let's end it all! dispatch that, we'll send abroad,  
 And purchase all the wine the world can yield;  
 And drink it off; then take the fruits o'th' earth,  
 Distil the juice from them, and drink that off;

We'll

We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,  
 And drink off that, that never more may grow<sup>20</sup> ;  
 We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off,  
 And all this while we'll never think of those  
 That love us best, more than we did last night.  
 We will not give unto the poor a drop  
 Of all this drink ; but, when we see them weep,  
 We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too :  
 We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture  
 In this large globe ; but fuck it cold and dry,  
 'Till we have made it elemental earth,  
 Merely by drinking.

*Pedro.* Is it flattery  
 To tell you, you are mad ?

*Ric.* If it be false,  
 There's no such way to bind me to a man ;  
 He that will have me lay my goods and lands,  
 My life down for him, need no more but say,  
 ' Ricardo, thou art mad ! ' and then all these  
 Are at his service ; then he pleases me,  
 And makes me think that I had virtue in me,  
 That I had love and tendernes of heart ;  
 That, tho' I have committed such a fault  
 As never creature did, yet running mad,  
 As honest men should do for such a crime,  
 I have express'd some worth, tho' it be late :  
 But I, alas, have none of these in me,  
 But keep my wits still like a frozen man,  
 That had no fire within him.

*Silvio.* Nay, good Ricardo,  
 Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her !  
 I will deliver it.

*Ric.* 'Tis to no purpose ;  
 Perhaps she's lost last night ; or, if she is  
 Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd-to  
 The wind can scarce come to her : Or, admit  
 She were herself, if she would hear from me,

<sup>20</sup> *That never more may grow* ;] i. e. *That nothing more may ever grow.* The expression is strong, but not very clear. *Lillard.*

From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,  
She were so foolish that she were no more  
To be belov'd.

*Enter Andrugio, and Servant with a night-gown.*

*Serv.* Sir, we have found this night-gown she took  
with her.

*Andr.* Where<sup>21</sup>?

*Ric.* Where? where? speak quickly!

*Serv.* Searching in the suburbs,  
We found a Tinker and his whore that had  
It in a tap-house, whom we apprehended,  
And they confess'd they stole it from her.

*Ric.* And murder'd her?

*Silvio.* What ail you, man?

*Ric.* Why, all this doth not make  
Me mad.

*Silvio.* It does; you would not offer this else.  
Good Pedro, look to's sword!

*Serv.* They do deny  
The killing of her, but swore they  
Left her tied to a tree, i' th' fields next those  
Suburbs that are without Our Lady's gate,  
Near day, and by the road, so that some passenger  
Must needs unty her quickly.

*Andr.* The will of Heav'n be done! Sir, I will only  
Entreat you this, that as you were the greatest  
Occasion of her los's, that you'll be pleas'd  
To urge your friends, and be yourself earnest  
I' th' search of her: If she be found, she is yours,  
If she please. I myself only will see these people  
Better examined, and after follow  
Some way in search. God keep you, gentlemen! [Ex.

*Silvio.* Alas, good man!

*Ric.* What think ye now of me? I think this lump  
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,  
Without a soul; for where there's so much spirit  
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine

<sup>21.</sup> *Andr. Where?* Dropped since first folio.

Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,  
And run like molten gold thro' every sin,  
'Till it could burst these walls, and fly away.—  
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,  
And search this innocent?

*Pedro.* With all our hearts.

*Ric.* Do not divide yourselves, till you come there  
Where they say she was tied: I'll follow too,  
But never to return till she be found.  
Give me my sword, good *Pedro*! I will do  
No harm, believe me, with it; I am now  
Far better-temper'd: If I were not so,  
I have enow besides. God keep you all,  
And send us good success!

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III.

*Enter Mercury and Servant.*

*Merc.* WHO is it? can you tell?  
*Serv.* By my troth, Sir,

I know not; but it is a gentlewoman.

*Merc.* A gentlewoman<sup>22</sup>? I'll lay my life, yon puppy  
Has sent his wife to me: If he have, fling up the bed.

*Serv.* Here she is, Sir.

*Enter Maria, with a letter.*

*Maria.* I'm glad I found you, Sir. There, take  
your letter,

And keep it till you have another friend to wrong!  
'Tis too malicious false to make me sin;  
You have provok'd me to be that I love not,  
A talker, and you shall  
Hear me. Why should you dare t' imagine me

<sup>22</sup> *Merc.* *A gentleman.*] There is neither sense nor humour in this answer, and our Authors must undoubtedly have wrote it, gentlewoman.

*Sympson.*

So light a housewife, that, from four hours' knowledge,  
 You might presume to offer to my credit  
 This rude and ruffian trial ? I am sure  
 I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,  
 That might concern assurance <sup>23</sup> : You're a fool !  
 Merc. I cannot blame you, now I see this letter.  
 Tho' you be angry, yet with me you must not,  
 Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong.  
 My worst affections hate.

Maria. Did not you send it ?

Merc. No, upon my faith ;  
 And which is more, I understand it not :  
 The hand is as far from my knowledge,  
 As the malice.

Maria. This is strange !

Merc. It is so,  
 And had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,  
 Had I, that have receiv'd such courtesies,  
 And owe so many thanks, done this base office.

Maria. Your name is at it.

Merc. Yes, but not my nature ;  
 And I shall hate my name worse than the manner <sup>24</sup>,  
 For this base broking. You are wife and virtuous,  
 Remove this fault from me ;  
 For, on the love I bear to truth and goodness,  
 This letter dare not name me for the author.

Maria. Now I perceive my husband's knavery !  
 If my man can but find where he has been,  
 I will go with this gentleman, whatsoever  
 Comes on't ; and, as I mean to carry it,

<sup>23</sup> Concern assurance.] Though the sense of this place be not hard to find out, yet I am afraid the expression is not very justifiable ; as the word tokens occurs in the line above, I once thought we should read, confign, or contain assurance. Sympson.

<sup>24</sup> Than the manner.] Manner is certainly, as Mr. Seward saw with me, a corruption, and the true reading, which he concurred in, matter, i. e. the substance or contents of the letter to which his name was subscribed. Sympson.

Matter is probably right ; yet manner is used in old books for the facts taken in the MANNER.

Both he and all the world shall think it fit,  
And thank me for it.

*Merc.* I must confess I loved you at first ;  
Howe'er this made me leave your house unmanly,  
That might provoke me to do something ill,  
Both to your honour and my faith, and not  
To write this letter, which I hold so truly  
Wicked, that I won't think on't.

*Maria.* I do believe you, and since I see you're free,  
My words were not meant to you : But this is not  
The half of my affliction.

*Merc.* It is pity  
You should know more vexation ; may I enquire ?

*Maria.* Faith, Sir, I fear I've lost my husband.

*Merc.* Your husband ? it can't be. I pity her ;  
How she is vex'd !

*Enter Servant.*

*Maria.* How now ? what news ? Nay, speak,  
For we must know.

*Serv.* Faith, I have found at length,  
By chance, where he has been.

*Maria.* Where ?

*Serv.* In a blind  
Out-house i' th' suburbs : Pray God all be well with  
him !

*Maria.* Why ?

*Serv.* There are his cloaths ; but, what's become  
of him,  
I cannot yet enquire <sup>25</sup>.

*Maria.* I'm glad of this.—  
Sure they have murder'd him ! What shall I do ?

*Merc.* Be not so griev'd, before you know the truth !  
You've time enough to weep. This is the sudden'st  
Mischief—Did you not bring an officer  
To search there, where you say you found his cloaths ?

*Serv.* Yes ; and we search'd it, and charg'd the  
fellow with him ;

<sup>25</sup> I cannot yet enquire.] Enquire means here find out. Sympson.

But he, like a rogue, a stubborn rogue, made answer,  
He knew not where he was ; he had been there,  
But where he was now he could not tell :  
I tell you true, I fear him.

*Maria.* Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,  
After this three-years' travel, come to this ?

*Serv.* It is the rankest house in all the city,  
The most curs'd roguish bawdy-house ! Hell fire it !

*Merc.* This is the worst I heard yet. Will you go  
home ?

I'll bear you company, and give you the  
Best help I may : This being here will wrong you.

*Maria.* As you're a gentleman, and as you lov'd  
Your dead friend, let me not go home !  
That will but heap one sorrow on another.

*Merc.* Why, propose any thing, and I'll perform't :  
I am at my wits' end too.

*Serv.* So am I. Oh, my dear master !

*Merc.* Peace, you great fool !

*Maria.* Then, good Sir, carry me to some retir'd  
place,

Far from the sight of this unhappy city ;  
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough !

*Merc.* If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better  
To go home, and try what may be done yet ;  
He may be at home afore you ; who can tell ?

*Maria.* Oh, no ; I know he's dead, I know he's  
murder'd !

Tell me not of going home ! you murder me too.

*Merc.* Well, since it pleases you to have it so,  
I will no more persuade you to go home ;  
I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief  
Doth command me. I've a mother, dwelling from  
This place some twenty miles : The house tho'  
homely,

Yet able to shew something like a welcome ;  
Thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.

*Maria.* With all the speed that may be thought upon !  
I have a coach here ready ; good Sir, quickly ! —

I'll

I'll fit you, my fine husband!

*Merc.* It shall be so:

If this fellow be dead, I see no band  
Of any other man to tie me from my will;  
And I will follow her with such careful service,  
That she shall either be my love, or wife,  
Will you walk in?

*Maria.* I thank you, Sir; but one word with my man,  
And I am ready!—Keep the Irish fellow  
Safe, as you love your life, for he I fear  
Has a deep hand in this; then search again,  
And get out warrants for that naughty man  
That keeps the bad house, that he may answer it!  
If you find the body, give it due burial.

Farewell! You shall hear from me. Keep all safe!

*Serv.* Oh, my sweet master!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Antonio, knocking within.*

*Ant.* Man-a-cree,  
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?  
I prithee now let me go seek my master;  
I shall be very cheel else.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Do you hear, man-a-cree?  
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not still;  
Down, you rogue!

*Ant.* Good sweet fact farving-man,  
Let me out, I beseech de, and by my trot  
I will give dy worship two shillings in good argot,  
To buy dy worship pipins.

*Serv.* This rogue thinks  
All the worth of man consists in pipins: By this light,  
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever<sup>26</sup>!

*Ant.* Wilt thou not hear me, man?  
Is fet! I'll give thee all I have about me.

*Serv.* I thank you, Sir; so I may have picking work<sup>27</sup>.

<sup>26</sup> *I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever.*] A second slur this upon the rebellious Irish. *Sympson.*

<sup>27</sup> *May have picking work.*] Meaning he was lousy. *Sympson.*

*Ant.* Here is five shillings, man.

*Serv.* Here is a cudgel,  
A very good one !

Enter two Servants.

*2 Serv.* How now? what's the matter?  
Where is the Irishman?

*1 Serv.* There, a wyth take him <sup>28</sup>!  
He makes more noise alone there, than ten lawyers  
Can do with double fees, and a scurvy case <sup>29</sup>.

*2 Serv.* Let him out! I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

*Ant.* Wilt thou give me  
Some drink, oh, hone? I am very dry, man.

*2 Serv.* You shall have that shall quench your thirst,  
my friend.

*Ant.* Wat dost thou mean, man?

*2 Serv.* Even a good tough halter.

<sup>28</sup> *A wyth take him.*] This expression seems to be equivalent to that now used by the vulgar, *a halter take him*. *A wyth* appears to have been a *band* or *halter*. 'I heard a tale of a butcher, who driving two calves over a common, that were coupled together by the necks with an oaken wyth. In the way where they should pass, there lay a poor lean mare, with a gall'd back, to whom they coming (as chance fell out) one of one side, and the other of the other, smelling on her, (as their manner is) the midst of the wyth that was betwixt their necks rubbed her and grated her on the sore back, that she started and rose up, and hung them both on her back as a beam; which being but a rough plaister to her raw ulcer, she ran away with them (as she were frantic) into the fens, where the butcher cou'd not follow them, and drowned both herself and them in a quagmire. Now the owner of the mare is in law with the butcher for the loss of his mare, and the butcher interchangeably indicts him for his calves. *Pierce Penileffe his Supplication to the Devil*, by Tho. Nashe, 1593, p. 15.

This whimsical story so much resembles the case of Bullum and Boatum, told by the late Lecturer on Heads, that he might almost be suspected to have borrowed the idea from Nash. R.

<sup>29</sup> *With double, and a scurvy case.*] Mr. Seward proposed reading *doubtful*, or *double and scurvy*, i. e. *doubly scurvy*. I only suppose a word has been dropt here by chance, and that the whole ran once, *double fees, and a scurvy cause.*

i. e. doubly paid to plead a scurvy cause.

Sympson.

Ant.

*Ant.* A halter? oh, hone!

*2 Serv.* Sirrah,

You are a mischievous rogue, that's the truth.

*Ant.* No, fet I am not.

*1 Serv.* Shall I knock out his brains?

I have kill'd dogs have been worth three of him  
For all uses.

*2 Serv.* Sirrah, the truth on't is,

You must with me to a justice. Oh, Roger, Roger!

*1 Serv.* Why, what's the matter, William?

*2 Serv.* Heavy news, Roger,

Heavy news; God comfort us!

*1 Serv.* What is't, man?

*Ant.* What's the matter now?—I am ev'n weary  
Of this way: 'Would I were out on't!

*2 Serv.* My master sure

Is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed rogue,  
I fear, has had a hand in't.

*Ant.* No, fet, not!

*1 Serv.* Stand away!

I'll kick it out of him: Come, sirrah, mount;—  
I'll make you dance, you rascal! kill my master?  
If thy breech were cannon-proof, having this  
Good cause on my side, I would encounter it;  
Hold fair, Shamrock!

*Ant.* Why, how now, Sirs!

You will not murder me, indeed?

*2 Serv.* Blefs us, Roger!

*Ant.* Nay, I am no spirit.

*2 Serv.* How do you, Sir?

This is my very master.

*Ant.* Why, well enough yet;

But you've a heavy foot of your own. Where's my  
wife?

*1 Serv.* Alas, poor sorrowful gentlewoman,

She thinks you're dead, and has given o'er housekeeping.

*Ant.* Whither is she gone then?

*1 Serv.* Into the country.

With the gentleman, your friend, Sir,

To see if she can wear her sorrows out there :  
She weeps and takes on too—

*Ant.* This falls out pat ;  
I shall be everlasting for a name !—  
Do you hear ? upon your lives and faiths to me ,  
Not one word I am living !  
But let the same report pass along , that  
I am murder'd still.—I'm made for ever !

*1 Serv.* Why, Sir ?

*Ant.* I have a cause , Sir ; that's enough for you.—  
Well, if I be not famous , I am wrong'd much :  
For any thing I know , I will not trouble him  
This week at least ; no , let them take their way  
One of another !

*1 Serv.* Sir, will you be still an Irishman ?

*Ant.* Yes, a while.

*2 Serv.* But your worship will be beaten no more ?

*Ant.* No, I thank you , William.

*1 Serv.* In truth , Sir, if it must be so , I'll do it  
Better than a stranger .

*Ant.* Go ; you're knaves both !  
But I forgive you.—I am almost mad  
With the apprehension of what I shall be.—  
Not a word , I charge you !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Valerio and Viola.*

*Val.* Come, pretty soul , we now are near our home ,  
And whilst our horses are walk'd down the hill ,  
Let thou and I walk here over this close !  
The footway is more pleasant , 'Tis a time ,  
My pretty one , not to be wept away ,  
For every living thing is full of love ;  
Art not thou so too ? ha ?

*Viola.* Nay , there are living things  
Empty of love , or I had not been here ;  
But , for myself , alas , I have too much .

*Val.* It cannot be ,  
That so much beauty , so much youth and grace ,  
Should have too much of love ,

*Viola.*

*Viola.* Pray what is love?

For I am full of that I do not know.

*Val.* Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme desire,  
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd;  
To ask the reason why thou art in love,  
Or what might be the noblest end in love,  
Would overthrow that kindly-rising warmth,  
That many times slides gently o'er the heart;  
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts  
would be

Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,  
And void of all compassion; and, to fright thee  
From such enquiry, whereas thou art now  
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,  
And but sixteen, the knowing what love is  
Would make thee six and forty.

*Viola.* 'Would it would make me nothing!—I have  
heard

Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by love,  
But I believe, women maintain all this;  
For there's no love in men.

*Val.* Yes, in some men.

*Viola.* I know them not.

*Val.* Why, there is love in me.

*Viola.* There's charity I'm sure towards me.

*Val.* And love,

Which I will now expres: My pretty maid,  
I dare not bring thee home; my wife is foul,  
And therefore envious; she is very old,  
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,  
A subject fit for her unlucky vices  
To work upon; she never will endure thee.

*Viola.* She may endure,

If she be aught but devil, all the friendship  
That I will hold with you. Can she endure  
I should be thankful to you? may I pray  
For you and her? will she be brought to think,  
That all the honest industry I have  
Deserves brown bread? If this may be endur'd,

She'll

She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,  
Ere she fall out with me.

*Val.* But, trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

*Viola.* How fell you in love with such a creature?

*Val.* I never lov'd her.

*Viola.* And yet married her?

*Val.* She was a rich one.

*Viola.* And you swore, I warrant you,  
She was a fair one then too.

*Val.* Or, believe me,  
I think I had not had her.

*Viola.* Are you men  
All such? 'Would you would wall us in a place,  
Where all we women that are innocent  
Might live together!

*Val.* Do not weep at this:  
Altho' I dare not, for some weighty reason,  
Displease my wife, yet I'll forget not thee.

*Viola.* What will you do with me?

*Val.* Thou shalt be plac'd  
At my man's house, and have such food and raiment  
As can be bought with money: These white hands  
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,  
As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the strings  
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.

*Viola.* I thank you, Sir; but pray you cloath me  
poorly,  
And let my labour get me means to live!

*Val.* But, fair one, you I know do so much hate  
A foul ingratitude, you will not look  
I should do this for nothing.

*Viola.* I will work  
As much out as I can, and take as little; and  
That you shall have as duly paid to you  
As ever servant did.

*Val.* But give me now  
A trial of it, that I may believe!  
We are alone; shew me how thou wilt kiss  
And hug me hard, when I have stol'n away

From my too-clamorous wife that watches me,  
To spend a blessed hour or two with thee!

*Viola.* Is this the love you mean? You would have that

Is not in me to give; you would have lust.

*Val.* Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,  
'Tis lust I wish indeed.

*Viola.* And, by my troth,  
I have it not! For Heav'n's sake, use me kindly,  
Tho' I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,  
As this world goes!

*Val.* I do but speak to thee;  
Thy answers are thy own; I compel none:  
But if thou refuse this motion,  
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good soul!  
What profit can thy work bring me?

*Viola.* But I fear: I pray go! for lust, they say,  
will grow

Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks  
For all your courtesies, and there's a jewel  
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve  
Safe from the robbers. Pray you leave me here  
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,  
And Heav'n will bless you for it!

*Val.* Pretty maid,  
I am no robber, nor no ravisher.  
I pray thee keep thy jewel. I have done  
No wrong to thee. Tho' thou be'st virtuous,  
And in extremity, I do not know  
That I am bound to keep thee.

*Viola.* No, Sir;  
For God's sake, if you know an honest man  
In all these countries, give me some directions  
To find him out!

*Val.* More honest than myself,  
Good sooth, I do not know: I would have lain  
With thee, with thy consent; and who would not  
In all these parts, is past my memory,  
I'm sorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid;

God

God keep thee safe!

[Exit.]

*Viola.* I thank you, Sir; and you!  
 Woman, they say, was only made of man:  
 Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!  
 It may be, all the best was cut away  
 To make the woman, and the naught was left  
 Behind with him.—I'll sit me down and weep!  
 All things have cast me from 'em but the earth:  
 The evening comes, and every little flower  
 Droops now, as well as I.

*Enter Nan and Madge, with milk-pails.*

*Nan.* Good Madge,  
 Let's rest a little; by my troth, I'm weary.  
 This new pail is a plaguy heavy one; 'would Tom  
 Were hang'd for chusing it! 'tis the untoward'ft  
 Fool in a country.

*Madge.* With all my heart, and I thank you too, Nan.

*Viola.* What true contented happiness dwells here,  
 More than in cities! 'Would to God my father  
 Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up  
 To milk, and do as they do! Methinks 'tis  
 A life that I would chuse, if I were now  
 To tell my time again, above a prince's.—Maids,  
 For charity, give a poor wench one draught of milk,  
 That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd!

*Nan.* If I'd but one cow's milk in all the world,  
 You should have some on't: There; drink more!  
 the cheese

Shall pay for it. Alas, poor heart, she's dry.

*Madge.* Do you dwell hereabouts?

*Viola.* No; 'would I did!

*Nan.* Madge, if she dos not look like my cousin Sue  
 O'th' Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another.

*Madge.* Nay; Sue has a hazle eye, I know Sue well:  
 And, by your leave, not so trim a body neither;  
 This is afeat-bodied thing I tell you.

*Nan.* She laces close

By the mass, I warrant you; and so does Sue too.

*Viola.*

*Viola.* I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.

*Nan.* Drink again, pray thee!

*Viola.* I'm satisfied; and Heav'n reward thee for't!

Yet thus far I'll compel you, to accept

These trifles, toys only that express my thanks,

For greater worth I'm sure they have not in them.

Indeed you shall; I found them as I came.

*Nan.* Madge! look you here, Madge!

*Madge.* Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine is  
All gold, and painted, and a precious stone in't:  
I warrant it cost a crown, wench.

*Nan.* But mine

Is the most sumptuous one, that e'er I saw.

*Viola.* One favour you must do me more, for you  
Are well acquainted here.

*Nan.* Indeed we'll do you any kindness, sister.

*Viola.* Only to send me to some honest place,  
Where I may find a service.

*Nan.* Uds me, our Dorothy went away but last week,  
And I know my mistress wants a maid, and why  
May she not be plac'd there? This is a likely wench,  
I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her.

*Madge.* And 'tis a hard case, if we that have serv'd  
Four years apiece, cannot bring in one servant;  
We will prefer her. Hark you, sister!

Pray what's your name?

*Viola.* Melvia.

*Nan.* Afeat name, i'faith! And can you milk a cow?  
And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.

*Viola.* I shall learn quickly.

*Nan.* And dres a house with flowers? and serve  
a pig?

(This you must do, for we deal in the dairy)

And make a bed or two?

*Viola.* I hope I shall.

*Nan.* But be sure to keep the men out; they will mar  
All that you make else, I know that by myself;  
For I have been so touz'd among 'em in  
My days! Come, you shall e'en home with us,

And

And be our fellow ; our house is so honest,  
 And we serve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman !  
 And we live as merrily, and dance o' good days  
 After even-song. Our wake shall be on Sunday :  
 Do you know what a wake is ? We have mighty  
 cheer then,

And such a coil, 'twould blefs ye ! You must not  
 Be so bashful, you'll spoil all.

*Madge.* Let's home, for God's sake !  
 My mistres thinks by this time we are lost :  
 Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you :  
 But you must tell my mistress where you were born,  
 And every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest  
 things

You can devise, for she loves those extremely ;  
 'Tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not  
 so scrupulous.

You must be our sister, and love us best,  
 And tell us every thing ; and when cold weather  
 Comes, we'll lie together : Will you do this ?

*Viola.* Yes.

*Nan.* Then home again, o' God's name ?  
 Can you go apace ?

*Viola.* I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV.

*Enter Pedro and Silvio* <sup>29</sup>, severally.

*Pedro.* HOW now ? any good news yet ?  
*Silvio.* Faith, not any yet.

*Pedro.* This comes o' tippling : Would 'twere treason,  
 An't please God, to drink more than three  
 Draughts at a meal.

<sup>29</sup> *Enter Pedro and Uberto severally.*] The dissonance between the persons in the stage direction, and those in the text, is too glaring to be overlooked. *Sympson.*

*Silvio.*

*Silvio.* When did you see Ricardo?

*Pedro.* I cross'd him twice to-day.

*Silvio.* You have heard of

A young wench that was seen last night?

*Pedro.* Yes.

*Silvio.* Has Ricardo heard of this?

*Pedro.* Yes; and I think

He's ridden after. Farewell! I will have

Another round.

*Silvio.* If you hear any thing,

Pray spare no horse-flesh; I will do the like.

*Pedro.* Do. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Ricardo and Valerio.*

*Ric.* Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all descriptions.

*Val.* 'Tis so;

I took her up indeed, the manner how

You've heard already, and what she had about her,

(As jewels, gold, and other trifling things)

And what my end was, which, because she slighted,

I left her there i'th' fields.

*Ric.* Left i'th' fields? Could any but a rogue,  
That had despis'd humanity and goodness,  
Heav'n's law and credit, and had set himself  
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,  
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue  
To the rude mercy of a wilderness?

*Val.* Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my house!  
I do not use to have such language given  
Within my doors to me. As for your wench,  
You may go seek her with more patience;  
She's tame enough, I warrant you.

*Ric.* Pray forgive me,  
(I do confess my much forgetfulness)  
And weigh my words no further, I beseech you,  
Than a mere madness! for such a grief has seiz'd me,  
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,  
And a just one too,  
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,

Than any thing I utter. Yet, let me tell you  
Thus much ; it was a fault for leaving her  
So in the fields.

*Val.* Sir, I will think so now ;  
And credit me, you have so wrought me with  
Your grief, that I do both forgive and pity you :  
And if you'll please to take a bed this night here,  
Tomorrow I will bring you where I left her.

*Ric.* I thank you, no ! Shall I be so unworthy  
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,  
And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,  
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,  
And all good comforts else, unless some tree,  
Whose speechless charity must better ours,  
With which the bitter East winds made their sport  
And sung thro' hourly, hath invited her  
To keep off half a day<sup>30</sup>? Shall she be thus,  
And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid !  
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,  
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,  
Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edg'd winds  
that prime<sup>31</sup>  
The maiden blossoms ; I provoke you all,

<sup>30</sup> *To keep off half a day?*] 'Tis pity this fine passage should be clog'd with the least obscurity. But what is *half a day* here? The twelve hours of the night? Or may *day* here signify the *open air*, as the miners use it in Derbyshire. When the ore is brought from under ground, they say, *It's brought to day*. If this last may be allow'd, the sentiment is extremely just. *To keep off only half the inclemency of the air.*

*Sympson.*

The expression, we think, means *to keep off the weather during half a day*: 'The twelve hours of the night,' is a ridiculous preciseness.

<sup>31</sup> *that prime*

*The maiden blossoms.*] Here we have another difficulty to encounter, which I am afraid is not capable of being explained into sense, and therefore must be cured another way. *To prime blossoms*, i. e. to *nip*, or *make them wither*, is, I fancy, an expression for which there can be found no authority, and so the less likely to have any claim for a place here. There are two ways of making this passage sense ; the first is by reading thus, *that prune*, &c. which Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in ; the other, and which I like better, is this ;

— *that*

And dare expose this body to your sharpness,  
'Till I be made a land-mark !

*Val.* Will you then stay  
And eat with me ?

*Ric.* You're angry with me, I know you're angry;  
You would not bid me eat else. My poor mistress,  
For aught I know, thou'rt famish'd; for what else  
Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season,  
That yet holds in the fruit? Good gentle Sir,  
Think not ill manners in me for denying  
Your offer'd meat! for sure I cannot eat  
While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a rascal,  
A villain, slave, that only was begotten  
To murder women, and of them the best.

*Val.* This is a strange affliction! If you will  
Accept no greater courtesy, yet drink, Sir.

*Ric.* Now I am sure you hate me: An you knew  
What kind of man I am—as indeed 'tis fit  
That every man should know me, to avoid me.  
If you have peace within you, Sir, or goodness,  
Name that abhor'd word *drink* no more unto me!  
You had safer strike me.

I pray you do not, if you love me, do not!

*Val.* Sir, I mean no ill by't.

*Ric.* It may be so;  
Nor let me see none, Sir, if you love Heav'n!  
You know not what offence it is unto me;  
Nor, good now, do not ask me why: And I warn  
You once again, let no man else speak of it!  
I fear your servants will be prating to me:

*Val.* Why, Sir, what ail you?

*Ric.* I hate drink, there's the end on't;  
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd<sup>12</sup>,

————— *that pine*  
*The maiden blossoms.*

*Sympson.*

Perhaps *prime the maiden blossoms*, might have been intended to  
signify to *cut them off in their PRIME*.

<sup>12</sup> *And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd* ] As the line is  
deficient by a syll. ble, why may we not preserve the sentiment, and  
restore the measure, by reading thus;

*And that man that drinks without meat is damn'd.*

*Sympson.*

Without an age of prayers and repentance ;  
 And there's a hazard too : Good Sir, no more !  
 If you will do me a free courtesey,  
 That I shall know for one, go take your horse,  
 And bring me to the place where you left her.

*Val.* Since you are so importunate, I will :  
 But I will wish, Sir, you had stay'd to-night ;  
 Upon my credit, you shall see no drink.

*Ric.* Be gone ! the hearing of it makes me giddy :  
 Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it ?  
 I shall be mad else.

*Val.* I pray no more of that !  
 I'm quiet ; I'll but walk in, and away straight.

*Ric.* Now I thank you ! But what you do,  
 Do in a twinkling, Sir !

*Val.* As soon as may be.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mother, Viola, Nan, and Madge.*

*Mother.* Is this the wench ? You've brought me  
 some catch, I warrant.

How daringly she looks upon the matter !

*Madge.* Yes, forsooth, this is the maiden.

*Mother.* Come hither ! Would you serve ?

*Viola.* If it shall please you to accept my service ;  
 I hope I shall do something that shall like you,  
 Tho' it be but truth, and often praying for you.

*Mother.* You are very curious of your hand methinks,  
 You preserve it so with gloves : Let me see it !  
 Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane, wenches !  
 This pretty palm never knew sorrow yet :  
 How soft it is, I warrant you, and supple !  
 O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket,  
 To filch withal, than to work : I fear me, little one,  
 You are no better than you should be ; go to !

*Viola.* My conscience yet is but one witness to me,  
 And that, Heav'n knows, is of mine innocence :  
 'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,  
 The time that I have led yet never taught me  
 What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.

*Mother.*

*Mother.* You can say well;  
 If you be mine, wench, you must do well too,  
 For words are but slow workers: Yet, so much  
 Hope I have of you, that I'll take you, so  
 You will be diligent, and do your duty.  
 How now?

*Enter Alexander.*

*Alex.* There is a messenger come  
 From your son, that brings you word he is return'd  
 From travel, and will be here this night.

*Mother.* Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever  
 A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that!  
 In troth th'haft much contented me. My son?  
 Lord, how thou hast pleas'd me! shall I see my son  
 Yet ere I die? Take care my house be handsome,  
 And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes,  
 And flow'rs for the window, and the Turkey carpet,  
 And the great parcel salt, Nan, with the cruets!  
 And prithee, Alexander, go to th' cook,  
 And bid him spare for nothing, my son's come home!  
 Who's come with him?

*Alex.* I hear of none yet, but a gentlewoman.

*Mother.* A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman?

*Alex.* I know not; but such a one there is, he says.

*Mother.* Pray God he have not cast away himself  
 Upon some snout-fair piece! I do not like it.

*Alex.* No, sure my master has more discretion.

*Mother.* Well, be it how it will he shall be welcome,  
 Sirs, to your tasks, and shew this little novice  
 How to bestir herself! I'll sort out things. [Exit.

*Madge.* We will, forsooth: I can tell you, my mistress  
 Is a stirring woman.

*Nan.* Lord, how she'll talk sometimes!  
 It is the maddest cricket—

*Viola.* Methinks she talks well,  
 And shews a great deal of good housewifery.  
 Pray let me deck the chambers, shall I?

*Nan.* Yes,

You shall; but do not scorn to be advis'd,  
Sister, for there belongs more to that than

You are aware on: Why

Would you venture so fondly upon the strowings?  
There's mighty matters in them, I'll assure you,  
And in the spreading of a bough-pot; you  
May miss, if you were ten years elder, if  
You take not especial care before you.

*Viola.* I will learn willingly, if that be all.

*Nan.* Sirrah, where is't they say my young master  
hath been?

*Madge.* Faith I know not; beyond the sea, where they  
Are born without noses.

*Nan.* Jesse, bless us! without noses?  
How do they do for handkerchiefs?

*Madge.* So Richard says:  
And, sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.

*Nan.* That's fine,  
By my troth! These men have pestilent running heads  
then.

Do they speak as we do?

*Madge.* No, they never speak.

*Nan.* Are they cursen'd?

*Madge.* No, they call them infidels;  
I know not what they are.

*Nan.* Sirrah, we shall have  
Fine courting now my young master is come home.  
Were you never courted, sister?

*Viola.* Alas, I know it not.

*Madge.* What is that courting, sirrah?

*Nan.* I can tell, for  
I was once courted in the matted chamber:  
You know the party, Madge; faith, he courted finely!

*Madge.* Pray thee what is't?

*Nan.* Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat  
Figent with me; faith, 'tis fine sport, this courting.

*Alex.* [within.] Where be the maids there?

*Madge.* We shall be hang'd anon! Away, good  
wenches!

And

And have a care you dight things handsomely ;  
I will look over you. [Exeunt.

*Enter Mercury and Maria.*

*Merc.* If your sorrow  
Will give you so far leave, pray think yourself  
Most welcome to this place, for so upon  
My life you are ; and for your own fair sake,  
Take truce awhile with these immoderate mournings !

*Maria.* I thank you, Sir ; I shall do what I may.  
Pray lead me to a chamber.

*Enter Mother and Alexander.*

*Merc.* Presently.  
Before your blessing, Mother, I entreat you  
To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome ;  
The virtuous wife of him that was myself  
In all my travels ! [Kneels.

*Mother.* Indeed she is most welcome ; so are you, son.  
Now, all my blessing on thee, thou hast made me  
Younger by twenty years than I was yesterday !  
Will you walk in ? What ails this gentlewoman ?  
Alas, I fear she is not well : Good gentlewoman !

*Merc.* You fear right.

*Mother.* Sh'has fasted over-long ;  
You shall have supper presently o'th' board.

*Merc.* She will not eat, I can assure you, Mother,  
For God's sake, let your maid conduct her up  
Into some fair-becoming chamber, fit for  
A woman of her being, and as soon as may be !  
I know she's very ill, and would have rest.

*Mother.* There is one ready for her, the blue chamber.

*Merc.* 'Tis well : I'll lead you to your chamber-door,  
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, mistress.

*Maria.* I thank you, Sir ! Good rest to every one !  
You'll see me once again to-night, I hope. [Exit.

*Merc.* When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, lady.

*Mother.* Where are these maids ? Attend upon the  
gentlewoman,  
And see she want no good thing in the house !

Good night with all my heart, forsooth!—Good Lord,  
How you are grown! Is he not, Alexander?

*Alex.* Yes, truly; he's shot up finely, God be thanked!

*Merc.* An ill weed, Mother, will do so.

*Alex.* You say true, Sir; an ill weed grows apace.

*Merc.* Alexander the sharp, you take me very quickly.

*Mother.* Nay, I can tell you, Alexander will do it.  
Do you read Madcap still?

*Alex.* Sometimes, forsooth.

*Mother.* But, faith, son, what countries have you travell'd?

*Merc.* Why, many, Mother, as they lay before me;  
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,  
And other provinces, that I am sure  
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

*Mother.* And can you these tongues perfectly?

*Merc.* Of some  
A little, Mother.

*Mother.* Pray, spout some French, son.

*Merc.* You understand it not; and to your ears 'twill  
Go like an unshod cart upon the stones,  
Only a rough unhandsome sound.

*Mother.* Faith, I would fain  
Hear some French.

*Alex.* Good Sir, speak some French  
To my mistress.

*Merc.* At your entreaty, Alexander,  
I will. Who shall I speak to?

*Alex.* If your worship  
Will do me the favour, Sir, to me.

*Merc.* *Monsieur poltron,*  
*Cocu, couillon, baisez mon cù!*

*Alex.* *Oui, monsieur.*

*Mother.* Ha, ha, ha! this is fine indeed!  
God's blessing on thy heart, son! By my troth,  
Thou'rt grown a proper gentleman! *Cullen and pullen,*  
Good God, what aukward words they use beyond the  
seas!

Ha,

Ha, ha, ha !

*Alex.* Did not I answer right ?

*Merc.* Yes, good Alexander,  
If you had done so too. But, good Mother,  
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,  
And am fasting.

*Mother.* You shall have your supper presently,  
My sweet son.

*Merc.* As soon as you please ; which, once ended,  
I'll go and visit yon sick gentlewoman.

*Mother.* Come then !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Antonio like a post, with a letter.*

*Ant.* I've ridden like a fury, to make up this work ;  
And I will do it bravely, ere I leave it.  
This is the house, I am sure.

*Enter Alexander.*

*Alex.* Who would  
You speak with, Sir ?

*Ant.* Marry, Sir, I'd speak with  
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the city :  
I have some letters of importance to her.  
I am a post, Sir, and would be dispatch'd  
In haste.

*Alex.* Sir, cannot I deliver 'em ?  
For, the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.

*Ant.* Pray pardon me ; I must needs speak with her,  
My busineſs is so weighty.

*Alex.* I'll tell her so,  
And bring you present word. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Pray do so, and I'll attend her.  
Pray God, the grief of my imagin'd death  
Spoil not what I intend ! I hope it will not.

*Re-enter Alexander.*

*Alex.* Tho' she be very ill, and desires no trouble,  
Yet, if your busineſs be so urgent, you may  
Come up and speak with her.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* I thank you, Sir ;  
I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Maria.*

*Maria.* What should this fellow be,  
I' th' name of Heav'n, that comes with such post  
busines?

Sure my husband hath reveal'd himself,  
And in this haste sent after me. Are you  
The post, my friend?

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Yes, forsooth, mistress.

*Maria.* What good news hast thou brought me,  
gentle post?

For I have woe and grief too much already.

*Ant.* I would you had less, mistress, I could wish it.—  
Besrew my heart, she moves me cruelly!

*Maria.* Have I found you once more, juggler?  
Well, jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee,  
Of all I read of yet: What ears has this ass  
To betray him with!—Well, what's your business then?

*Ant.* I've brought a letter from your servant, mistress,  
In haste.

*Maria.* Pray give it me; I hope the best still.

*Ant.* This is the upshot, and I know I've hit it!  
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk,  
I shall hear more of this an hundred years hence.

*Maria* [reading]. By any means, you must have  
special care;

For now the city is posses'd for certain,  
My master is made away; which, for aught I know,  
Is a truth indeed.

Good mistress, leave your grief, and see your danger,  
And let that wise and noble gentleman  
With whom you are be your right-hand in all things!

*Ant.* Now do I know I have the better on't!  
By th' languishing of her eye at this near instant,  
It is still fuming in her blood, in coining

Somewhat

Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it.

*Maria.* He is my husband, and 'tis reasonable  
He should command in all things: Since he will be  
An *af* against the hair<sup>33</sup>, at his own peril  
Be it!—I' th' morning you shall have a packet,  
'Till when I must entreat you stay; you shall  
Not lose by it.

*Ant.* I do not doubt it, mistres; I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

*Maria.* Do; and seek out the gentleman o' th' house; Bid him come to me presently.

*Ant.* Who? Mr. Mercury?

*Maria.* Do you know him, post?

*Ant.* Only by sight, forsooth: Now I remember, your servant willed me To let you know he is the only man You and your fortunes are now to rest upon.

*Maria.* Prithee, no more; I know all this already.

*Ant.* I'll take my leave now.—I am made for ever!

*Maria.* Good night!— [Exit *Ant.* I am provided for you, my fine youth. [Exit.

Enter *Mother*, beating *Viola*, and *Alexander* with a broken glass.

*Mother.* I'll make thee have more care.

*Viola.* Good mistres, pardon me!

*Mother.* Thou'l ne'er be good, I warrant thee!  
Can your fine fingers hold no faster?

*Viola.* Indeed,  
It was against my will.

<sup>33</sup> *Against the hair.*] In the First Part of Henry IV. Worcester says,  
‘ The quality and *hair* of our attempt  
‘ Brooks no division;’

and Dr. Johnson remarks, that ‘ the *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our Author's time. We still say, something is *against* the *hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency;’ and Mr. Steevens adds, ‘ In an old comedy called The Family of Love, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's first explanation: “ They say, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to’t.” ’

*Mother.*

*Mother.* Alexander,

Let's see the glass ! As I'm true kirsome woman,  
It is one of the chrystral glasses my cousin sent me !  
And the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be  
mended.

Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you ?

*Alex.* No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.

*Viola.* Truly,

I meant but to wash it for the gentlewoman  
That's sick above, and, shaking out the water,  
Knock'd it against the pail-side.

*Mother.* Did you so ?

Be sure I'll stop it ! 'twill make a good gap in  
Your quarter's wages, I can tell you.

*Viola.* I pray forgive me,  
And let me have no wages this first quarter.

*Mother.* Go, whimling, and fetch two or three  
grating loves

Out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of.

'Tis such an untoward thing ! [Exit *Viola*.]

*Alex.* She's somewhat simple,  
Indeed ; she knew not what a kimmel <sup>34</sup> was ;  
She wants good nurture mightily.

*Mother.* My son tells me, Alexander,  
That this young widow means to sojourn here ;  
She offers largely for her board, I may  
Offer her good cheer. Prithee make a step  
I' th' morning down to th' parsonage for some pigeons !  
What, are you mad there ? what noise is that ?  
Are you at bowls within ? Why do you whine ?

*Enter Viola weeping.*

*Viola.* I have done another fault ; I beseech you,  
Sweet mistress, forgive me !

*Mother.* What's the matter ?

*Viola.* As I was reaching for the bread that lay  
Upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minc'd-meat,  
That should have made the pies tomorrow.

<sup>34</sup> *Kimmel.*] Or *kenulin*, is a powdering-tub.

*Sympson.*  
*Mother.*

*Mother.* Get thee

Out of my house, thou filthy destroying harlot thou !  
I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

*Viola.* Good mistress, beat me rather for my fault,  
As much as it deserves ! I do not know  
Whither to go.

*Mother.* No, I warrant thee ; out of my doors !

*Viola.* Indeed I'll mend. I pray speak you for me !

*Alex.* If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but the  
pie-meat,

I would have spoke for thee ; but now I cannot  
Find in my heart.

*Mother.* Art thou here yet ? I think I must have  
An officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I ?

*Viola.* Why, you may stop this in my wages too ;  
For God's sake, do ! I'll find myself this year,  
And let me stay.

*Mother.* Thou't spoil ten times as much.  
I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.

*Viola.* I am assur'd you are more merciful,  
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

*Mother.* Dost thou dispute with me ? Alexander, carry  
The prating hilding forth.

*Viola.* Good mistress, hear me ! I have here a jewel  
My mother left me, and 'tis something worth :  
Receive it ; and when all my faults together  
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth ;  
'Till then, I pray you keep me.

*Mother.* What jiggumbob have we here ?  
Pray God, you have not pilfer'd this somewhere.  
Thou'rt such a puling thing ! Wipe your eyes,  
And rise ; go your ways. Alexander,  
Bid the cook mince some more meat. Come,  
And get you to bed quickly, that you may  
Up betime i' th' morning a-milking,  
Or you and I shall fall out worse yet.

[*Exeunt Mother and Alex.*

*Viola.* Sh'has hurt my arm :  
I am afraid she's a very angry woman,

But

But, bless him, Heav'n, that did me the most wrong!  
I am afraid Antonio's wife should see me;  
She will know me.

Mother [within]. Melvia!

Viola. I'm coming; she's not angry again, I hope.

[Exit.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying  
This woman, that I lov'd so? All I find,  
That I before imagin'd to be happy,  
Now I have done it, turns to nothing else  
But a poor, pitied, and a base repentance.  
Udsfoot, I'm monstrous angry with myself!  
Why should a man, that has discourse and reason,  
And knows how near he loses all in these things,  
Covet to have his wishes satisfied?  
Which, when they are, are nothing but the shame.  
I do begin to loath this woman strangely,  
And I think justly too, that durst adventure  
Flinging away her modesty, to take  
A stranger to her bed, (her husband's body  
Being scarce cold i'th' earth) for her content.  
It was no more to take my senses with,  
Than if I had an idle dream in sleep:  
Yet I have made her promises, which grieves me,  
And I must keep 'em too.—I think she hunts me!  
The devil cannot keep these women off,  
When they are flesh'd once<sup>35</sup>.

Enter Maria, in night attire.

Maria. To bed, for God's sake, Sir!  
Why do you stay here? Some are up i'th' house;  
I heard the wife. Good dear sweetheart, to bed.

Merc. Why, I am going! Why do you follow me?  
You would not have it known, I hope. Pray get you  
Back to your chamber! the door's hard by. For me,  
Let me alone; I warrant you!—This 'tis

<sup>35</sup> Fletched once.] Corrected in 1750.

To thresh well; I have got a customer!

Will you go to bed?

*Maria.* Will you?

*Merc.* Yes, I am going.

*Maria.* Then remember your promise you made to marry me.

*Merc.* I will; but it was your fault, that it came To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance: For, out of honesty, I offer'd you

To marry you first; why did you slack that offer?

*Maria.* Alas, I told you th' inconvenience of it, And what wrong it would appear to th' world, If I had married you in such post-haste After his death: Beside, the foolish people Would have been bold to have thought we had lain Together in his time, and like enough Imagined we two had murder'd him.

*Merc.* I love her tongue yet! If I were a saint, A gilded saint, and such a thing as this Should prate thus wittily and feelingly Unto my holiness, I cannot tell, But I fear shrewdly I should do something That would quite scratch me out o'th' kalendar; And if I stay longer talking with her, tho' I'm mad At what I have done already, yet I shall Forget myself again: I feel the devil Ready to hold my stirrup.—Pray, to bed! Good night!

*Maria.* This kiss! good night, sweet love, And peace go with thee!—Thou hast prov'd thyself Th' honestest man that ever was entic'd To that sweet sin, as people please to call it, Of lying with another's wife; and I I think the honestest woman, without Blushing, that e'er lay with another man. I sent my husband into the cellar, post, Fearing, and justly, he should have known him; Which I did not purpose 'till I had had my end. Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't. [Exit.

## A C T V.

*Enter Justice and Curio with a paper.*

*Just.* **B**Y'R'LADY, Sir, you've rid hard, that you have.

*Curio.* They that have business must do so,

I take it.

*Just.* You say true. When set you out, my friend?

*Curio.* About ten o'clock; and I have rid all night.

*Just.* By th' mass, you're tough indeed. I've seen  
the day

I would have rid too with the proudest of them,  
And fling dirt in their faces, and I've done't with  
This foolish body<sup>36</sup>, Sir, many a time:  
But what can last always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, Sir!  
Age, care, and office, bring us to our footcloths,  
The more the pity!

*Curio.* I believe that, Sir;  
But will it please you to read the business?

*Just.* My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

*Curio.* 'Would I could too, Sir! for my haste re-  
quires it.

*Just.* Whence comes it, do you say?

*Curio.* Sir, from the city.

*Just.* Oh, from the city; 'tis a reverend place—

*Curio.* An his justice be as short as his memory,  
A dudgeon-dagger<sup>37</sup> will serve him to mow down  
Sin withal: What clod-pole commissioner is this!

*Just.* And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,  
Discreet and upright.

<sup>36</sup> *This foolish boy.*] As *boy* has nothing to which it can be referr'd, I conjectur'd we shoud read *body*, and Mr. Theobald, I found, had wrote the same in his margin. *Sympson.*

<sup>37</sup> *Dudgeon-dagger.*] Cotgrave explains *dague a roëlles*, a Scottish dagger or *dudgeon haft dagger*. *R.*

*Curio.*

*Curio.* Sir, they're beholding to you ;  
 You've given some of them a commendation,  
 They were not worthy of this twenty years.

*Just.* Go to, go to ! you have a merry meaning ;  
 I've found you, Sir ; i'faith, you are a wag ;  
 Away, fy !—Now I'll read your letter.

*Curio.* Pray do, Sir. What a misery it is  
 To have an urgent business wait the justice  
 Of such an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,  
 Nor can be brought to understand, more sense  
 Than how to restore suppress'd alehouses,  
 And have his man compound small trespasses,  
 For ten groats !

*Just.* Sir, it seems here your  
 Business is of a deeper circumstance  
 Than I conceiv'd it for.—What do you mean, Sir ?

*Curio.* 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your  
 worship.

*Just.* It shall not be, i'faith, friend.—Here I have it,  
 That one Antonio, a gentleman—  
 I take it so ; yes, it is so—a gentleman,  
 Is lately thought to have been made away ;  
 And, by my faith, upon a parlous ground too,  
 If you consider. Well, there's knavery in't ;  
 I see that without spectacles.

*Curio.* Sure this fellow  
 Deals in revelation, he's so hidden :  
 Go thy ways ! thou wilt stick a bench, spit<sup>38</sup> as formally,  
 And shew thy agot and hatch'd chain, as well  
 As the best of them.

*Just.* And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

*Curio.* What, Sir ?

*Just.* That he was murder'd.

*Curio.* Did you know him ?

*Just.* No.

*Curio.* Nor how it is suppos'd ?

*Just.* No ; nor

I care not two-pence, those are toys ; and yet

<sup>38</sup> Stick a bench spit.] Amended in 1750.

I verily believe he was murder'd,

As sure as I believe thou art a man.

I never fail'd in these things yet. Ware a man

That's beaten to these matters; experience

Is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not.

Pray let me ask you one thing; why do you come to me?

*Curio.* Because the letter is address'd to you,  
Being the nearest justice.

*Just.* The nearest? is that all?

*Curio.* I think it be, Sir;—

I would be loth you should be the wisest.

*Just.* Well, Sir, as 'tis, I will endeavour in it:

Yet, if't had come to me by name, I know not,

But I think it had been as soon dispatch'd

As by another, and with as round a wisdom,

Ay, and as happily; but that's all one:

I've borne this place this thirty years, and upwards,

And with sufficient credit, and they may

When they please know me better. To the nearest?

Well!

*Curio.* Sir, 'tis not my fault, for had I known  
You sooner—

*Just.* I thank you, Sir; I know it.

*Curio.* I'll be sworn

You should have play'd, for any busines now.

*Just.* And further, they have specified unto me,

His wife's sorely suspected in this matter,

As a main cause.

*Curio.* I think she be, Sir, for  
No other cause can be yet found.

*Just.* And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom

They say directly she is run away,

And as they think this way.

*Curio.* I knew all this before.

*Just.* Well, Sir, this Mercury I know, and's breeding;  
A neighbour's child hard by: You have been happy,  
Sir, in coming hither.

*Curio.* Then you know where  
To have him, Sir?

*Just.*

*Just.* I do, Sir; he dwells near me.

*Curio.* I doubt your worship dwells near a knave then;

*Just.* I think so; pray put on! But 'tis a wonder  
To see how graceleſs people are now given,  
And how base virtue is accounted with them,  
That should be all in all, as says a wise man!  
I tell you, Sir, and 'tis true, that there have been  
Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make  
Your very heart bleed in you; and some of them,  
As I shall be enabled, I will tell you.

It fell out of late days—

*Curio.* It may be so,  
But will it please you to proceed in this?

*Just.* An honest weaver, and as good a workman  
As e'er shot shuttle, and as close—  
But ev'ry man must die—this honest weaver,  
Being a little mellow in his ale—  
That was the evidence *verbatim*, Sir—  
God bleſs the mark, sprung his neck just in this place:  
Well, Jarvis, thou hadſt wrongs, and if I live  
Some of the best shall sweat for't! Then a wench—

*Curio.* But, Sir, you have forgot my busineſs.

*Just.* A sober pretty maid, about seventeen  
They say, certainly, howſoe'er 'tis shuffled,  
She burſt herſelf, and fondly, if it be ſo,  
With furmety at a churching; but I think  
The devil had another agent in't;  
Either of which, if I can catch, ſhall ſtretch for't.

*Curio.* This is a mad Justice, that will hang the devil!  
But I would you would be ſhort in this, before  
That other notice can be given.

*Just.* Sir,  
I'll do diſcreetly what is fitting. What,  
Antonio!

*Serv.* [within]. Your worship!

*Just.* Put on your beſt coat,  
And let your fellow Mark go to the conſtable,  
And bid him aid me with all the ſpeed he can,  
And all the power; and provide pen and ink to

Take their confessions ; and my long sword <sup>39</sup> !  
 I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.  
 You'll go with us ?

*Curio.* Yes ; what else ?  
 I came to that end to accuse both parties.

*Just.* May I crave what you are ?  
*Curio.* Faith, Sir, one

That to be known would not profit you, more  
 Than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's.

*Just.* 'Tis well. I'm sorry for my neighbour, truly,  
 That he had no more grace ; 'twill kill his mother :  
 She is a good old woman. Will you walk in ?  
 I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,  
 And a clean band, and have my shoes black'd over,  
 And shift my jerkin, and we'll to our busines ;  
 And you shall see how I can boulte these matters.

*Curio.* As soon as't please you, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter *Valerio* and *Ricardo*.

*Val.* This is the place ; here did I leave the maid  
 Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,  
 Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous  
 To have me gone.

*Ric.* How rude are all we men,  
 That take the name of civil to ourselves !  
 If she had set her foot upon an earth  
 Where people live that we call barbarous,  
 Tho' they had had no house to bring her to,  
 They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring  
 Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands  
 Have torn their branches down ; and every man  
 Would have become a builder for her sake.  
 What time left you her here.

*Val.* I left her, when  
 The sun had so much to his set, as he

<sup>39</sup> *Long sword.*] In Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, Capulet says, ' Give me my *long sword* ; ' and Dr. Johnson remarks, ' The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands.'

Is now got from his place of rise.

*Ric.* So near

The night, she could not wander far. Fair Viola!

*Val.* It is in vain to call; she sought a house,  
Without all question.

*Ric.* Peace!—Fair Viola!

Fair Viola!—Who should have left her here  
On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her,  
You might have found there were no echoes here  
To take her name<sup>39</sup>, and carry it about,  
When her true lover came to mourn for her,  
'Till all the neighbouring vallies and the hills,  
Resounded Viola; and such a place  
You should have chose! You pity us  
Because the dew a little wets our feet<sup>40</sup>;  
(Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet!)  
And what becomes of her? where wander'd she,  
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes  
Continually, abundantly, from which  
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?—  
Will you go with me to travel?

*Val.* Whither?

*Ric.* Over all the world.

*Val.* No, by my faith; I'll make a shorter journey

<sup>39</sup> — *If you had meant to lose her,  
You might have found there were no echoes here  
To take her name.*] Sympon reads,

— *If you had meant to lose her,  
You might have found where there no echoes were  
To take her name;*

but surely the old text conveys the same sense.

<sup>40</sup> *You pity us because*

*The dew a little, &c.]* These lines are so unworthy of our Authors, that I can hardly think 'em theirs; and I am sure the author of Jeronimo (whom our Poets, as well as Shakespeare and Jonson, abuse) might, when they quote in derision this line of his,

‘Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?’  
have justly retorted,

— *where wandred she,  
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes  
Continually, abundantly, from which  
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?*

Sympson.

When I do travel.

*Ric.* But there is no hope  
To gain my end in any shorter way.

*Val.* Why, what's your end?  
*Ric.* It is to search the earth,  
'Till we have found two in the shapes of men,  
As wicked as ourselves.

*Val.* 'Twere not so hard  
To find out those.

*Ric.* Why, if we find them out,  
It were the better; for what brave villainy  
Might we four do!—We would not keep together;  
For every one has treachery enough  
For twenty countries: One should trouble Asia;  
Another should sow strife in Africa;  
But you should play the knave at home in Europe  
And for America let me alone.

*Val.* Sir, I am honester  
Than you know how to be, and can no more  
Be wrong'd, but I shall find myself a right.

*Ric.* If you had any spark of honesty,  
You would not think that *honester than I*  
Were a praise high enough to serve your turn;  
If men were commonly so bad as I,  
Thieves would be put in calendars for saints;  
And bones of murd'lers would work miracles.  
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much  
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else—  
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter *Viola*, *Nan*, and *Madge*, with pails.

*Vel.* That last is she; 'tis she!

*Ric.* Let us away;  
We shall infect her! let her have the wind,  
And we will kneel down here.

*Viola.* Wenches, away!  
For here are men.

*Vel.* Fair maid, I pray you stay, [Takes hold of *Viola*.]

*Viola.* Alas! again?

*Ric.*

*Ric.* Why do you lay hold on her?  
I pray heartily, let her go.

*Val.* With all my heart; I do not mean to hurt her.  
*Ric.* But stand away then! for the purest bodies  
Will soonest take infection; stand away!  
But for infecting her myself, by Heav'n,  
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

*Viola.* I know that voice and face.  
*Val.* You're finely mad!

God b'w'ye, Sir! Now you are here together,  
I'll leave you so; God send you good luck, both!  
When you are soberer you'll give me thanks. [Exit.

*Madge.* Wilt thou go milk? Come.  
*Nan.* Why dost not come?  
*Madge.* She nods, she's asleep.  
*Nan.* What, wert up so early?  
*Madge.* I think yon

Man's mad to kneel there. Nay, come, come away.  
Uds body, Nan, help! she looks black i'th' face;  
She's in a swoon.

*Nan.* An you be a man, come hither,  
And help a woman!

*Ric.* Come hither? You are a fool.  
*Nan.* And you a knave and a beast, that you are.  
*Ric.* Come hither? 'twas my being now so near  
That made her swoon; and you are wicked people,  
Or you would do so too: My venom eyes  
Strike innocence dead at such a distance;  
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

*Nan.* Thou'rt a prating ass! there's no goodness in thee,  
I warrant. How dost thou? [Viola recovers.

*Viola.* Why, well.  
*Madge.* Art thou able to go?  
*Viola.* No; pray go you and milk: If I be able  
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here  
'Till you come back.

*Nan.* I'm loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool.  
*Viola.* I know him well; I warrant thee he'll not  
hurt me.

*Madge.* Come then, Nan. [Exeunt maids,

*Ric.* How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold  
My hands before my mouth, and speak, and so  
My breath can never blast you.

*Viola.* 'Twas enough  
To use me ill, tho' you had never sought me  
To mock me too: Why kneel you so far off?  
Were not that gesture better us'd in prayer?  
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,  
'Till Heav'n and you had both forgiven me.

*Ric.* I do not mock; nor lives there such a villain  
That can do any thing contemptible  
To you: But I do kneel, because it is  
An action very fit and reverent,  
In presence of so pure a creature;  
And so far off, as fearful to offend  
One too much wrong'd already.

*Viola.* You  
Confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come  
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;  
Which I could willingly afford to come  
To you to grant. Good Sir, if you have  
A better love, may you be bless'd together!  
She shall not wish you better than I will.  
I but offend you! There are all the jewels  
I stole; and all the love I ever had  
I leave behind with you; I'll carry none  
To give another: May the next maid you try  
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I!

*Ric.* Do not leave me yet, for all my fault!  
Search out the next things to impossible,  
And put me on them; when they are effected,  
I may with better modesty receive  
Forgiveness from you.

*Viola.* I will set no penance,  
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,  
But to come hither, and take me and it;  
Or else, I'll come and beg, so you will grant  
That you will be content to be forgiven!

*Ric.*

*Ric.* Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,  
 And, since you please to pardon me, I hope  
 Free from infection. Here I am by you,  
 A careless man, a breaker of my faith,  
 A loathsome drunkard ; and in that wild fury,  
 A hunter after whores ! I do beseech you  
 To pardon all these faults, and take me up  
 An honest, sober, and a faithful man !

*Viola.* For Heav'n's sake, urge your faults no more,  
 but mend !

All the forgiveness I can make you, is,  
 To love you ; which I will do, and desire  
 Nothing but love again ; which if I have not  
 Yet I will love you still.

*Ric.* Oh, women ! that some one of you will take  
 An everlasting pen into your hands,  
 And grave in paper (which the writ shall make  
 More lasting than the marble monuments)  
 Your matchless virtues to posterities ;  
 Which the defective race of envious man  
 Strives to conceal !

*Viola.* Methinks I would not now, for any thing,  
 But you had miss'd me : I have made a story  
 Will serve to waste many a winter's fire,  
 When we are old : I'll tell my daughters then  
 The miseries their mother had in love,  
 And say, My girls, be wiser ! yet I would not  
 Have had more wit myself. Take up those jewels,  
 For I think I hear my fellows coming.

*Enter Madge and Nan with their pails.*

*Madge.* How dost thou now ?

*Viola.* Why, very well, I thank you. It is late ;  
 Shall I hasten home ?

*Nan.* I prithee ! we shall be shent <sup>41</sup>  
 Soundly.

<sup>41</sup> *Shent.*] This word occurs in Hamlet, and Mr. Steevens says,  
 ' To shent is to treat with injurious language.'

*Madge.*

*Madge.* Why does that railing man go with us?

*Viola.* I prithee, speak well of him: On my word,  
He is an honest man!

*Nan.* There was never any so  
On his complexion. A gentleman?  
I'd be ashamed to have such a foul mouth. [Exeunt.

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and Rowland.

*Mother.* How now, Alexander? What gentleman  
is this?

*Alex.* Indeed, forsooth, I know not;  
I found him at the market, full of woe,  
Crying a lost daughter, and telling all  
Her tokens to the people; and, what you wot?  
By all description in the world<sup>42</sup>, it should be  
Our new maid Melvia; (one would little think it!)  
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, mistress.

*Mother.* Melvia? it cannot be, fool! Alas,  
You know she is a poor wench, and  
I took her in upon mere charity.

*Andr.* So seem'd my daughter when she went away,  
As she had made herself.

*Mother.* What stature was your child of, Sir?

*Andr.* Not high, and of a brown complexion,  
Her hair auburn, a round face, which some friends,  
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a good one.

*Alex.* This is still Melvia, mistress; that's the truth  
on't!

*Mother.* It may be so, I'll promise you.

*Alex.* Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town!  
For a hand and a foot I shall ne'er see thy fellow.

*Mother.* But had she not such toys as bracelets, rings,  
and jewels?

*Andr.* She was something bold indeed, to take such  
things

<sup>42</sup> *By all subscription in the world* ] If Alexander was an affecter  
of hard words, I should be inclined to let this stand; but as he seems  
throughout a sensible good-natured fellow, I would choose to read,  
*description.*

*Sympson.*

That

That night she left me.

*Mother.* Then belike she run away?

*Andr.* Tho' she be one I love, I dare not lie;  
She did indeed.

*Mother.* What think you of this jewel?

*Andr.* Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine;  
You've made me a new man! I thank you for it.

*Mother.* Nay,  
An she be given to filching, there's your jewel;  
I am clear on't. But, by your leave, Sir, you  
Shall answer me for what is lost since she  
Came hither; I can tell you there lie things  
Scattering in every place about the house.

*Alex.* As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst  
Old gentlewoman to my mistress, and the most  
malicious—

The devil a good word will she give a servant;  
That's her old rule! and, God be thanked, they will  
Give her as few; there's perfect love on both sides.  
It yearns my heart to hear the wench misconstrued;  
A careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;  
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,  
They may cast their caps at such another.

*Andr.* What you have lost by her, with all my heart  
I'll see you double paid for; you have sav'd,  
With your kind pity, two that must not live,  
Unless it be to thank you. Take this jewel;  
This strikes off none of her offences, mistress<sup>43</sup>.  
'Would I might see her!'

*Mother.* Alexander, run,  
And bid her make haste home; she's at the milking-  
close:  
But tell her not by any means who's here;  
I know she'll be too fearful.

<sup>43</sup> *This strikes off none of her offences.*] Sympon, totally mistaking Andrugio's meaning, says, 'Why then he paid his jewel for nothing; and reads,

*This strikes off one of her offences, mistress.*  
It did not occur to him, that the jewel was meant as a *gift*, not as a *payment*.

*Alex.* Well, we'll have  
A posset yet at parting, that's my comfort ;  
And one round too, or else I'll lose my will. [Exit.

*Andr.* You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro,  
Enquiring for the wench at the next town :  
Tell them she's found, and where I am, and, with  
The favour of this gentlewoman, desire them  
To come hither.

*Mother.* I pray do ; they shall be all welcome.

[Exit Rowland.

*Enter Justice, Curio, and Mark.*

*Just.* By your leave, forsooth ! you shall see me find  
The parties by a sleight.

*Mother.* Who's that ? Mr. Justice ?  
How do you, Sir ?

*Just.* Why, very well, and busy.  
Where's your son ?

*Mother.* He's within, Sir.

*Just.* Hum ; and how does  
The young woman my cousin, that came down with  
him ?

*Mother.* She's above ; as a woman in her case may be.

*Just.* You have confess'd it ?  
Then, sirrah, call in the officers ! she's no cousin of mine ;  
A mere trick to discover all !

*Mother.* To discover ? what ?

*Enter Mark and Officers.*

*Just.* You shall know that anon : I think I have  
Over-reach'd you ! Oh, welcome ! Enter the house,  
And by virtue of my warrant, which you have there,  
Seize upon the bodily persons of those whose names  
Are there written ; to wit, one Mercury, and the wife  
Of one Antonio.

*Mother.* For what ?

*Just.* Away, I say !

This gentleman shall certify you for what. [Exit. Offi.

*Mother.* He can accuse my son of nothing ;

He

He came from travel but within these two days.

*Just.* There hangs a tale.

*Mother.* I should be sorry this should  
Fall out at any time, but especially now.

*Sir,* will you favour me so much as to let me know  
Of what you accuse him?

*Curio.* Upon suspicion of murder.

*Mother.* Murder? I defy thee!

*Curio.* I pray God he may  
Prove himself innocent.

*Just.* Fy, say not so!

You shew yourself to be no good commonwealth's man,  
For the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the com-  
monwealth.

*Mother.* By this rule you were best hang yourself.

*Just.* I forgive your honest mirth ever.

*Enter Mark and officers, with Mercury and Maria.*

Oh, welcome, welcome, Mark!

Your pen, ink, and paper, to take their examinations.

*Merc.* Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.

*Just.* Let them stand,

Let them stand quietly, whilst they're examin'd.

*Maria.* What will you examine us of?

*Just.* Of Antonio's murder.

*Merc.* Why, he was my friend.

*Maria.* He was my husband.

*Just.* The more shame for you both! Mark, your  
pen and ink.

*Mother.* Pray God all be well! I never knew  
Any of these travellers come to good. I beseech you,

Sir,

Be favourable to my son.

*Just.* Gentlewoman,

Hold you content; I would it were come to that!

*Merc.* For God's sake, mother,  
Why kneel you to such a pig-brib'd fellow?  
H'has surfeited of geese, and they have put him  
Into a fit of justice: Let him do his worst!

*Just.*

*Just.* Is your paper ready?

*Mark.* I am ready, Sir.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Just.* Accuse them, Sir; I command thee to lay down Accusations against these persons, in behalf Of the state: And first look upon the parties To be accus'd, and deliver your name.

*Curio.* My name is Curio; my murder'd kinsman, If he were living now, I should not know him, It is so long since we saw one another.

*Ant.* My cousin Curio?

*Curio.* But thus much (from the mouths Of his servants and others, whose examinations I have In writing about me) I can accuse them of: This Mercury, the last night but this last, Lay in Antonio's house, and in the night He rose, raising Antonio, where privately They were in talk an hour, to what end I know not; But of likelihood, finding Antonio's house Not a fit place to murder him in, he suffer'd him To go to bed again; but in the morning Early he train'd him I think forth; after which time He never saw his home. His cloaths were found Near the place where Mercury was, and the people At first denied they saw him; but at last They made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself Into a footman's habit: But in short, The next hour this woman went to Mercury, And in her coach they posted hither. True accusations I have no more, and I will make none.

*Just.* No more?

We need no more. Sirrah, be drawing Their mittimus, before we hear their answer.

What say you, Sir? are you guilty of this murder?

*Merc.* No, Sir.

*Just.* Whether you are or no, confess; It will be the better for you.

*Merc.* If I were

Guilty,

Guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth.  
 But tho' I am innocent, I confess, that if I  
 Were a stander-by, these circumstances urg'd,  
 Which are true, would make me doubtless believe  
 The accused parties to be guilty.

*Just.* Write down,  
 That he being a stander-by (for so you see he is)  
 Doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties,  
 Which is himself, to be guilty.

*Merc.* I say no such thing.

*Just.* Write it down, I say; we'll try that.

*Merc.* I care not what you write.—

Pray God you did not kill him for my love! [ *Apart.*  
 Tho' I am free from this, we both deserve—

*Maria.* Govern your tongue, I pray you! all is well;  
 My husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

*Just.* They whisper! sever them quickly, I say.  
 Officers, why do you let them prompt one another?  
 Gentlewoman, what say you to this?  
 Are not you guilty?

*Maria.* No, as I hope for mercy.

*Just.* But are not those circumstances true, that this  
 Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?

*Maria.* They are; and what you do with me I care not,  
 Since he is dead in whom was all my care.

You knew him not?

*Just.* No, and't been better

For you too, an you had never known him.

*Maria.* Why then, you did not know the world's  
 chief joy:

His face so manly as it had been made  
 To fright the world; yet he so sweetly-temper'd,  
 That he would make himself a natural fool,  
 To do a noble kindness for a friend.

He was a man whose name I'll not out-live,  
 Longer than Heav'n, whose will must be obey'd,  
 Will have me do.

*Ant.* And I will quit thy kindness.

[ *Aside.*

*Just.* Before me, she has made the tears

*Stand*

Stand in mine eyes; but I must be austere.  
Gentlewoman, you must confess this murder.

*Maria.* I cannot, Sir; I did it not. But I desire to see  
Those examinations which this gentleman  
Acknowledges to have about him, for  
But late last night I receiv'd letters from  
The city; yet I heard of no confession, then.

*Just.* You shall see them time enough, I warrant you.  
But letters you say you had; where are those letters?

*Maria.* Sir, they are gone.

*Just.* Gone? whither are they gone?  
How have you dispos'd of 'em?

*Maria.* Why, Sir,  
They are for womens' matters, and so I use 'em.

*Just.* Who writ 'em?

*Maria.* A man of mine.

*Just.* Who brought 'em?

*Maria.* A post.

*Just.* A post? there was some great haste sure: Ha, ha!  
Where is that post?

*Maria.* Sir, there he stands.

*Just.* Does he so?

Bring hither that post! I am afraid that post  
Will prove a knave. Come hither, post! What,  
What can you say concerning the murder of Antonio?

*Ant.* What's that to you?

*Just.* Oh, post, you have no answer ready, have you?  
I'll have one from you.

*Ant.* You shall have no more  
From me than you have. You examine an honest  
Gentleman and gentlewoman here. 'Tis pity  
Such fools as you should be i'th' commission.

*Just.* Say you so, post? take away that post! whip him,  
And bring him again quickly. I'll hamper you, post.

*Merc.* 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as well—  
What an irregular fool is this!

*Ant.* Whip me? hold off!

*Maria.* Oh, good Sir, whip him! By his murmuring  
He should know something of my husband's death,  
That may quit me: For God's sake, fetch it out!

*Just.*

*Just.* Whip him, I say! [Ant. throws off his disguise.

*Ant.* Who is't dares whip me now?

*Maria.* Oh, my lov'd husband!

*Merc.* My most worthy friend!

Where have you been so long?

*Ant.* I cannot speak for joy!

*Just.* Why, what's the matter now? and shall not Law then have her course?

*Andr.* It shall have no other course

Than it has, I think.

*Just.* It shall have other course

Before I go, or I'll beat my brains: And I say

It was not honestly done of him to discover

Himself before the parties accus'd were executed,

That law might have had her course; for then

The kingdom flourishes.

*Ant.* But such a wife as thou had never any man; And such a friend as he, believe me, wife, Shall never be! Good wife, love my friend; Friend, love my wife. Hark, friend!

*Just.* Mark,

If we can have nothing to do, you shall swear The peace of somebody.

*Mark.* Yes, Sir.

*Ant.* By my troth,

I'm sorry my wife is so obstinate:

Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,

I would; i'faith I wou'd.

*Merc.* I thank you, Sir;

I've lost that passion.

*Ant.* Cousin Curio,

You and I must be better acquainted.

*Curio.* It is my wish, Sir.

*Ant.* I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long Since we saw each other; we were but children then: But you have shew'd yourself an honest man to me.

*Curio.* I would be ever so.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

*Mother.* Look you! who's there?

*Andr.* Say nothing to me ; for  
Thy peace is made.

*Ric.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that you are her father ; you can both  
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,  
But love where you've receiv'd most injury.

*Just.* I think I shall hear of no hanging this year !  
There's a Tinker and a whore yet, the cryer said,  
That robb'd her, and are in prison ; I hope  
They shall be hang'd.

*Andr.* No, truly, Sir, they have broke prison.

*Just.* 'T is no matter ; then the jailor shall be hang'd.

*Andr.* You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir ; 'twas known  
To be against his will, and he hath got  
His pardon ; I think, for nothing ;  
But if't doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

*Just.* Mark, up with your papers ; away !

*Merc.* Oh,

You shall stay dinner ; I've a couple of brawling  
Neighbours, that I'll assure you won't agree,  
And you shall have the hearing of their matter.

*Just.* With all my heart.

*Merc.* Go, gentlemen, go in.

*Ric.* Oh, Viola, that no succeeding age  
Might lose the memory of what thou wert !  
But such an overswayed sex is yours,  
That all the virtuous actions you can do  
Are but as men will call them : And I swear,  
'T is my belief, that women want but ways  
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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### E P I L O G U E.

**T**IS ended ; but my hopes and fears begin :  
Nor can it be imputed as a sin  
In me to wish it favour. If this night  
To the judicious it hath giv'n delight,  
I have my ends : And may such, for their grace  
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every place !

# WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A C O M E D Y.

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*This Play is ascribed to Fletcher by the Commendatory Verses of Gardiner; the Epilogue, however, speaks of it as the production of both Authors. The first publication of it was in the folio of 1647. It was brought on the stage, altered by Colley Cibber, about the beginning of the present century, under the title of the Rival Fools, but without any success.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old knight, a great admirer of wit.*

Wittypate Oldcraft, *his son, an accomplished gentleman.*

Sir Gregory Fop, *a witless lord of land.*

Cunningham, *a discreet gentleman, Sir Gregory's comrade and supplanter.*

Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decay'd knight,* } *two sharking*  
Priscian, *a poor scholar,* } *companions.*

Pompey Doodle, *a clown, Sir Gregory's man, a piece of puff-paste, like his master.*

Mr. Credulous, *nephew to Sir Perfidious, a shallow-brain'd scholar.*

### W O M E N.

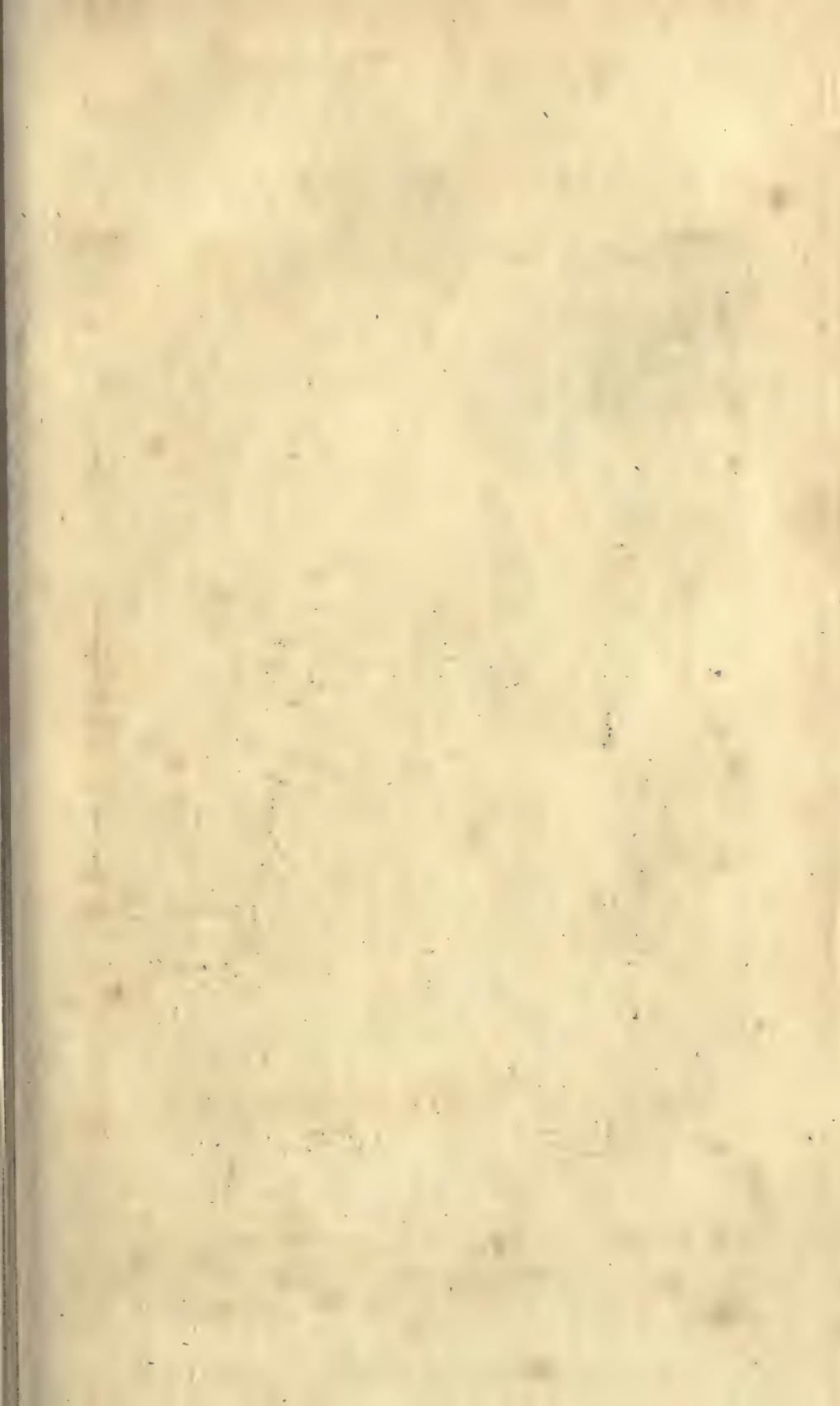
Niece to Sir Perfidious, *a rich and witty heir.*

Lady Ruinous, *wife to Sir Ruinous.*

Guardianess to Sir Perfidious's Niece, *an old doting crone.*

Mirabell, *the Guardianess's niece.*

### SCENE, L O N D O N.



WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS



L. Ruin. Hang one of 'em I will certain (Tha'swore it)  
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.  
Olde. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, Sir?  
Nine years at university for this fellowship? *Act IV.*

# WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

## A C T . I.

*Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft and Wittyate.*

*Witty.* **S**IR, I'm no boy; I'm deep in one and twenty;  
The second year's approaching.

*Oldc.* A fine time for  
A youth to live by his wits then, I should think,  
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

*Witty.* Wits, Sir?  
*Oldc.* Ay, wits, Sir; if it be so strange to thee,  
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a fool,  
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better:  
Thou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my wits.  
And yet to see how urgent thou art too!

It grieves me thou art so degenerate  
To trouble me for means; I never offer'd it  
My parents from a school-boy; past nineteen once,  
(See what these times are grown to) before twenty  
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed much like  
The art of swimming, he that will attain to't  
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,  
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous;  
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,  
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;  
Well he may make a padler in the world,  
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,  
Borne up by th' chin, as I bore up myself,

246 WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

With my strong industry that never fail'd me ;  
For he that lies borne up with patrimonies,  
Looks like a long great ass that swims with bladders :  
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him,  
He sinks, because he never tried to swim,  
When Wit plays with the billows that choak'd him.

*Witty.* Why, is it not a fashion for a father, Sir,  
Out of his yearly thousands to allow  
His only son a competent brace of hundreds,  
Or such a toy ?

*Oldc.* Yes ; if he mean to spoil him,  
Or mar his wits, he may, but never I.  
This is my humour, Sir, which you'll find constant ;  
I love wit so well, because I liv'd by't, that I'll  
Give no man power out of my means to hurt it,  
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,  
Which great ones often forget. I admire much  
This age's dullness ! When I scarce writ man,  
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,  
I lay intelligencer close for wenching,  
Could give this lord or knight a true certificate  
Of all the maidenheads extant ; how many lay  
'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst exchange-  
wenches

(Tho' never many there, I must confess,  
They have a trick to utter ware so fast) ;  
I knew which lady had a mind to fall,  
Which gentlewoman new divorc'd, which tradesman  
breaking,

The price of every sinner to a hair,  
And where to raise each price ; which were the termers  
That would give velvet petticoats, tissue gowns,  
Which pieces, angels, suppers, and half-crowns :  
I knew how to match, and make my market ;  
Could give intelligence where the pox lay lege,  
And then to see the lechers shift a point  
'Twas sport and profit too ; how they would shun  
Their ador'd mistress' chambers, and run fearfully,  
Like rats from burning houses ; so brought I

My clients o' the game still safe together,  
 And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.  
 Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,  
 And's never left a groat! there's the true gallant.  
 When I grew somewhat purfy, I grew then  
 In mens' opinions too, and confidences;  
 They put things call'd executorships upon me,  
 The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures,  
 Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to feltmakers,  
 To make 'em lose, and work away their gentry,  
 Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,  
 So wrought 'em out in time; there I rose ungently.  
 Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee;  
 I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,  
 I hold my humour firm; if I can see thee thrive by  
 Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage  
 To trust thee with my lands when I die; if not,  
 The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:  
 For since in my time and knowledge so many rich  
 children  
 Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather  
 Make a wise stranger my executor  
 Than a foolish son my heir, and have my lands call'd  
 after

My wit than after my name; and that's my nature.  
*Witty.* 'Tis a strange harshone! Must I still shift then?  
 I come, brave cheats! once to my trade again!  
 And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for<sup>1</sup>.  
 You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

*Oldc.* Not a jot, Sir.

*Witty.* If I should ask you blessing ere I go, Sir,  
 I think you would not give't me.

*Oldc.* Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once,  
 Thou shal have any thing; thou'rt none of mine else!  
 Then why should I take care for thee?

*Witty.* Thank your bounty!

[Exit.

*Oldc.* So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,

<sup>1</sup> *Than e'er I did for't.*] Sympton reads,  
*Than e'er I did before.*

As I do love the man that lives by his wits,  
 He comes so near my nature! I'm grown old now,  
 And even arriv'd at my last cheat, I fear me;  
 But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,  
 And discharge all my legacies, 'tis so wealthy,  
 And never trouble any interest money.  
 I've yet a niece to wed, over whose steps  
 I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianes,  
 For fear some poor earl steal her ('thas been threaten'd)  
 To redeem mortgag'd land, but he shall miss on't;  
 To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,  
 Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himself, (I take it,  
 The ancient'ſt Fop in England) with whom I've pri-  
 vately

Compounded for the third part of her portion,

*Enter Sir Gregory Fop and Cunningham.*

And she seems pleas'd; so two parts rest with me.—  
 He's come. Sir Gregory, welcome! What's he, Sir?

*Greg.* Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,  
 One that has liv'd upon the Fops, my kindred,  
 Ever since my remembrance. He's a wit indeed,  
 And we all strive to have him; nay, 'tis certain  
 Some of our name has gone to law for him.  
 Now 'tis my turn to keep him; and indeed  
 He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are:  
 But I will give him over when I list;  
 I ha' us'd wits so before.

*Oldc.* I hope when you're married, Sir,  
 You'll shake him off.

*Greg.* Why, what do you take me to be,  
 Old father-i'-law that shall be<sup>2</sup>? Do you think

<sup>2</sup> *Old father-i'-law that shall be.*] But that 'tis plain he never could be. The mistaking of one letter for another is very usual; but here the Editor has made a greater slip, and has changed one word for another. *Uncle-in law* is what Sir Gregory designs to call him. So in this act a little lower, the old Knight says to Sir Gregory,

*Tuſb.* Nephew, I'll call you so,—  
 And in act the third Sir Gregory says to him,

*It's as fine a noſe, Uncle, as keart can wiſb.* Simpson.  
 We believe the text genuine, and the slip perhaps intentional

I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after I am married once?

None of my kindred ever had before me.

But where's this Niece? Is it a fashion

In London to marry a woman, and never see her?

*Oldc.* Excuse the niceness, Sir! that care's your friend; Perhaps, had she been seen, you had never seen her: There's many a *spent thing*, call'd *An't like your honour*, That lies in wait for her: At first snap she's a countess, Drawn with six mares thro' Fleet-Street, and a coach-man,

Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders buttocks.—

This whets him on.

*Greg.* Pray let's clap up the busines, Sir! I long to see her. Are you sure you have her? Is she not there already? Hark, hark, oh, hark!

*Oldc.* How now? what's that, Sir?

*Greg.* Every caroch goes by, Goes ev'n to th' heart of me.

*Oldc.* I'll have that doubt eas'd, Sir, Instantly eas'd, Sir Gregory: And, now I think on't, A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there; We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't, And put a trick upon her; I love wit preciously! You shall not be seen yet; we'll stale your friend first, If't please but him to stand for th' anti-masque<sup>3</sup>.

*Greg.* Pho, he shall stand for any thing (why his supper lies i' my breeches here); I'll make him fast else.

*Oldc.* Then come you forth more unexpectedly, The masque itself, a thousand a-year jointure: The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away, And only you the beauty of the play.

*Greg.* For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers; Let but your Niece bring white, and we have three colours.

[*Exit Greg.*

*Oldc.* I'm given to understand you are a wit, Sir.

*Cunn.* I'm one that fortune shews small favor to, Sir.

<sup>3</sup> *Antimaske.*] This, I believe, properly means a masque of anticke.

*Whalley.*

*Oldc.*

*Oldc.* Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir.

To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.

*Cunn.* Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so much!

*Oldc.* A pestilence mazard! a duke Humphrey spark, H' had rather lose his dinner than his jest!—

I say, I love a wit the best of all things.

*Cunn.* Always except yourself.

*Oldc.* H' has giv'n't me twice now

*Enter Niece and Guardianess.*

All with a breath, I thank him! But that I love a wit, I should be heartily angry. Cuds, my Niece! You know the busines with her?

*Cunn.* With a woman?

'Tis ev'n the very same it was, I'm sure, Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

*Oldc.* This is the gentleman I promis'd, Niece, To present to your affection.

*Cunn.* Ware that arrow!

*Oldc.* Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

*Cunn.* I'm spoil'd already; that such poor lean game Should be found out as I am!

*Oldc.* Go, set to her, Sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Cunn.* How noble is this virtue in you, lady! Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters On your dull servants, which truly tasted Conclude all in comforts.

*Oldc.* Pho!

*Niece.* It rather shews

What a true worth can make, such as yours is.

*Oldc.* And that's not worth a groat.—How like you him, Niece?

*Niece.* It shall appear how well, Sir: I humbly thank you for him.

*Oldc.* Ha, ha! good gallery! he does it well, i'faith. 'Slight, as if he meant to purchase Lip-land there; Hold, hold! bear off, I say!

'Slid,

'Slid, your part hangs too long.

*Cunn.* My joys are mockeries.

*Niece.* You've both express'd a worthy care and love,  
Sir;

Had mine own eye been set at liberty  
To make a publick choice (believe my truth, Sir)  
It could not ha' done better for my heart  
Than your good providence has.

*Oldc.* You will say so then!  
Alas, sweet Niece, all this is but the scabbard;  
Now I draw forth the weapon.

*Niece.* How!

*Oldc.* Sir Gregory!

Approach, thou lad of thousands!

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

*Greg.* Who calls me?

*Niece.* What motion's this? the model of Nineveh<sup>42</sup>?

*Oldc.* Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee!

*Greg.* I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.

*Niece.* You were ill-advis'd; back, and take better  
counsel!

You may have good for an angel: The least cost  
You can bestow upon a woman, Sir,  
Trebles ten counsellors' fees; in lady-ware,  
You're over head and ears, ere you be aware.  
Faith, keep a batchelor still, and go to bowls, Sir,  
Follow your mistress there, and prick and fave, Sir!  
For other mistresses will make you a slave, Sir.

*Greg.* So, so! I have my lerrepoop already.

*Oldc.* Why, how now, Niece? this is the man, I  
tell you!

*Niece.* He? hang him! Sir, I know you do but mock;  
This is the man, you would say.

*Oldc.* The devil rides, I think!

<sup>42</sup> *The model of Nineveh.*] The model of Nineveh appears to have been a puppet show in great repute in the time of our Authors. It is mentioned in the old comedy of *Every Woman in Her Humour*, 1609, quarto, signature H. 'I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Caesar, acted by mammals.' It is also taken notice of by Ben Jonson in his *Bartholemew-Fair*, act v. sc. i.

*Cunn.* I must use cunning here.

*Oldc.* Make me not mad ! use him with all respect !  
This is the man, I swear.

*Niece.* 'Would you could persuade me to that !

- Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle :  
You carry a jest well, I must confess,  
For a man of your years ; but —

*Oldc.* I'm wrought beside myself !

*Cunn.* [to the *Guardianess.*] I ne'er beheld  
Comeliness 'till this minute.

*Guard.* Oh, good sweet Sir,  
Pray offer not these words to an old gentlewoman !

*Niece.* Sir !

*Cunn.* Away, fifteen ! here's fifty-one exceeds thee,

*Niece.* What's the busines ?

*Cunn.* Give me these motherly creatures ! Come,  
ne'er smother it ;

I know you are a teeming woman yet.

*Guard.* Troth, a young gentleman might do much,  
I think, Sir.

*Cunn.* Go to then.

*Guard.* And I should play my part, or I were  
ingrateful.

*Niece.* Can you so soon neglect me ?

*Cunn.* Hence ! I'm busy.

*Oldc.* This cross point came in luckily. Impudent  
baggage,

Hang from the gentleman ! art thou not ashamed  
To be a widow's hind'rance ?

*Cunn.* Are you angry, Sir ?

*Oldc.* You're welcome ! pray court on : I shall desire  
Your honest wife acquaintance. Vex me not,  
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,  
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,  
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,  
Like a consuming light in her own socket,  
And not allow'd a male-creature about thee !

A very monkey, thy necessity  
Shall prize at a thousand pound ; a chimney-sweeper

At

At fifteen hundred.

*Niece.* But are you serious, uncle?

*Oldc.* Serious.

*Niece.* Pray let me look upon the gentleman  
With more heed! then I did but hum him over,  
In haste, good faith, as lawyers chancery sheets.  
Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,  
Now I distinctly read him!

*Greg.* Hum, hum, hum!

*Niece.* Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch;  
Well-ankled, two good confident calves, they look  
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;  
The redness in the face—why, that's in fashion,  
Most of your high bloods have it; 'tis a sign  
Of greatness, marry;  
'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter:  
I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.

*Greg.* Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum!

*Niece.* He's qualified too, believe me.

*Greg.* Lum te dum, de dum, de dum!

*Niece.* Where was my judgment?

*Greg.* Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum!

*Niece.* Perfection's cover'd mess.

*Greg.* Lum te dum, te dum, te dum!

*Niece.* It smokes apparently. Pardon, sweet Sir,  
The error of my sex!

*Oldc.* Why, well said, Niece!

Upon submission, you must pardon her now, Sir.

*Greg.* I'll do it by course: Do you think I'm an  
ass, knight?

Here's first my hand; now it goes to the seal-office.

*Oldc.* Formally finish'd! How goes this suit forward?

*Cunn.* I'm taking measure of the widow's mind, Sir;  
I hope to fit her heart.

*Guard.* Who would have dreamt

Of a young morsel now? Things come in minutes!

*Greg.* Trust him not, widow; he's a younger  
brother,

He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.

*Guard.*

*Guard.* He brings more content to a woman with  
that nothing,

Than he that brings his thousands without any thing;  
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies.

*Oldc.* Come, come! no language now shall be in  
fashion

But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Wittypate, and Prifcian.*

*Witty.* Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits,  
But this fourth, this lay illiterate share;  
There's no conscience in't.

*Ruin.* Sir, it has ever been so  
Where I have practis'd, and must be still where I am.  
Nor has it been undeserv'd at the year's end,  
And shuffle the almanack together, vacations  
And term-times, one with another; tho' I say't,  
My wife is a woman of a good spirit;  
Then it is no lay-share.

*Prif.* Faith, for this five year,  
*Ego possum probare*, I have had  
A hungry penurious share with 'em,  
And she has had as much as I always.

*Witty.* Present, or not present?

*Prif.* *Residens aut non residens, per fidem!*  
*Witty.* And what precedent's this for me? because  
Your *bic & bæc, turpis* and *qui mibi*  
*Discipulus* brains (that never got any thing  
But by accident and uncertainty)  
Did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded  
Conclusions of wit, hereditary rules  
From my father, to get by?

*Ruin.* Sir, be compendious;  
Either take or refuse: I will 'bate no token  
Of my wife's share; make even the last reckonings,  
And either so unite, or here divide company.

*Prif.* A good resolution, *profecto!* let every man  
Beg his own way, and happy man be his dole!

*Witty.* Well, here's your double share, and single  
brains,

*Pol,*

*Pol, ædipol,* here's toward; a *caſtor ecaſtor* for you!  
I will endure it a fortnight longer, but  
By these just five ends—

*Prif.* Take heed! five's odd;  
Put both hands together or severally,  
They are all odd unjust ends.

*Witty.* *Medius fidius*, hold your tongue!  
I depose you from half a share presently else:  
I will make you a participle, and decline you; now  
You understand me! Be you a quiet conjunction  
Amongſt the undeclined; you and your Latin  
Ends ſhall go ſhift, *ſolus cum ſolo*, together else;  
And then if ever they get ends of gold  
And ſilver, enough to ſerve that gerundine maw of  
yours,  
That without *do* will end in *di* and *dum* inſtantly—

*Enter Oldcraft and Sir Gregory.*

*Ruin.* Enough, enough! Here comes company!  
we loſe

Five ſhares in wrangling about one.

*Witty.* My father? Put on, Prifcian!  
He has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not!  
I'll caſe my face with a little more hair, and relieve.

*Oldc.* Tufh, nephew! I'll call you ſo, for if there be  
No other obſtacles than thoſe you ſpeak of,  
They are but powder charges without pellets;  
You may ſafely front'em, and warrant your own danger.

*Greg.* No other that I can perceive, i'faith, Sir:  
For I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could;  
And the ſtrongeſt repulſe was, ſhe ſaid,  
She would have a little ſoldier in me,  
That, if need were, I ſhould defend her reputation.

*Oldc.* And ſurely, Sir, that is a principle  
Amongſt your principal ladies: They require valour  
Either in a friend or a husband.

*Greg.* And I allow  
Their requests i'faith, as well as any woman's  
Heart can deſire: If I knew where to get

Valour,

Valour, I would as willingly entertain it  
As any man that blows.

*Oldc.* Breathes, breathes, Sir; that's the sweeter phrase.

*Greg.* Blows for a soldier, i'faith, Sir! and I'm in Practice that way.

*Oldc.* For a soldier, I grant it.

*Greg.* 'Slid!

I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too,  
But I'll have a little soldier in me.

*Ruin.* Will you on and beg,  
Or steal and be hang'd?

*Greg.* And some scholar she would have me besides.

*Oldc.* Tush, that shall be no bar<sup>5</sup>; it is a quality  
In a gentleman, but of the least question.

*Prif.* *Salvete, domini benignissimi, munificentissimi!*

*Oldc.* *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere!*

Nay, Sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too, Sir.  
You shall see me talk with this fellow now.

*Greg.* I could find in my heart to talk with him too,  
If I could understand him.

*Prif.* *Charissimi*<sup>6</sup>,

*Doctissimique, domini, ex abundantia  
Charitatis vestrae estote propitii in me juvenem  
Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem!*

*Oldc.* A pretty scholar, by my faith, Sir! but I'll  
to him again.

<sup>5</sup> *Greg.* *And some scholar she would have me besides,*

*Tush, that shall be no bar, &c.]* The impropriety of making Sir Gregory both tell the tale and give the answer, inclined me to prefix *Oldcraft* before *Tush, that shall, &c.*

*Sympson.*

<sup>6</sup> *Prif.* *Charissimi, doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia*

*Charitatis vestrae estote propitii in me jejunum*

*Miserum.]* *Clarissimi* I prefer to *charissimi*. *Jejunum* too

I can by no means approve, tho' sente, because it is only an arbitrary reading of the Editor of the copy of 1679. That of 1647, represents the passage thus; *estote propitii in me juvenem*, which, tho' not sense, because not Latin, will yet be the hand-maid to lead us to what might very possibly have been the original reading; and that with no more trouble than turning of an *n* into a *u*, — *propitii in me juvenem*.

*Sympson.*

*Greg.*

*Greg.* Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, Sir?

He may take away my good name from me,  
And I ne'er the wiser.

*Oldc.* He begs, he begs, Sir.

*Prif.* *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen! in ore*  
*Fames sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia;*  
*In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.*

*Oldc.* *Audi tu bonus socius; tu es scholasticus, sic*  
*intelligo,*

*Ego faciam argumentum.*

Mark now, Sir, now I fetch him up!

*Greg.* I've been fetch'd up a hundred times for this;  
Yet I could never learn half so much.

*Oldc.* *Audi, & responde; hoc est argumentum: Nomen est*  
*Nomen—ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc,*  
*Responde argumentum meum.*

Have I not put him to't, Sir?

*Greg.* Yes, Sir, I think so.

*Witty.* Step in! the rascal is put out of his penn'd speech,

And he can go no further.

*Oldc.* *Cur non respondes?*

*Prif.* *O domine, tanta mea est miseria—*

*Witty.* So! he's almost in again.

*Prif.* *Ut nocte mecum pernoctet egestas, luce quotidie*  
*Paupertas habitet.*

*Oldc.* *Sed quod est tibi nomen? & quis dedit? responde*  
*Argumentum.*

*Prif.* Hem, hem!

*Witty.* He's dry; he hems: On quickly!

*Ruin.* Courteous gentlemen,

If the brow of a military face may not be offensive  
To your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak  
better than his words,

For some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted  
Upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.

*Oldc.* How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging?

*Ruin.* Such is the post-progres of cold charity now-a-days,  
Who (for heat to her frigid limbs) passes in so swift a motion

That two at the least had need be to stay her.

*Greg.* Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you; and be gone!  
If any quarrel should arise amongst us,  
I am able to answer neither of them; his iron  
And steel tongue is as hard as t'other's Latin one.

*Oldc.* Stay, stay, Sir! I will talk a little with him first:  
Let me alone with both! I will try whether they  
Live by their wits or no; for such a man I love.—  
And, what, you both beg together then?

*Pris.* *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, domine.*

*Ruin.* With equal fortunes, equal distribution;  
There's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven  
In our division.

\**Greg.* What two qualities  
Are here cast away upon two poor fellows!  
If a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what  
A double man were that! If these two fellows  
Might be bought and sodden, and boil'd to a jelly,  
And eaten fasting every morning, I do not  
Think but a man should find strange things in his  
stomach.

*Oldc.* Come, Sir, join your charity with mine,  
And we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

*Greg.* If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny,  
I would bestow more money with 'em.

*Witty.* Save you, gentlemen! How now?  
What, are you encounter'd here? What fellows are these?

*Oldc.* Faith, Sir, here's Mars and Mercury; a pair  
Of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter  
Has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'en  
About a little spark of charity  
To kindle 'em a new fire.

*Witty.* Stay, pray you stay, Sir!  
You may abuse your charity, nay, make  
That goodness in you no better than a vice:

So many deceivers walk in these shadows now-a-days,  
 That certainly your bounties were better spilt,  
 Than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious uses.—  
 Which is he that professes the soldier?

*Ruin.* He that professes his own profession, Sir,  
 And the dangerous life he hath led in it  
 This pair of half-score years.

*Witty.* In what services have you been, Sir?

*Ruin.* The first that flesh'd me a soldier, Sir,  
 Was that great battle at Alcazar in Barbary,  
 Where the noble English Stukeley fell<sup>7</sup>, and where  
 That royal Portugal Sebastian ended  
 His untimely days.

*Witty.* Are you sure Sebastian died there?

*Ruin.* Faith, Sir, there was some other rumour hop'd  
 Amongst us<sup>8</sup>, that he, wounded, escap'd, and touch'd  
 On his native shore again; where finding his country  
 at home

More distreis'd by the invasion of the Spaniard,  
 Than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting  
 A miserable and unfortunate life,  
 Which where he ended is yet uncertain.

*Witty.* By my faith, Sir,  
 He speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

*Ruin.* Since, Sir, I serv'd in France, the Low Countries,  
 Lastly, at that memorable skirmish at Newport<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>7</sup> *The great battle at Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal Sebastian, &c.]* The battle of Alcazar was fought in August, 1578. Don Sebastian, one of the kings who fell in that engagement, being not found after the battle, was for a long time supposed to have escaped, and reported to be living in several different countries.—Of Stukeley, who appears to have been a dissolute Englishman, born in Devonshire, a volunteer in that battle, after having dissipated his property, an account may be seen in an old ballad published in Evans's collection, 1777, vol. ii. p. 103. See also an old play, entitled, *The Battle of Alcazar*, with the death of captain Stukeley, 4to. 1594. *R.*

<sup>8</sup> *Hop't amongst us.]* Theobald and Seward would read, *HOPT* *amongst us.*

<sup>9</sup> *That memorable skirmish, &c.]* This memorable skirmish at Newport happened on the 22d of July, 1600, between prince Albert and prince Maurice de Nassau; the former commander of the Spaniards, and

Where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life  
So freely, that from every single heart  
That there fell, came home, from his resolution,  
A double honour to his country.

*Witty.* This

Should be no counterfeit, Sir.

*Oldc.* I do not think he is, Sir.

*Witty.* But, Sir, methinks you do not shew the marks  
Of a soldier: Could you so freely scape,  
That you brought home no scars to be your chronicle?

*Ruin.* Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in those  
parts

Where nature and humanity bids me shame  
To publish.

*Witty.* A good soldier cannot want  
Those badges.

*Greg.* Now am not I of your mind  
In that; for I hold him the best soldier  
That scapes best: Always at a mock-fencing<sup>10</sup>  
I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

*Witty.* Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar, too.  
To ask you

Why you should be poor, yet richly learn'd,  
Were no question, at least, you can easily answer it;  
But whether you have learning enough to deserve  
To be poor or no (since poverty is commonly  
The meed of learning) is yet to be tried:  
You have the languages? I mean the chief,  
As the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.

*Prif.* *Aliquantulum; non totaliter, domine.*

*Oldc.* The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in,  
And I promise you, Sir, he is very well grounded.

*Witty.* I will prove him in some of the rest.

and the latter of the forces of the States-General. The Spaniards were worsted, and sustained the loss of 2000 men killed, besides a great number taken prisoners. This battle is mentioned in several contemporary writers; but we do not find the least notice taken in any of the accounts of the *forward and bold Scot*, whose bravery is here celebrated by our Authors.

*R.*

<sup>10</sup> *A cock-fencing.*] Corrected by Sympson.

*Toia*

## WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS. 261

*Toia miois fatberois iste cock-scomboy?*

*Pris. Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi asinifoy.*

*Witty. Cheateron ton biton?*

*Pris. Tous pollous strickerous, angelo to peeso.*

*Witty. Certainly, Sir,*

A very excellent scholar in the Greek.

*Oldc. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.*

*Greg. I do wonder*

How the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege,  
As 'tis reported, against the Greeks: If Achilles  
Spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he  
Might have shaken down the walls in a sevennight,  
And ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

*Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac.*

*Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

*Pris. Haʃbagath rabgabash shobos onoriadka.*

*Witty. Colpack rubasca, gnawerthem ſbig ſbag.*

*Pris. Napʃhamothem ribʃbe bongomofʃ laʃhemech nagothi.*

*Witty. Gentlemen, I have done! any man, that can,  
Go further! I confess myself at a nonplus.*

*Greg. Faith, not I, Sir; I was at my furthest  
In my natural language; I was never double-tongu'd,  
I thank my hard fortune.*

*Witty. Well, gentlemen,*

'Tis pity, (walk further off a little, my friends)  
I say, 'tis pity such fellows, so endow'd,  
So qualified with the gifts of nature and arts,  
Yet should have such a scarcity of Fortune's benefits:  
We must blame our iron-hearted age for it.

*Oldc. 'Tis pity, indeed; and our pity shall speak  
A little for 'em: Come, Sir! here's my groat.*

*Witty. A groat, Sir? oh fy! give nothing rather!  
'Twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging,  
And so quit yourself: I am a poor gentleman,  
That have little but my wits to live on—*

*Oldc. Troth,*

And I love you the better, Sir.

*Witty. Yet I'll begin*

*A better example than so: Here, fellows,*

There's between you ; take purse and all ; and I  
Would it were heavier for your sakes !

There's a pair of angels to guide you to your lodgings,  
A poor gentleman's good will !

*Prif. Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime domine !*

*Oldc.* This is an ill example for us, Sir : I would  
This bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day,

*Greg.* Pox, we must not shame ourselves now,  
Sir ! I'll give as much as that gentleman,  
Tho' I never be soldier or scholar while I live :  
Here, friends ; there's a piece, that, if he were divided,  
Would make a pair of angels for me too, in the love  
I bear to the sword and the tongues.

*Oldc.* My largesf

Shall beequal too, and much good do you. This bounty  
Is a little abatement of my wit tho', I feel that.

*Ruin.* May soldiers ever defend such charities !

*Prif.* And scholars pray for their encrease !

*Oldc.* Fare you well !

Sir, these fellows may pray for you ; you have made  
The scholar's commons exceed to-day. And, a word  
with you, Sir !

You said you liv'd by your wits ; if you use  
This bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it.

*Witty.* Oh, Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it ; this seed  
Never wants his harvest. Fare you well, Sir ! [Exit.

*Greg.* I think a man were as good meet with a rea-  
sonable thief,

As an unreasonoble beggar sometimes.

I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again :  
Can you change my piece, my friends ?

*Prif. Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

*Greg.* My gold is turn'd into Latin.

*Re-enter Wittypate.*

*Witty.* Look you, good fellows ;  
Here's one round shilling more that lay conceal'd.

*Oldc.* Sir, away ! we shall be drawn further into  
damage else.

*Greg.*

*Greg.* A pox of the fool! he live by his wits? If his wits

Leave him any money, but what he begs or steals, Very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him. [Exit with *Greg.*

*Ruin.* This breakfast parcel was well fetch'd off, i'faith!

*Witty.* Tush! a bye-blow for mirth; we must have better.

*Purchase:* We want a fourth for another project That I have ripen'd.

*Ruin.* My wife; she shares, and can deserve it.

*Witty.* She can change her shape, and be masculine?

*Ruin.* 'Tis one of the free'st conditions: She fears not The crack of a pistol; she dares say *stand* to a grazier.

*Prif.* *Probatum fuit, profecto, domine.*

*Witty.* Good! then you, Sir Bacchus Apollo, shall be Dispatch'd with her share, and some contents, to meet us Tomorrow, at a certain place and time appointed, In the masculine gender: My father has a nephew, And I an own cousin, coming up from the university, Whom he loves must indulgently;

Easy master Credulous Oldcraft,

(For you know what your mere academic is).

Your carrier never misses his hour: He must not

Be robb'd, because he has but little to lose;

But he must join with us in a device

That I have, that shall rob my father of

A hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't:

For there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his profess'd wit,

That has turn'd me out to live by my wits.

*Prif.* *Cum birundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

*Witty.* A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight, Tho' it be counters, for my alchemy

Shall turn 'em into gold of my father's; the hour,

The place, the action shall be at large set down:

And, father, you shall know, that I put my portion

To use, that you have given me to live by;

And to confirm yourself in me renate,

I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate!

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T II.

*Enter Lady Ruinous and Servant.*

*Serv.* **N**AY, lady!

*L. Ruin.* Put me not in mind on't,  
prithee!

You cannot do a greater wrong to women;  
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction  
To have that name remember'd; 'tis a title  
That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice!  
Scorn and Contempt have not wherewith to work  
On humble callings; they are safe, and lie  
Level with Pity still, and pale Distress  
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune  
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,  
We find Affliction work, and Envy pastime,  
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,  
Is that we are call'd by, *Lady*. Oh, my spirit,  
Will nothing make thee humble? I'm well methinks,  
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,  
Until I look into the world again:  
Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,  
To see how many muckhills plac'd above me;  
Peasants and droyls", caroches full of dunghills,  
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,  
Glist'ring by night like glow-worms thro' the high-  
streets,  
Hurried by torch-light in the footmens' hands,  
That shew like running fire-drakes thro' the city,  
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,  
(Nay, sometimes danger too) on foot, on horseback,  
And earn my supper manfully ere I get it:  
Many a meal I've purchas'd at that rate,

Enter *Priscian*.

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp'd at midnight.  
Ha! what are you?

*Pris.* [Pulls off his beard.] Now you may tell yourself, Lady!

*L. Ruin.* Oh, Mr. *Priscian*! what's the project?  
For you ne'er come without one.

*Pris.* First, your husband,  
Sir *Ruinous Gentry*, greets you with best wishes,  
And here has sent you your full share by me  
In five cheats and two robberies.

*L. Ruin.* And what comes it to?

*Pris.* Near upon thirteen pound.

*L. Ruin.* A goodly share!  
'Twill put a lady scarce in *Philip and cheyney*<sup>12</sup>,  
With three small bugle laces, like a chambermaid:  
Here's precious lifting!

*Pris.* 'Las, you must consider, Lady,  
'Tis but young term; attorneys ha' small doings yet;  
Then highway lawyers, they must needs ha' little:  
We've had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,  
Since your stout ladyship parted from's at Highgate;  
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred.  
Here's man's apparel! your horse stands at door.

*L. Ruin.* And what's the virtuous plot now?

*Pris.* Marry, Lady,  
You, like a brave young gallant, must be robb'd.

*L. Ruin.* I robb'd?

*Pris.* Nay then—

*L. Ruin.* Well, well, go on! Let's hear, Sir.

*Pris.* Here's a seal'd bag of a hundred; which  
indeed

Are counters all, only some sixteen groats

<sup>12</sup> *In Philip and cheyney.*] What sort of stuff *Philip* is, I don't remember ever to have heard or read of: I imagine the original reading run thus,

— *Philipine cheyney*,  
which is a sort of stuff at present in common use, but goes now by the appellation of *harracen*.

*Sympson.*

Of

Of white money i'th' mouth on't.

*L. Ruin.* So ! what saddle have I ?

*Pris.* Monsieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.

*L. Ruin.* That again ?

You know so well it is not for my stride !

How oft have I complain'd on't ?

*Pris.* You may have Jockey's then, the little Scotch one.

You must dispatch.

[*Exit.*]

*L. Ruin.* I'll soon be ready, Sir,  
Before you have shifted saddles. Many women  
Have their wealth flow to 'em ; I was made, I see,  
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Cuuningham.*

*Cunn.* My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf  
Still draws me from my home ; yet I follow :  
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,  
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues ;  
So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.  
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,  
As my best wits can hardly clear again :  
Piping thro' this old reed, the Guardianess,  
With purpose that my harmony shall reach  
And please the lady's ear ; she stops below,  
And echoes back my love unto my lips,  
Persuaded by most violent arguments  
Of self-love in herself, I am so self-fool,  
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.  
I could beggar her to accept the gifts  
She would throw upon me ; it were charity ;  
But for pity's sake I will be a niggard,  
And undo her, refusing to take from her.  
I'm haunted again ! if it take not now,  
I'll break the spell.

*Enter Guardianess.*

*Guard.* Sweet Cunningham, welcome !  
What, a whole day absent ? Birds that build nests

Have

Have care to keep 'em.

*Cunn.* That is granted ;  
But not continually to sit upon 'em,  
'Les in the youngling season : Else, they desire  
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours ;  
Then they return with fresher appetite  
To work again.

*Guard.* Well, well, you've built a nest  
That will stand all storms ; you need not mistrust  
A weather-wreck : And, one day, it may be  
The youngling season too ; then, I hope,  
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

*Cunn.* There will be pains

I see to shake this bur off !—And, sweetest,  
Prithee how fares thy charge ? has my good friend,  
Sir Gregory, the countenance of a lover ?

*Guard.* No, by my troth, not in my mind ; methinks,  
(Setting his worship aside) he looks like a fool.

*Cunn.* Nay, i'faith, ne'er divide his worship from him  
For that small matter ! fool and worship are no  
Such strangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,  
Has he thy lady's countenance of love ?  
Looks she like a welcome on him ? plainly,  
Have they as good hope of one another,  
As, Cupid bless us, we have ?

*Guard.* Troth, I know not ;  
I can perceive no forwardnes in my charge.  
But I protest I wish the knight  
Better for your sake, bird.

*Cunn.* Why, thanks, sweet bird !  
And with my heart I wish that he had as strong  
And likely hope of her, as thou hast of me.

*Guard.* Well, he is like to speed never the worse  
For that good wish. And I will tell you, bird,  
(For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)  
My charge thinks well of you.

*Cunn.* Of me ? for what ?

*Guard.* For my sake ; I mean so : I have heard her  
A hundred times say, since her uncle gave her

The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat  
 For my sake, if things went well together :  
 We've spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and  
 things—

Go to ! I'll not tell all <sup>13</sup> ; but you'll find some  
 Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

*Cunn.* Faith, be not sparing ; tell me !

*Guard.* By my lady ;

You shall pardon me for that ! it were a shame  
 If men should hear all that women speak behind  
 Their backs sometimes.

*Cunn.* You must give me leave yet  
 At least to give her thanks.

*Guard.* Nor that neither ;  
 She must not take a notice of my blabbing.  
 It is sufficient you shall give me thanks ; for  
 'Tis for my sake, if she be bountiful :  
 She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

*Cunn.* How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,  
 Not to repay her with my dearest duty ?

*Guard.* Ay, but you must not know it ; if you tell  
 All that I open to you, you'll shame us both :  
 Afar off, you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,  
 But I'll allow no nearer conference.

*Cunn.* Whoop ! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.

*Guard.* Jealous ?

Why, there is no true love without it, bird !  
 I must be jealous of thee : But for her,  
 (Were it within my duty to my master)  
 I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,  
 And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin  
 As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage-bed :  
 If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

*Cunn.* And where's the cause of your fear then ?

*Guard.* Well, well ;

When things are past, and the wedding torches  
 Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,  
 Then I'll tell you more.

<sup>13</sup> *Go to, I'll tell you all.*] Varied by Sympson.

*Cunn.* Come, come, I see further,  
That, if we were married, you'd be jealous.

*Guard.* I protest, I should a little, but not of her:  
It is the married woman (if you mark it)  
And not the maid that longs; the appetite  
Follows the first taste; when we have relished,  
We wish cloying; the taste once pleas'd before,  
Then our desire is whetted on to more.  
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith, bird.

*Cunn.* Not a whit, faith, bird, betwixt you and I;  
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.

*Guard.* Nay,  
You shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd;  
But make not things common.

*Cunn.* Ud' so, your lady!  
*Guard.* Ay, 'tis no matter; she'll like well of this;  
Our familiarity is her content.

*Enter Niece and Pompey.*

*Niece.* This present from Sir Gregory?

*Pompey.* From my master,  
The worshipful, right Sir Gregory Fop.

*Niece.* A ruff? And what might be his high conceit  
In sending of a ruff?

*Pompey.* I think he had  
Two conceits in't, forsooth<sup>14</sup>, to high, to low;  
Ruff high, because as the ruff does embrace  
Your neck all day, so does he desire to throw  
His knightly arms —

*Niece.* But then I leave him off a-nights.

*Pompey.* Why, then he is ruff low, a ruffian;  
A bold adventurous Errant to do any  
Rough service for his lady.

<sup>14</sup> *He had two conceits in it, forsooth, too high too low.]* The playing upon words here, I imagine to have been the conceit of some poor player. If we consider this passage it will be found that, *two conceits too high too low*, is nothing but found without sense, and that the Poets probably wrote,

— *two conceits, t'one high, t'one low.* *Sympson.*

*Sympson's conceit* seems the strangest of the whole.

*Niece.*

*Niece.* A witty and unhappy conceit!—Does he mean  
As he seems to say unto that reverence? [Toward Cunn.  
He does wooe her sure!

*Pompey.* To tell you truth, lady,  
His conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it yet.

*Niece.* Do you think so, Sir?

*Pompey.* Nay, I know it, forsooth;  
For it was two days ere he compass'd it,  
To find a fitting present for your ladyship:  
He was sending once a very fine puppy to you.

*Niece.* And that he would have brought himself.

*Pompey.* So he would indeed; but then  
He alter'd his device, and sent this ruff,  
Requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul,  
You (with your own hands) would bestow the starch-  
ing of it.

*Niece.* Else she woos him: Now his eyes shoot  
this way.— [Toward Cunn.  
And what was the reason for that, Sir?

*Pompey.* There lies his main conceit, lady; for, says he,  
In so doing, she cannot chuse but in the starching  
To clap it often between her hands, and so  
She gives a great liking and applause to my present;  
Whereas, if I should send a puppy, she ever  
Calls it to her with *biss, biss, biss*, which is  
A fearful disgrace: He drew the device  
From a play<sup>15</sup> at the Bull, t'other day.

*Niece.* Ay marry, Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.

*Pompey.* And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, lady.

*Guard.* How now? which way look you, bird?

*Cunn.* At the fool, bird;  
Shall I not look at the fool?

*Guard.* At the fool,  
And I here? what need that? pray look this way.

*Niece.* I'll fit him aptly! Either I'll awake  
His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear

<sup>15</sup> *The device from a play.*] And yet next page he tells Niece, who suspected his master in point of wit and ingenuity, that it was really his (Sir Gregory's) own.

Sympson.

(As

(As yet I cannot think him) without any.—

Sirrah, tell me one thing true,  
That I shall ask you now: Was this device  
Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it;  
He is not so ingenious.

*Pompey.* His own,  
I assure you, madam.

*Niece.* Nay, you must not lie.

*Pompey.* Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you  
Than lie with my master, by your leave,  
In such a case as this.

*Guard.* Yet again your eye?

*Cunn.* The fool makes mirth, i'faith;  
I'd hear some.

*Guard.* Come, you shall hear none but me.

*Niece.* Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me! Did  
Thy master send thee to me? He may be wise,  
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes  
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least  
think on't.

Was Vulcan ever so unwise to send Mars  
To be his spokesman, when he went a-wooing?  
Send thee? Hey-ho! a pretty rolling eye!

*Pompey.* I can turn up the white and the black too,  
An need be, forsooth.

*Niece.* Why, here's an amorous nose!

*Pompey.* You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.

*Niece.* A cheek!

How I could pat it now in dalliance<sup>16</sup>!  
A pair of lips! Oh, that we were uney'd!  
I could fuck sugar from 'em; what a beard is here!  
When will the knight thy master have such a stamp  
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.

*Pompey.* 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that  
rises so.

*Cunn.* 'Death, she courts the fool!

*Guard.* Away, away! 'tis sport; do not mind it.

*Niece.* Give me thy hand; come, be familiar!

<sup>16</sup> How I could put it now in dalliance.] Corrected by Sympson.  
Ay,

Ay, here's a promising palm ! what a soft  
Handful of pleasure's here ! Here's down compar'd  
With flocks and quilted straw ; thy knight's fingers  
Are lean mattrice-rubbers to these feathers :  
I prithee let me lean my cheek upon't !  
What a soft pillow's here !

*Pompey.* Hum, umh, hu, hum !

*Niece.* Why, there's a courage in that lively passion !  
Measure thee all o'er, there is not a limb  
But has his full proportion : It is my voice,  
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee ;  
The goodlier man by half ! at once, now I  
See thee all over.

*Pompey.* If you had seen me swim the other day  
On my back, you would have said you had seen !  
There was two chambermaids that saw me, and  
My legs by chance were tangled in the flags,  
And when they saw how I was hang'd, they cried out,  
Oh, help the man for fear he bē drown'd !

*Niece.* They  
Could do no less in pity. Come, thine arm !  
We'll walk together.

*Cunn.* Blindness of love and women ! why, she dotes  
Upon the fool.

*Guard.* What's that to you ? mind her not.

*Cunn.* Away, you bur !

*Guard.* How's that ?

*Cunn.* Hang off, flesh-hook ! fasten thine itchy clasp  
On some dry toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,  
And burn together.

*Guard.* Oh, abominable !  
Why, do you not love me ?

*Cunn.* No ; never did !  
I took thee down a little way to enforce  
A vomit from my offended stomach ; now  
Thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

*Guard.* Oh, villain !

[Retires.]

*Cunn.* Why, dost thou not see a sight  
Would make a man abjure the sight of women ?

*Niece.*

*Niece.* Ha, ha, ha ! he's vex'd ! ha, ha, ha !

*Pompey.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Niece.* Why dost thou laugh ?

*Pompey.* Because thou laughest ; nothing else, i'faith.

*Cunn.* She has but mock'd my folly ! else she finds not  
The bosom of my purpose : Some other way  
Must make me know. I'll try her ; and may chance  
quit

The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. [Exit.]

*Niece.* Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy master  
Now, what he would think if he knew this !

*Pompey.* By my troth,  
I laugh at him too. Faith, sirrah, he's but a fool,  
To say the truth, tho' I say't that should not say't.

*Niece.* Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee.  
Well, for this time we'll part : You perceive something ;  
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness ;  
But pray be silent !

*Pompey.* As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i'faith.

*Niece.* Look, we are cut off ! there's my hand  
Where my lips would be.

*Pompey.* I'll wink, and think 'em  
Thy lips. Farewell ! [Exit.]

*Niece.* Now, Guardianess,  
I need not ask where you have been.

*Guard.* Oh, lady,  
Ne'er was woman so abus'd !

Re-enter Pompey.

*Pompey.* Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart ?  
I had forgot to tell thee ; if you will,  
I will come back in the evening.

*Niece.* By no means ;  
Come not 'till I send for you.

*Pompey.* If there be  
Any need, you may think of things when I am gone.  
I may be convey'd into your chamber ; I'll lie  
Under the bed while midnight, or so ;  
Or you shall put me up in one of your little boxes ;

I can creep in at a small hole.

*Niece.* These  
Are things I dare not venture: I charge you,  
On my love, never come 'till I send for you.

*Pompey.* *Verbum insipienti!* 'Tis enough to the wise.  
Nor I think it is not fit the knight should know  
Any thing yet.

*Niece.* By no means! pray you go now; we're suspected.

*Pompey.* For the things that are past, let us use our  
secrets.

*Niece.* Now I will make a firm trial of your love;  
As you love me, not a word more at this time,  
Not a syllable; 'tis the seal of love; take heed!

*Pompey.* Hum, hum, hum, hum! [Exit.

*Niece.* He hums loth to depart<sup>17</sup>.  
So, this pleasant trouble's gone. Now, Guardianess!  
What! your eyes easing your heart? the cause, woman?

*Guard.* The cause is false man, madam! oh, lady!  
I have been gulled in a shining carbuncle,  
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,  
And 'tis as cold as ice.

*Niece.* And justly serv'd;  
Wouldst thou once think that such an erring spring<sup>18</sup>  
Would dote upon thine autumn?

*Guard.* Oh, had you heard  
Him but protest—

*Niece.* I would not have believ'd him.  
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly,  
In wanton imitation with the fool.  
Go, weep the sin of thy credulity,

<sup>17</sup> Pompey. *Hum, bum, bum, bum*—

*He hums loath to depart.*] The impropriety of putting  
this passage into Pompey's mouth is evident upon the bare mention.  
To the Niece it unquestionably belongs, and we should write,

*Pompey. Hum, bum, bum, bum.*

*Niece. He hums loath to depart.*

[Exit.

*Sympson.*

<sup>18</sup> *An erring spring.*] So first folio; second, *early*; and Seward  
*earring*. We have followed the oldest copy, not only as authorized,  
but as falling immediately in with the sense of the context, and being  
preferable to *earring*, which is a hard epithet in this place.

Not of thy loss ! for it was never thine,  
 And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull ?  
 Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable.  
 Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not  
 The prey ; the stale to catch another bird with.

*Guard.* Indeed he call'd me bird.

*Niece.* Yet thou perceiv'st not ;  
 It is your niece he loves ; wouldest thou be made  
 A stalking jade ? 'tis she, examine it.—  
 I'll hurry all awry<sup>19</sup>, and tread my path  
 Over unbeatn grounds ; go level to the mark,  
 Not by circular bouts : Rare things are pleasing ;  
 And rare's but seldom in the simple sense,  
 But has her emphasis with eminence. [Exit.

*Guard.* My niece ? she the rival of my abuse ?  
 My flesh and blood wrong me ? I'll aunt her for't !

*Enter Mirabel.*

Oh, Opportunity, thou bleftest me !—  
 Now, gentlewoman ! are you parted so soon ?  
 Where is your friend, I pray ? your Cunningham ?

*Mir.* What say you, aunt ?

*Guard.* Come, come, your Cunningham !  
 I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

*Mir.* Dumb I am sure you're not. What ail you, aunt ?  
 Are you not well ?

<sup>19</sup> *I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path*

*Over unbeatn grounds ; go level to the mark,*

*Not by circular bouts ; rare things are pleasing.*] Seward says,

• If she hurrys all awry, it is plain she must go to her mark as she  
 • really does, by circular bouts, i. e. by seeming to aim at something  
 • else. I suppose the original to have been,

• *Over unbeatn grounds go level to*

*The mark, by circular bouts ; rare things are pleasing :*

And Sympson changes *not* into *but*.—There needs neither omission  
 nor alteration. Seward misconstrues the text, and Sympson's change  
 of *not* into *but* directly contradicts the Poet's meaning. By *hurrying*  
*awry* she only means leaving the common way, and *to tread a path*  
*over unbeatn grounds*, by which means she will *go LEVEL to the mark*,  
*NOT round about*. Did Messis. Seward or Sympson never amuse  
 themselves in their younger days with the diversion of *steeple-hunting* ?  
 'Tis the very thing.

*Guard.* No, nor sick ;  
 Nor mad, nor in my wits ; nor sleeping,  
 Nor waking ; nor nothing, nor any thing :  
 I know not what I am, nor what I am not !

*Mir.* Mercy cover us ! what do you mean, aunt ?

*Guard.* I mean to be reveng'd.

*Mir.* On whom ?

*Guard.* On thee, baggage !

*Mir.* Revenge should follow injury,  
 Which never reach'd so far as thought in me  
 Towards you, aunt.

*Guard.* Your cunning, minion,  
 Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me !  
 The gentle beggar loves you.

*Mir.* Beseech you, let  
 Me stay your error ! I begin to hear,  
 And shake off my amazement : If you think  
 That ever any passage treating love  
 Hath been betwixt us yet commenced ; any  
 Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,  
 So much as brother and sister might meet with ;  
 The lip-salute, so much as strangers might  
 Take a farewell with ; the commixed hands ;  
 Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,  
 In troth you wrong your bosom ; by that truth  
 Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me  
 If it were offer'd you, I am as free  
 As all this protestation.

*Guard.* May I believe this ?

*Mir.* If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I thought  
 He had spoke love to you ; and if his heart  
 Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.

*Guard.* Oh, falieft man ! Ixion's plague fell on me !  
 Never by woman, such a mafclime cloud,  
 So airy and so subtle, was embrac'd.

*Mir.* By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt.

*Guard.* I believe you : Then help in my revenge,  
 And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever :  
 I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon.

Thou

Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires  
 With all the engines of a woman's wit,  
 Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch ;  
 He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty ;  
 And when thou hast him by the amorous gills,  
 Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,  
 Then let his banquetings be Tantalism.  
 Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out !  
 Oh, I should climb the stars, and sit above,  
 To see him burn to ashes in his love !

*Mir.* This will be a strange task <sup>20</sup>, aunt, and an  
 Unwilling labour ; yet, in your injunction,  
 I am a servant to't.

*Guard.* Thou'lt undertake't ?

*Mir.* Yes ; let the success commend itself hereafter !

*Guard.* Effect it, girl, my substance is thy store ;  
 Nothing but want of will makes woman poor. [ *Exeunt.* ]

*Enter Sir Gregory and Pompey.*

*Greg.* Why, Pompey, thou'rt not stark mad, art  
 thou ? wilt thou  
 Not tell me how my lady does ?

*Pompey.* Your lady ?

*Greg.* Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly,  
 or no ?

*Pompey.* The thing

That you sent her, knight, by the thing that you sent,  
 Was, for the thing's sake that was sent to carry  
 The thing that you sent, very kindly receiv'd. First,  
 There's your indenture ; (now go seek you a servant ! )  
 Secondly, you're a knight ; thirdly and lastly,  
 I'm mine own man ; and, fourthly, fare you well !

*Greg.* Why, Pompey ! Prithee let me speak with thee !  
 I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.

*Pompey.* Knight,  
 If you be a knight, so keep you : As for the lady,  
 Who shall say that she is not a fair lady ?  
 A sweet lady, an honest and a virtuous lady ?

<sup>20</sup> A strange tale.] Varied by Symeon.

I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue,  
And I will make him eat these fingers' ends.

*Greg.* Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey.

*Pompey.* Whatsoever things have past between the lady  
And the other party, whom I will not name  
At this time, I say she is virtuous  
And honest, and I will maintain't, as long as  
I can maintain myself with bread and water.

*Greg.* Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise.

*Pompey.* Any man that does but think it in my hearing,  
I will make him think on't while he has a thought  
In his bosom ! Shall we say that kindnesses  
From ladies are common? or that favours and pro-  
testations

Are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties ?  
I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady  
And the party, which I will not name, that she is honest,  
And shall be honest, whatsoever she does  
By day or by night, by light or by darkness,  
With cut and long tail<sup>21</sup>.

*Greg.* Why, I say she is honest.

*Pompey.* Is she honest ?

In what sense do you say she's honest, knight?

*Greg.* If I could not find in my heart to throw  
My dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an as,  
And no gentleman !

*Pompey.* Throw your dagger at me ?  
Do not, knight ! I give you fair warning,  
'Tis but cast away if you do ; for you shall have  
No other words of me : The lady is an honest lady,  
Whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys,  
And thoughts, and words, and deeds betwixt her  
And the party which I will not name.  
This I give you to understand, that another man

<sup>21</sup> *Cut and long tail* ] According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a *cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long tail* therefore signify the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman.

Steevens.

May have as good an eye, as amorous a nose,  
 As fair a stampt beard, and be as proper a man,  
 As a knight (I name no parties); a servingman  
 May be as good as a Sir,  
 A Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop:  
 So, servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected  
 As well with ladies (tho' I name no parties)  
 As Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell! [Exit.]

Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I  
 Never have any more wit while I live!  
 Either the fight of the lady has gaster'd him <sup>22</sup>,  
 Or else he's drunk; or else he walks in his sleep,  
 Or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both;  
 One of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't,  
 She has not us'd me so kindly as her uncle  
 Promis'd me she should: But that's all one;  
 He says I shall have her, and I dare take his word  
 For the best horse I have, and that's  
 A weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't. [Exit.]

Enter *Lady Ruinous* (as a man), *Wittypate*, *Sir Ruinous*,  
*Prifcian*, and *master Credulous*, binding and robbing  
 her, and in scarfs. *Credulous* finds the bag.

*L. Ruin.* Nay, I am your own; 'tis in your pleasure  
 how

You will deal with me: Yet I would entreat,  
 You will not make that which is bad enough  
 Worse than it need be, by a second ill,  
 When it can render you no second profit!  
 If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,  
 All my store I vow (and it weighs a hundred);  
 My life, or any hurt you give my body,  
 Can enrich you no more.

*Witty.* You may pursue.

<sup>22</sup> *Gaster'd* ] i. e. frightened.

‘ And when he saw my best-alarm'd spirits

‘ Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

‘ Or whether gasted by the noise I made,

‘ But suddenly he fled.’ King Lear, act ii. sc. i. R.

*L. Ruin.* As I'm a gentleman, I never will!

*Witty.* Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour  
 'Till you call out for bail, and on the other  
 Side of the hedge leave you: But keep the peace  
 'Till we be out of hearing! for by that  
 We shall be out of danger: If we come back,  
 We come with a mischief!

*L. Ruin.* You need not fear me.

*Prif.* Come, we'll bestow you then.

[Exit *Ruin. Prif. and Lady.*

*Witty.* Why, la you, Sir, is not this a swifter revenue  
 Than *Sic probos, ergos & igiturs* can bring in?  
 Why, is not this one of your syllogisms  
 In *Barbara, Omne utile est honestum*?

*Cred.* Well, Sir, a little more of this acquaintance  
 Will make me know you fully: I protest  
 You have (at first sight) made me conscious  
 Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet  
 I could almost have wish'd rather ye had robb'd  
 Me of my cloak, (for my purse, 'tis a scholar's)  
 Than to have made me a robber.  
 I had rather have answer'd three difficult questions  
 Than this one, as easy as yet it seems.

*Witty.* Tush! you  
 Shall never come to further answer for't.  
 Can you confess your penurious uncle,  
 In his full face of love, to be so strict  
 A niggard to your commons, that you're fain  
 To size your belly out with shoulder fees,  
 With rumps and kidnies, and cues of single beer,  
 And yet make dainty to feed more daintily<sup>23</sup>,  
 At this easier rate? Fy, master Credulous!  
 I blush for you.

*Cred.* This is a truth undeniable.

*Witty.* Why, go to then! I hope I know your uncle:  
 How does he use his son, nearer than you?

<sup>23</sup> *And yet make dainty to feed more daintily.*] The first folio reads, *dainty*; for want of consulting that edition (we suppose) Sympon is greatly puzzled what to do with *dainty*.

*Cred.*

*Cred.* Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons  
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it :  
He would have been glad to have shar'd in such  
A purchase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

*Enter Ruinous and Priscian.*

But mum, no more !—Is all safe, bullies ?

*Ruin.* Secure ;  
The gentleman thinks him most happy in his losfs,  
With's life and limbs safe, and redoubles  
His first vow, as he is a gentleman,  
Never to pursue us.

*Witty.* Well ; away then !  
Disperse ! you with master Credulous, who still  
Shall bear the purchase ; Priscian and I  
Will take some other course : You know our meeting  
At the Three Cups in St. Giles' ; with this proviso,  
(For 'tis a law with us) that nothing be opened  
'Till all be present : The loser says a hundred,  
And it can weigh no lefs.

*Ruin.* Come, Sir, we'll be your guide.

*Cred.* My honesty, which till now was never for-  
feited,  
All shall be cloſe 'till our meeting ! [Exit with *Ruin*.  
*Witty.* Tush, I believe it ;—and then all shall out.  
Where is the thief that's robb'd ?

*Enter Lady Ruinous.*

*L. Ruin.* Here, master Oldcraft.  
All follows now.

*Witty.* 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now to turn  
that bag  
Of counterfeits to current pieces, & *aetum est* !

*L. Ruin.* You are the chemist ; we'll blow the fire still,  
If you can mingle the ingredients.

*Witty.* I will not miss a cause<sup>24</sup>, a quantity, a dram.  
You know the place.

<sup>24</sup> I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram.] Chymical terms  
are necessary here, *cause* therefore seems a corruption, and *quantity*  
makes

*Prif.* I have told her that, Sir.

*Witty.* Good ! Turn Ruinous to be a constable, (I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from The worshipful magistrate to the under watchman) Because we must have no danger of life, But a cleanly cheat ; attach Credulous : The cause is plain, the theft found about him ; Then fall I in, in his own cousin's shape, By mere accident, where finding him distres'd, I with some difficulty must fetch him off, With promise that his uncle shall shut up all, With double restitution : Master constable Ruinous his mouth shall be stopt ; You, mistress Rob-thief, shall have your share of What we can gull my father of. Is't plain enough ?

*L. Ruin.* As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

*Witty.* Father, I come again, and again ! When this is Past too, father, one will beget another. I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren : You were best to come to composition, father : Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet, It will be cheaper, father, than my wit ; For I will cheat none but you, dear father. *[Exeunt.]*

### A C T III.

*Enter Oldcraft and Gregory.*

*Oldc.* **W**HY, now you take the course, Sir Gregory Fop :

I could enforce her, an I list ; but love

makes no proper climax ; one might easily form a proper climax with *a scruple, dram or grain*, but the laws of criticism allow no such deviation from the trace of the letters ; the only probable conjecture that I can form is,

— *a cart, a quint, a dram* ;

i. e. a fourth or fifth part, or even a dram. I spell *cart* rather than *quart*, because our English writers so spell it in other instances, as a *carteaux* instead of *quart d' eau*.

*Seward.*

That's

That's gently won is a man's own for ever.

Have you prepar'd good musick?

*Greg.* As fine a noise<sup>25</sup>, uncle,  
As heart can wish.

*Olde.* Why, that's done like a suitor!  
They must be woo'd an hundred several ways,  
Before you obtain the right way in a woman:  
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,  
The serpent has not more; for sh' has all his,  
And then her own beside came in by her mother.

*Greg.* A fearful portion for a man to venture on!

*Olde.* But the way found once by the wits of men,  
There is no creature lies so tame again.

*Greg.* I promise you, not a house-rabbit, Sir.

*Olde.* No sucker on 'em all<sup>26</sup>.

*Greg.* What a thing's that?

They're pretty fools, I warrant, when they're tame,  
As a man can lay his lips to.

*Olde.* How were you bred, Sir?

Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter?

*Greg.* Never, i'faith; they ha' made some fools  
for me,

And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

*Olde.* They could not shew you the way plainlier,  
I think,

To make a fool again.

*Greg.* There's fools enough, Sir,

'Less they were wiser.

*Olde.* This is wondrous rare!

<sup>25</sup> *As fine a noise.*] It is plain from this passage, and Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, that *noise* was formerly used to express a concert of *musick*. Many of our old authors will afford instances of this: Among the rest, in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* act ii. scene iv. one of the Drawers says, ' See if thou canst find out *Sneak's noise*; mistress *'Teasheet* would fain hear some *musick*.' In a note on that passage, Mr. Steevens produces various proofs of this acceptation of the word.

<sup>26</sup> *Greg. I promise you, not a house-rabbit, Sir.*

*Olde. No sucker on 'em all.*] In the First Part of *Henry IV.* Falstaff says, ' Hang me up by the heels for a *rabbit-sucker!*' which Dr. Johnson explains to be a *fucking-rabbit*; and Mr. Steevens furnishes several instances in support of that explanation.

Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight ?  
 A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloke-bag ?  
 Never an hostess by the way to leave it with ?  
 Nor tapster's sister ? nor head-ostler's wife ?  
 What, nobody ?

*Greg.* Well mock'd, old wit-monger !  
 I keep it for your Niece.

*Oldc.* Do not say so, for shame ! She'll laugh at thee :  
 A wife ne'er looks for't ; 'tis a batchelor's penny ;  
 He may give't to a beggar-wench, i'th' progress time,  
 And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [Exit.]

*Greg.* 'Would I had known so much !  
 I could ha' stopt a beggar's mouth by the way,

*Enter Page and Fidler's Boy.*

That rail'd upon me 'cause I'd give her nothing.—  
 What, are they come ?

*Page.* And plac'd directly, Sir,  
 Under her window.

*Greg.* What may I call you, gentleman ?

*Boy.* A poor servant to the viol ; I'm the voice, Sir.

*Greg.* In good time, master Voice !

*Boy.* Indeed, good time does get the mastery.

*Greg.* What countryman, master Voice ?

*Boy.* Sir, born at Ely ; we all set up in *cla*,  
 But our house commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.

*Greg.* A shrewd place by my faith ! it may well break  
 Your voice ; it breaks many a man's back. Come,  
 Set to your busineſſ.

### S O N G.

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear  
 I should invite you to worse cheer ;  
 In your dreams you cannot fare  
 Meaner than musick ; no compare !  
 None of your slumbers are compil'd  
 Under the pleasure makes a child ;  
 Your day-delights, so well compaſt,  
 That what you think turns all to aſt :

I'd wish my life no better play,  
Your dream by night, your thought by day.

Wake, gently wake,  
Part softly from your dreams !  
The morning flies  
To your fair eyes,  
To take her special beams.

Greg. I hear her up. Here, master Voice,  
Pay you the instruments ; fave what you can,

*Enter Niece above.*

To keep you when you're crack'd. [Exit Boy.

Niece. Who should this be,  
That I'm so much beholding to for sweetnes ?  
Pray Heav'n, it happens right !

Greg. Good morrow, mistress !

Niece. An ill day, and a thousand, come upon thee !

Greg. 'Light ! that's six hundred more than any  
almanack has !

Niece. Comes it from thee ? it is the mangiest musick  
That ever woman heard.

Greg. Nay, say not so, lady !  
There's not an itch about 'em.

Niece. I could curse  
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to 't !  
There is no boldnes like the impudence  
That's lock'd in a fool's blood ! How durst you do  
this ?

In conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently  
As woman could a man ; insatiate coxcomb !  
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee  
Would o' my life ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,  
And rise contented too, and left enough for their  
friends.

Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied ?  
I am persuad'd thou devour'st more flouts  
Than all thy body's worth ; and still a-hungred ?  
A mischief of that maw ! prithee seek elsewhere ;  
In troth I'm weary of abusing thee :

Get

Get thee a fresh mistress, thou't make work enough.  
 I do not think there's scorn enough in town  
 To serve thy turn ; take the court-ladies in,  
 And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em !

*Greg.* Is this in earnest, lady ?

*Niece.* Oh, unsatiable !

Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet ?  
 I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum ! trust me,  
 Thou'l beggar my derision utterly ;  
 If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh :  
 If I knew where to borrow a contempt  
 Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd thou shouldst  
 then :

But th'haft no conscience, now t' extort hate from me,  
 When one has spent all she can make upon thee :  
 Must I begin to pay thee hire again,  
 After I've rid thee twice ? faith, 'tis unreasonable !

*Greg.* Say you so ? I'll know that presently. [Exit.

*Niece.* Now he runs

To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain ;  
 But I have better ware always at hand,  
 And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

*Enter Cunningham.*

*Cunn.* I met the musick now ; yet cannot learn  
 What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

*Niece.* There's somebody set already <sup>27</sup> ; I must to't,  
 I fee.—

Well, well, Sir Gregory !

*Cunn.* Ha ! Sir Gregory ?

*Niece.* Where-e'er you come, you may well boast  
 your conquest.

*Cunn.* She's lost, i'faith ! enough ! has Fortune then  
 Remember'd her great boy ? she seldom fails 'em.

*Niece.* He was th' unlikeliest man at first methought,  
 To have my love ! we never met but wrangled.

<sup>27</sup> There's somebody set ;] i. e. *Posted, stationed.* We should not have thought an explanation necessary, had not the passage been quite unintelligible to Sympson, who proposes reading *set* or *fetch'd*.

*Cunn.*

*Cunn.* A pox upon that wrangling, say I still!  
 I never knew't fail yet, where-e'er it came;  
 It never comes, but, like a storm of hail,  
 'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;  
 There's not one match'mongst twenty made without it;  
 It fights i' th' tongue, but's sure to agree i' th' haunches.

*Niece.* That man that should ha' told me, when  
 time was,  
 I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteously!  
 But see how things will change!

*Cunn.* Here's a heart feels it!  
 Oh, the deceitful promises of love!  
 What trust should a man put in the lip of woman?  
 She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh' had meant  
 To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.

*Niece.* I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a  
 match once.

*Cunn.* I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear so much!  
 Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes  
 Than younger brothers have? that's a maid with no-  
 thing,  
 Or some old soap-boiler's widow, without teeth:  
 There waits my fortune for me; seek no further! [Exit.

*Enter Oldcraft and Sir Gregory.*

*Oldc.* You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that can't be.  
 She will not, nor she dare not.

*Greg.* 'Would I were whipt then!

*Niece.* I'll make as little show of love, Sir Gregory,  
 As ever woman did; you shall not know  
 You have my heart a good while.

*Oldc.* Heard you that?

*Niece.* Man will insult so soon; 'tis his condition;  
 'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:  
 I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end  
 Will have his course: Let maids do what they can,  
 They are but frail things 'till they end in man.

*Oldc.* What say you to this, Sir?

*Greg.* This is somewhat handsome.

*Niece.*

*Niece.* And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,  
Now I shall try how constant his love is,  
Altho' it went sore against my heart to chide him.

*Greg.* Alas, poor gentlewoman !

*Oldc.* Now you're sure of truth ;  
You hear her own thoughts speak.

*Greg.* They speak indeed.

*Oldc.* Go, you're a brainless coax, a toy, a Fop ;  
I'll go no further than your name, Sir Gregory,  
I'll right myself there. Were you from this place,  
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you !  
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Niece and I ?—  
Good-morrow, Niece, good-morrow !

*Niece.* Many fair ones to you, Sir !

*Oldc.* Go ! you're a coxcomb.—How dost, Niece,  
this morning ?—  
An idle shallow fool !—Slep'dst thou well, girl ?—  
Fortune may very well provide thee lordships,  
For Honesty has left thee little manners.

*Greg.* How am I bang'd o'both sides !

*Oldc.* Abuse kindness ?—  
Wilt take the air to-day, Niece ?

*Niece.* When you please, Sir.  
There stands the heir behind you I must take  
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear).

*Oldc.* La' you ! do you hear't continued to your  
teeth now ?

A pox of all such Gregories ! what a hand  
Have I with you ? [Niece lets fall her scarf.

*Greg.* No more ! i'feck, I ha'done, Sir.  
Lady, your scarf's fall'n down :

*Niece.* 'Tis but your luck, Sir,  
And does presage the mistress must fall shortly ;  
You may wear it, an you please.

*Oldc.* There's a trick for you !  
You're parlously belov'd ; you should complain !

*Greg.* Yes, when I complain, Sir,  
Then do your worst ; there I'll deceive you, Sir.

*Oldc.* You are a dolt, and so I leave you, Sir. [Exit.  
*Greg.*

*Greg.* Ah, sirrah mistress, were you caught, i'faith?  
 We overheard you all; ' I must not know  
 ' I have your heart; ' take heed o' that, I pray !  
 I knew some scarf would come.

*Niece.* He's quite gone, sure:—  
 Ah, you base coxcomb, couldst thou come again,  
 And so abus'd as thou wast?

*Greg.* How!

*Niece.* It would ha' kill'd  
 A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber  
 And broke his heart, by this time.

*Greg.* Thank you heartily!

*Niece.* Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,  
 Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,  
 And then refus'd, upon't ran up to th' hilts.

*Greg.* Yes, let him run for me! I was never brought  
 up to't;

I never profess'd running i' my life.

*Niece.* What art thou made on, thou tough vil-  
 lainous vermin?

Will nothing destroy thee?

*Greg.* Yes, yes, assure yourself  
 Unkind words may do much.

*Niece.* Why, dost thou want 'em?  
 I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:  
 Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee,  
 I'll see what I can do yet.

*Greg.* I'm much beholding to you.

You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

*Niece.* I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

*Greg.* I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,  
 All the while your uncle was here.

*Niece.* Why, there thou  
 Betray'st thy house; we of the Oldcrafts were  
 Born to more wit than so.

*Greg.* I wear yout favour here.

*Niece.* 'Would it might rot thy arm off! If thou  
 knew'st

With what contempt thou hast it, what heart'sbitternes,  
 How many cunning curses came along with't,

Thou'dst quake to handle it.

*Greg.* A pox, take't again then !  
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands ?

*Niece.* No, wear't still ;  
But long I hope thou shalt not ; 'tis but cast  
Upon thee purposel y to serve another,  
That has more

Right to't ; as in some countries they convey  
Their treasure upon asses to their friends :  
If mine be but so wise and apprehensive  
As my opinion gives him to my heart,  
It stays not long on thy desertless arm.  
I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear  
Any thing of mine, altho' I giv't thee freely.  
Kiss it you may, and make what show you can,  
But sure you carry't to a worthier man !

And so good-morrow to you !

[*Exit.*]

*Greg.* Hu hum, ha hum !  
I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,  
Nor the audacity to kill myself,  
But I could cry my heart out ; that's as good,  
For so't be out, no matter which way't comes.  
If I can die with a fillip, or depart  
At hot-cockles, what is that to any man ?  
If there be so much death, that serves my turn there.  
Every one knows the state of his own body ;  
No carrions kills a kite, but then again  
There's cheese will choak a daw. Time I were dead  
i'faith,  
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.  
I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look  
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,  
Else 'twould go hard with me ; and to complain  
To Sir Perfidious the old knight again,  
Were to be more abus'd :  
Perhaps he'd beat me well, but ne'er believe me,

*Enter Cunningham.*

And few men die o' beating ; that were lost too.  
Oh, here's my friend ! I'll make my moan to him.

*Cunn.*

*Cunn.* I cannot tear her memory from my heart,  
That treads mine down<sup>28</sup>! Was ever man so fool'd  
That profess'd wit?

*Greg.* Oh, Cunningham!

*Cunn.* Sir Gregory!

The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!

*Greg.* 'Snigs, what dost mean? come I to thee for  
comfort,

And dost abuse me too?

*Cunn.* Abuse you? how, Sir?

With justifying your fortune, and your joys?

*Greg.* Pray hold your hand, Sir! I've been bob'd  
enough:

You come with a new way now, strike me merrily;  
But when a man's fore beaten o' both sides already,  
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him.  
Wilt ha' the truth? I'm made the rankest ass  
That e'er was born to lordships!

*Cunn.* What? no, Sir!

*Greg.* I had not thought my body could a' yielded  
All those foul scurvy names that she has call'd me;  
I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.

*Cunn.* Is this credible?

*Greg.* She pin'd this scarf upon me<sup>29</sup>, 'fore her uncle;  
But, his back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on't  
The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd e'er since;  
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't still,  
But hop'd I should not long: If good luck serve,  
I should meet one that has more wit and worth  
Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,  
And sent to him for a token.

*Cunn.* I conceit it! I know the man

<sup>28</sup> *Tear her memory from my heart,  
That treads mine down.*] Probably, *That tears mine out.* *Sympson.*

<sup>29</sup> *She pin'd this scarf upon me.*] This is a manifest untruth, for  
she never was out of her chamber from the time of Sir Gregory's  
serenading her, to the dropping of her scarf. What should hinder us  
then from reading, to salve the veracity of the knight,

*She palm'd this scarf upon me.* *Sympson.*

Why so minute? why not admit *pinn'd* metaphorically for *fastened*?

That lies in wait for't: Part with't, by all means,  
In any case ! you are way-laid about it.

*Greg.* How, Sir ! way-laid ?

*Cunn.* Pox of a scarf, fay I !

I prize my friend's life 'bove a million of 'em :  
You shall be rul'd, Sir ; I know more than you.

*Greg.* If you know more than I, let me be rid on't !  
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing ; so she told me.

*Cunn.* No, no, give me't ; the knave shall miss his  
purpose,

And you shall live.

*Greg.* I would as long as I could, Sir.

*Cunn.* No more replies ! you shall ; I'll prevent this :  
Pompey shall march without it.

*Greg.* What, is't he ?

My man that was ?

*Cunn.* Call him your deadly enemy !

You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly ;  
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, Sir ;  
I care not if he heard me.

*Greg.* But, do you hear, Sir ?

Can it found with reason she should affect him ?

*Cunn.* Do you talk of reason ? I ne'er thought to  
have heard

Such a word come from you : Reason in love ?  
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give ?  
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid ?  
An alderman's widow, one that was her turn-broach ?  
Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable  
Into her chamber ? lay with her horse-keeper ?

*Greg.* Did ever love play such jade's tricks, Sir ?

*Cunn.* Oh, thousands, thousands.

Beware a sturdy clown, e'er while you live, Sir :  
'Tis like a housewifry in most shires about us :  
You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen  
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress ;  
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs ?  
They keep clowns to stop gaps and drive in pegs,  
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, Sir !

You're

You're safest at returning.

*Greg.* Think you so, Sir?

*Cunn.* But how came this clown to be call'd Pompey first?

*Greg.* Pish! one goodman Cæsar, a pump-maker, kersen'd him;

Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's Pumpey, And stunk too when I had him; now he's crank.

*Cunn.* I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, Sir. Walk you still that way; I'll make use of this To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour On some new mistress, only for a try; And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. [Exit.

*Greg.* Is Pompey grown so malapert, so frampel <sup>30</sup>? The only cutter about ladies' honours,

*Enter Oldcraft.*

And his blade soonest out?

*Olde.* Now, what's the news, Sir?

*Greg.* I dare not say but good:—Oh, excellent good, Sir!

*Olde.* I hope now you're resolv'd she loves you, knight?

<sup>30</sup> *Frampel.*] In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly says of Mrs. Ford, That 'she leads a very *frampold* life' with her husband; and Dr. Johnson says, that the word occurs in Hacket's *Life of Williams*, and there signifies a *peevish troublesome fellow*. Mr. Steevens adds the following note:

In the *Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same.

• *Lax.* Coachman.

• *Coach.* Anon, Sir!

• *Lax.* Are we fitted with good *pbrampell* jades?

Ray, among his South and East country words, says, that *frampold*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful, peevish, cross, froward*. As *froward*, (he adds) comes from *from*, so may *frampard*.

Nash, in his *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, speaking of Leander, says, 'the churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth.'

So in the *Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619, 'tis so 'frampole, the Puritans will never yield to it.' So in the *Blind Beggar of Bethnall-Green*, by John Day, 'I think the fellow's 'frampell, &c.' Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*,

'I pray thee grow not *frampul* now.' Steevens.

*Greg.* Cuds me, what else, Sir? that's not to do now.

*Oldc.* You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,

When you belied her goodness: Oh, you vex'd me Even to a palsey.

*Greg.* What a thing was that, Sir!

*Enter Niece.*

*Niece.* 'Tis, that 'tis,

As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone!

Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning:

We two shall be well match'd; our issue male sure Will be born counsellors. Is't possible?

Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;

Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst want, i'faith.—

Oh, my best joy and dearest!

*Oldc.* Well said, Niece!

So violent 'fore your uncle? What will you do In secret then?

*Greg.* Marry, call me slave and rascal.

*Niece.* Your scarf—the scarf I gave you—

*Oldc.* Mass, that's true, Niece!

I ne'er thought upon that: The scarf she gave you, Sir! What, dumb? no answer from you? the scarf!

*Greg.* I was way-laid about it, my life threaten'd; Life's life, scarf's but a scarf, and so I parted from't,

*Niece.* Unfortunate woman! my first favour too?

*Oldc.* Will you be still an ass? no reconcilement 'Twixt you and Wit? Are you so far fall'n out,

You'll never come together? I tell you true,

I'm very lousily ashamed on you;

That's the worst shame that can be.—

Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hook'd in,

I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing.

I love a man that lives by his wits, as life<sup>31</sup>!—

Nay, leave, sweet Niece; 'tis but a scarf; let it go!

<sup>31</sup> *I love a man that lives by his wits alit.*] Corrected by Sympson.

*Niece.* The going of it never grieves me, Sir;  
It is the manner, the manner—

*Greg.* Oh, dissembling marmaset !  
If I durst speak, or could be believ'd  
When I speak, what a tale could I tell,  
To make hair stand upright now !

*Niece.* Nay, Sir,  
At your request you shall perceive, uncle,  
With what renewing love I forgive this :  
Here's a fair diamond, Sir ; I'll try how long  
You can keep that.

*Greg.* Not very long ; you know't too,  
Like a cunning witch as you are !

*Niece.* You're best let him ha' that too.

*Greg.* So I were, I think ; there were no living else.  
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.

*Oldc.* Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next  
Shall tune your instruments ; that's the day set.

*Niece.* A match, good uncle !

*Oldc.* Sir, you hear me too ?

*Greg.* Oh, very well ; I'm for you.

*Niece.* Whate'er you hear, you know my mind !

[*Exeunt Oldcraft and Niece.*]

*Greg.* Ay, a pox on't, too well ! If I don't wonder  
how

We two shall come together, I'm a bear-whelp.  
He talks of Tuesday next, as familiarly  
As if we lov'd one another ; but 'tis as unlikely  
To me, as 'twas seven year before I saw her.

I shall try his cunning ; it may be he has a way  
Was never yet thought on, and it had need  
To be such a one ; for all that I can think on  
Will never do't. I look to have this diamond  
Taken from me very speedily ; therefore I'll take it  
Off o' my finger, for, if it be seen,  
I shall be way-laid for that too.

[*Exit.*]

## A C T IV.

*Enter Oldcraft and Wittyate.*

*Oldc.* O H, torture, torture! Thou carry'st a sting  
i'thy tail!

Thou never brought'st good news i'thy life yet;  
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilst.

*Witty.* Why, you receive a blessing the wrong way,  
Sir.

Call you not this good news, to save at once, Sir,  
Your credit and your kinsman's life together?

Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,  
T'have one of your name hang'd?

*Oldc.* Peace; no such words, boy!

*Witty.* Be thankful for the blessing of prevention then,

*Oldc.* Let me see!

There was none hang'd out of our house since Brutus;  
I ha' search'd both Stow and Hollingshead,

*Witty.* Oh, Sir!

*Oldc.* I'll see what Polychronicon says anon too<sup>32</sup>.

*Witty.* 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't!

<sup>32</sup> *I'll see what Polychronicon says anon too.*] By *Polychronicon* he means one Higden, a monk of Chester, who wrote a large volume of History under that title. Brady, in the Catalogue of Writers from whom he compiled his History of England, gives us this account of him: 'Ranalphus Cestrensis had the reputation of an industrious and diligent writer by our ancestors, especially Leland. He wrote from the beginning of things, and brought down his history (Latin) to the end of Edward the Third's reign, 1377, or perhaps only to the year 1344, as Mr. Selden observes.' As the *Polychronicon* is a book not to be met with every where, I will give my reader a specimen of our Ranalphus's *industry* and *diligence* from the translation of his Latin work by ore de Trevisa. In book the first, tho' I can't name the page or the chapter, he gives this description of the Sicilian *Cicadæ*. 'Cicades birds that singen well, in the best wise, and they have a pipe open under their throat, and singen better when dead than while they be alive, therfore herdes of that londe bihede them to have the sweeter song.'

*Sympson.*

*Oldc.*

*Oldc.* I would th'hadst never heard on't!

*Witty.* That's true too,  
So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on't!  
He was ev'n brought to justice Aurum's threshold;  
There had flown forth a mittimus straight for Newgate!  
And note the fortune too! Sessions a Thursday,  
Jury cull'd out a Friday, judgment a Saturday,  
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburn a Monday:  
Misery's quotidianague, when't begins once,  
Every day pulls him, 'till he pull his last.

*Oldc.* No more, I say! 'tis an ill theme. Where  
left you him?

*Witty.* He's in the constable's hands below i'th'  
hall, Sir,  
Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.

*Oldc.* What's he?

*Witty.* A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the  
worse too;  
He'll hang his enemy, and it shall cost him nothing;  
That's a great privilege.

*Oldc.* Within there!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir?

*Oldc.* Call up the folks i'th' hall,—I had such hope  
on him,  
For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for;  
Therefore erected all my joys in him,  
Got a Welch benefice in reversion for him,  
Dean of Cardigan; he has his grace already,  
He can marry and bury,  
Yet ne'er a hair on's face, like a French vicar;

*Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a constable), and  
Lady Ruinous (as a man).*

And does he bring such fruits to town with him?  
A thief at his first lighting?—Oh, good den to you!

*Witty.* Nay, sweet Sir! you're so vex'd now, you'll  
grieve him,

And

And hurt yourself.

*Oldc.* Away ! I'll hear no counsel.—  
Come you but once in seven year to your uncle,  
And at that time must you be brought home too ?  
And by a constable ?

*Witty.* Oh, speak low, Sir ;  
Remember your own credit ! You profess  
You love a man o'wit ; begin at home, Sir ;  
Express it i' yourself.

*L. Ruin.* Nay, master constable,  
Shew yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

*Ruin.* Sir, no dish-poridgement, we have brought  
home

As good men as ye.

*Oldc.* Out ! a North-Britain constable ? that tongue  
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already.  
Are you the gentleman ?

*L. Ruin.* The unfortunate one, Sir,  
That fell into the power of merciless thieves,  
Whereof this fellow, (whom I'd call your kinsman  
As little as I could, for the fair reverence  
I owe to fame and years) was the prime villain.

*Oldc.* A wicked prime !

*Witty.* Nay, not so loud, sweet father !

*L. Ruin.* The rest are fled, but I shall meet with'em :  
Hang one of 'em I will certain, (I ha' swore it)  
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.

*Oldc.* A Cambridge man for this ? these your de-  
grees, Sir ?

Nine years at univeristy for this fellowship ?

*Witty.* Take your voice lower, dear Sir !

*Oldc.* What's your loss, Sir ?

*L. Ruin.* That which  
Offends me to repeat ; the money's whole, Sir,

'Tis in the constable's hands there, a feal'd hundred ;  
But I will not receive't.

*Oldc.* No ? not the money, Sir,  
Having confess'd 'tis all ?

*L. Ruin.* 'Tis all the money, Sir,

But

But 'tis not all I lost ; for when they bound me,  
 They took a diamond hung at my shirt-string,  
 Which fear of life made me forget to hide ;  
 It being the sparkling witness of a contract  
 'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.

*Witty.* I told you what he was.—What does the diamond  
 Concern my cousin, Sir ?

*L. Ruin.* No more did the money ;  
 But he shall answer all now.

*Witty.* There's your conscience !  
 It shews from whence you sprung.

*L. Ruin.* Sprung ? I had leap'd a thief,  
 Had I leap'd some of your alliance,

*Witty.* Slave !

*L. Ruin.* You prevent me still.

*Oldc.* 'Slid, son, are you mad ?

*L. Ruin.* Come, come, I'll take a legal course.

*Oldc.* Will you undo us all ?—What's your demand,  
 Sir ?—

Now we're in's danger too !

*L. Ruin.* A hundred mark, Sir ;  
 I will not bate a doit.

*Witty.* A hundred rascals !

*L. Ruin.* Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and  
 take 'em.

*Witty.* Go, take your course ; follow the law, and  
 spare not.

*Oldc.* Does fury make you drunk ? Know you what  
 you say ?

*Witty.* A hundred dogs-dungs ! do your worst.

*Oldc.* You do,

I'm sure : Who is loud now ?

*Witty.* What, his own asking ?

*Oldc.* Not in such a cafe ?

*Witty.* You shall have but threescore pound, spite  
 a' your teeth ;

I'll see you hang'd first !

*Oldc.* And what's seven pound more, man,

That

## 300 WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

That all this coil's about?—Stay!—I say he shall ha't.  
*Witty.* It is your own, you may do what you please  
with it;

Pardon my zeal! I would ha' sav'd you money.  
Give him all his own asking?

*Oldc.* What's that to you, Sir?  
Be sparing of your own! Teach me to pinch  
In such a case as this? Go, go; live by your wits, go!  
*Witty.* I practise all I can.

*Oldc.* Follow you me, Sir;  
And, master constable, come from the knave,  
And be a witness of a full recompense.

*Witty.* Pray stop the constable's mouth, whate'er  
you do, Sir.

*Oldc.* Yet again?  
As if I meant not to do that myself,  
Without your counsel? As for you, precious kinsman,  
Your first year's fruits in Wales shall go to rack for this!  
You lie not in my house; I'll pack you out,  
And pay for your lodging rather.

[*Exeunt Oldc. Ruin. and L. Ruin.*]

*Witty.* Oh, fy, cousin!  
These are ill courses; you a scholar too!

*Cred.* I was drawn into't most unfortunately,  
By filthy debosht company.

*Witty.* Ay, ay, ay;  
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England.  
What were they? gentlemen?

*Cred.* Faith, so like, some of 'em,  
They were ev'n the worse again.

*Witty.* Hum!  
*Cred.* Great tobacco-whiffers;

They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.

*Witty.* What! no?

*Cred.* Faith, leave it, cousin, because my rascals use it.

*Witty.* So they do meat and drink; must worthy  
gentlemen

Refrain their food for that? an honest man  
May eat of the same pig some parson dines with,

A law.

## WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS. 301

A lawyer and a fool feed off one woodcock,  
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser ;  
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoke, dish, cup, or pipe,  
Co-operates to the making of a knave ;  
'Tis the condition makes a slave a slave :  
There's London philosophy for you ! I tell you, cousin,  
You cannot be too cautious, nice, or dainty,  
In your society here, especially  
When you come raw from the university,  
Before the world has harden'd you a little ;  
For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,  
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here :  
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.

*Cred.* Why a poach'd scholar ?

*Witty.* 'Cause he pours himself forth,  
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance ;  
Never so crafty to be eaten i'th' shell,  
But is out-strip'd of all he has at first,  
And goes down glib ; he's swallow'd with sharp wit,  
'Stead of wine vinegar.

*Cred.* I shall think, cousin,  
O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

### Enter Servant.

*Serv.* Master Credulous,  
Your uncle wills you to forbear the house :  
You must with me ; I'm charg'd to see you plac'd  
In some new lodging about Thieving-Lane.  
What the conceit's I know not ; but he commands you  
To be seen here no more, 'till you hear further.

*Cred.* Here's a strange welcome, Sir !

*Witty.* This is the world, cousin,  
When a man's fame's once poison'd ! Fare thee well,  
lad ! [Exeunt *Cred.* and *Serv.*]

This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in ;  
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,  
And puts him out of grace that stood between me,  
My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected  
To be his heir ; now there's a bar in's hopes.

*Enter*

*Enter Ruinous and Lady Ruinous.*

*Ruin.* It chinks; make haste!

*L. Ruin.* The Goat at Smithfield-Pens. [Exeunt.

*Enter Cunningham.*

*Witty.* Zo, zo, zufficient!—Master Cunningham? I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.

*Cunn.* A wit's better to meet than to follow then, For I ha' none so good I can commend yet; But commonly men unfortunate to themselves, Are luckiest to their friends; and so may I be.

*Witty.* I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you, All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

*Cunn.* 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes

*Enter Mirabel.*

Your modesty a-top of all your virtues. [Exit *Witty.* This gentleman may pleasure me yet again. I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd hat Of the last progres block, with the young hat-band, Made for a fucking devil of two years old, I know not where to turn myself.

*Mir.* Sir!

*Cunn.* More torture?

*Mir.* 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.

*Cunn.* O' my troth, gentlewoman, Rumour's as false a knave as ever piss'd then; Pray tell him so from me! I cannot feign With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

*Mir.* I heard, tho', you dissembled with my aunt, Sir; And that makes me more confident.

*Cunn.* There's no falsehood, But pays us our own some way!—I confess I feign'd with her, ('twas for a weightier purpose) But not with thee, I swear.

*Mir.* Nor I with you then, Altho' my aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble

To

To right her spleen: I love you faithfully.

*Cunn.* 'Light, this is worse than 'twas.

*Mir.* I find such worth in you,

I cannot, nay, I dare not dally with you,  
For fear the flame consume me.

*Cunn.* Here's fresh trouble!

This drives me to my conscience; for 'tis foul

To injure one that deals directly with me.

*Mir.* I crave but such a truth from your love, Sir,  
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

*Cunn.* A good geometrician, 'shrew my heart!

Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump gentle-  
woman,

You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness

Love has made one on's wiser than another,

We should be both cast away else:

Yet I love gratitude; I must requite you,

I shall be sick else: But to give you me—

A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,

For a' my troth I hardly can myself;

No wise physician will prescribe me for you.

Alas, your state's weak; you had need of cordials,

Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,

An elder brother, in a cullis, whole;

It must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly,

That must restore you to the state of new gowns,

French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.

*Mir.* But, where is he, Sir?

One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

*Cunn.* Then see thy conscience, and thy wit together!

Wouldst thou have me then, that have nothing neither?

What say you to Fop Gregory the First yonder?

Will you acknowledge your time amply recompens'd,

Full satisfaction upon love's record,

Without any more suit, if I combine you?

*Mir.* Yes, by this honest kiss.

*Cunn.* You're a wise client,

To pay your fee before-hand; but all do so:

You know the worst already, that's the best too.

*Mir.*

*Mir.* I know he is a fool.

*Cunn.* You're shrewdly hurt then !

This is your comfort ; your great, wifest women  
Pick their first husband still out of that house,  
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

*Mir.* I'm of their minds, that like him for a first  
husband

To run youth's race with ; it is very pleasant ;  
But when I'm old, I'd always wish a wiser.

*Cunn.* You may have me by that time. For this  
first busines,

Rest upon my performance !

*Mir.* With all thankfulness.

*Cunn.* I have a project you must aid me in too.

*Mir.* You bind me to all lawful action, Sir.

*Cunn.* Pray wear this scarf about you.

*Mir.* I conjecture now—

*Cunn.* There's a court principle for't, one office  
must help another ;  
As for example, for your cast o' manchets out o'th'  
pantry,

I'll allow you a goose out of the kitchen.

*Mir.* 'Tis very sociably done, Sir : Farewell, Per-  
formance !

I shall be bold to call you so.

[*Exit.*]

*Cunn.* Do, sweet Confidence !

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

If I can match my two broad-brim'd hats—

'Tis he ! I know the maggot by his head ;

Now shall I learn news of him. My precious chief !

*Greg.* I have been seeking for you i'th' bowling-green,  
Enquir'd at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary ;  
It has vex'd me to th' heart !

Look, I've a diamond here, and it can't find  
A master.

*Cunn.* No ? that's hard, i'faith.

*Greg.* It does

Belong to somebody : A mischief on him,

I would

I would he had it; does but trouble me;  
And she that sent it is so waspish too,  
There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.

*Cunn.* Oh, ho! Ah, sirrah, are you come?

*Greg.* What's that, friend?

*Cunn.* Do you note that corner sparkle?

*Greg.* Which? which? which, Sir?

*Cunn.* At the West end o'th' collet<sup>33</sup>.

*Greg.* Oh, I see't now.

*Cunn.* 'Tis an apparent mark: This is the stone, Sir,  
That so much blood is threaten'd to be shed for.

*Greg.* I pray——

*Cunn.* A tun at least.

*Greg.* They must not find it in me then; they must  
Go where 'tis to be had.

*Cunn.* 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir *Gregory*;  
I know where this must go.

*Greg.* Am I discharg'd on't?

*Cunn.* My life for yours now!

[Draws.

*Greg.* What now?

*Cunn.* 'Tis discretion, Sir;

I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.

*Greg.* Troth thou tak'it too much danger on thee still,  
To preserve me alive.

*Cunn.* 'Tis a friend's duty, Sir.

Nay, by a toy that I've late thought upon,  
I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.

*Greg.* Thou wilt not? wilt?

*Cunn.* Contract her by a trick, Sir,  
When she least thinks on't.

*Greg.* There's the right way to't;  
For if she think on't once, she'll never do't.

*Cunn.* She does abuse you still then?

*Greg.* A pox! damnably,  
Every time worse than other; yet her uncle  
Thinks the day holds a Tuesday: Say it did, Sir,

<sup>33</sup> *West end o'th' collet.*] There only wants the change of a letter, to make this passage run like the original, *viz.* o'th' collet; *i. e.* bezill or socket in which the diamond was set. *Sympson.*

She's so familiarly us'd to call me *rascal*,  
 She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name ;  
 And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.

*Cunn.* Will you leave all to me ?

*Greg.* Who should I leave it to ?

*Cunn.* 'Tis our luck to love nieces ; I love a niece too.

*Greg.* I would you did, i'faith !

*Cunn.* But mine's a kind wretch.

*Greg.* Ay, marry, Sir ; I would mine were so too !

*Cunn.* No *rascal* comes in her mouth.

*Greg.* Troth, and mine

Has little else in hers.

*Cunn.* Mine sends me tokens,  
 All the world knows not on.

*Greg.* Mine gives me tokens too,  
 Very fine tokens ; but I dare not wear 'em.

*Cunn.* Mine's kind in secret.

*Greg.* And there mine's a hell-cat.

*Cunn.* We have a day set too.

*Greg.* 'Slid, so have we, man ;  
 But there's no sign of ever coming together.

*Cunn.* I'll tell thee who it is ; th' old woman's niece.

*Greg.* Is't she ?

*Cunn.* I would your luck had been no worse for  
 mildness ;

But mum ; no more words of it to your lady !

*Greg.* Foh !

*Cunn.* No blabbing, as you love me.

*Greg.* None of our blood  
 Were ever babblers.

*Cunn.* Prithee convey this letter to her ;  
 But at any hand let not your mistress see't !

*Greg.* Yet again, Sir ?

*Cunn.* There is a jewel in't !  
 The very art would make her dote upon't.

*Greg.* Say you so ?  
 And she shall see it for that trick only.

*Cunn.* Remember but your mistress, and all's well.

*Greg.* Nay, if I do not, hang me !

[Exit.]

*Cunn.*

*Cunn.* I believe you.—

This is the only way to return a token:

I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to th' contrary.

He's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing  
Made without substance, that a man can find again.  
Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,  
Engendring with an old pair of pane'd hose<sup>34</sup>,  
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen;  
The very steam bred him.

He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came;  
The generation of a hundred such  
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,  
For 'tis no act in law; nor can a constable  
Pick out a bawdy business for Bridewell in't.

*Enter Pompey (as a gallant).*

A lamentable case!

He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.—  
How now? ha? what prodigious bravery's this?  
A most preposterous gallant! the doublet fits  
As if it mock'd the breeches.

*Pompey.* Save you, Sir!

*Cunn.* H'has put his tongue in the fine suit of words  
too!

*Pompey.* How does the party?

*Cunn.* Takes me for a scrivener.—

Which of the parties?

*Pompey.* Hum! Simplicity betide thee!—  
I would fain hear o' th' party; I'd be loath to go,  
Further with her; honour is not a thing  
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,  
No, nor fame, I take it; I must not have her wrong'd  
When I'm abroad; my party is not to be compell'd  
With any party in an oblique way;  
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;

<sup>34</sup> *With an old pair of pane'd hose.*] Probably pain'd hose.

*Sympson.*

May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless ;  
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.

*Cunn.* Upon my life, I know her !

*Pompey.* Not by me ;

Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,  
You're ne'er the wiser ; she comes not from these lips.

*Cunn.* The old knight's Niece.

*Pompey.* 'Slid, he has got her ! Pox of his heart that told him !

Can nothing be kept secret !—Let me entreat you  
To use her name as little as you can, tho'.

*Cunn.* 'Twill be small pleasure, Sir, to use her name.

*Pompey.* I had intelligence in my solemn walks,  
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf  
Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd ;  
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any :  
However it is carried, believe me, Sir,  
Upon my reputation, I receiv'd none !

*Cunn.* What, neither scarf nor jewel ?

*Pompey.* 'Twould be seen

Somewhere about me, you may well think that ;  
I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,  
An ear to hang a jewel too, and that is more  
Than some men have, my betters a great deal,  
I must have restitution, where-e'er it lights.

*Cunn.* And reason good.

*Pompey.* For all these tokens, Sir,  
Pass i' my name.

*Cunn.* It cannot otherwise be.

*Pompey.* Sent to a worthy friend !

*Cunn.* Ay, that's to thee.

*Pompey.* I'm wrong'd under that title.

*Cunn.* I dare swear thou art :

'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention,  
His envious spite ; when thou'rt at Paddington,  
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.

*Pompey.* Ah, false knight !

False both to honour, and the law of arms.

*Cunn.* What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee,

Thou

*Thou sit as witness?*

*Pompey.* I should laugh in state then.

*Cunn.* I'll fob him; here's my hand.

*Pompey.* I shall be as glad as any man alive  
To see him well fob'd, Sir. But, now you talk of  
fobbing,

I wonder the lady sends not for me according to promise:  
I ha' kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose  
To be sent for: I am almost starv'd with walking.

*Cunn.* Walking gets men a stomach.

*Pompey.* 'Tis most true, Sir;  
I may speak it by experience, for I ha' got  
A stomach six times, and lost it again,  
As often as a traveller from Chelsea  
Shall lose the sight of Paul's, and get it again.

*Cunn.* Go to her, man.

*Pompey.* Not for a million!

Enfringe my oath? There's a toy call'd a vow  
Has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir!  
Pray do me the part and office of a gentleman:  
If you chance to meet a footman by the way,  
In orange-tawny ribbands, running before  
An empty coach, with a buzzard i'th' poop on't,  
Direct him and his horses toward the New-River,  
By Islington; there they shall have me looking  
Upon the pipes, and whistling. [Exit.

*Cunn.* A very

Good note! This Love makes us all monkies.  
But to my work: Scarf first? and now a diamond?  
These should be sure signs of her affection's truth;  
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [Exit.

*Enter Niece and Gregory.*

*Niece.* Is't possible?

*Greg.* Nay, here's his letter too;

There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.

*Niece.* You tedious mongril! Is it not enough  
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,  
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,

But you must talk too?

*Greg.* I ha' done.

*Niece.* Fall back!

Yet backer, backer yet! You unmannerly puppy,  
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?

*Greg.* Nay, these are golden days! now I stay by't;  
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all;  
The world mends, I see that.

*Niece.* What an ambiguous

Superscription's here! 'To the best of nieces.'  
Why, that title may be mine, and more than her's;  
Sure I much wrong the neatnes of his art!  
'Tis certain sent to me; and to requite  
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,  
Us'd the same fop for his.

*Greg.* She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.

*Niece.* What's here? An entire ruby, cut into a heart?  
And this the word, *Istud amoris opus*?

*Greg.* Yes, yes;

I have heard him say, that Love's the best stone-cutter.

*Niece.* Why, thou saucy issue of some travelling  
fow-gelder,

What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing  
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder  
How thou dar'st think on't! Hast thou ever hope  
To come i' the same room where lovers are,  
And'scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?

*Greg.* Love-tricks break out I see: An you talk of  
slippers once,

It is not far off to bed-time.

*Niece.* Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?  
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider  
With less venom far than I have spit at thee.

*Greg.* You must conceive,  
A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.

*Niece.* Back, owl's face!

*Oldc.* [within.] Do, do.

*Niece.* 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.—  
Why keep you so far off, Sir Gregory?

Are you afraid, Sir, to come near your mistress?

*Greg.* Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this still.

*Niece.* He comes not this way yet.—Away, you dog-whelp!

Would you offer to come near me, tho' I said so?

I'll make you understand my mind in time!

You're running in greedily<sup>35</sup>, like a hound to his breakfast,

That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows;  
I'm to be eaten, Sir, with grace and leisure,  
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble you:  
After I have pelted you sufficiently,  
I tro you'll learn more manners.

*Greg.* I am wondring  
Still when we two shall come together. Tuesday's  
At hand, but I'm as far off as I was  
At first, I swear.

*Enter Guardianess.*

*Guard.* Now, Cunningham, I'll be reveng'd at large.  
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion  
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your scarf.

*Niece.* Ha!

*Guard.* Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly  
Where you shall see her courted by Cunningham.

*Niece.* I go with greediness! We long for things  
That break our hearts sometimes; there's Pleasure's  
misery. [Exe. *Niece and Guard.*

*Greg.* Where are those gad-flies going? to some  
junket now.

That same old humble-bee<sup>36</sup>, toles the young one forth  
To sweetmeats after kind: Let 'em look to't  
The thing you wot on be not miss'd or gone!  
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. [Exit.

<sup>35</sup> Your running in greedily.] Corrected by Sympion.

<sup>36</sup> Some old bumble-bee.] Corrected in 1750.

Enter Cunningham (seemingly in discourse with a mask'd gentlewoman, which is a puppet, in a broad hat, and scarfed), and Niece at another door.

Cunn. Yes, yes.

Niece. Too manifest now; the scarf and all!

Cunn. It cannot be; you're such a fearful soul.

Niece. I'll give her cause of fear ere I part from her!

Cunn. Will you say so? Is't not your aunt's desire too?

Niece. What a dissembling crone's that? She'll forswear't now.

Cunn. I see my project takes; yonder's the grace on't.

Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again?

I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire

A wise man for a husband! and I see

Fate will not have us go beyond our stint:

We are allow'd but one dish, and that's woodcock.

It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of;

And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands.

Oh, that whore's hat o' thine, o'th' riding block,

A shade for lecherous kisses!

Cunn. Make you doubt on't?

Is not my love of force?

Niece. Yes; me it forces

To tear that sorcerous strumpet from thy embraces.

Cunn. Lady?

Niece. Oh, thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest love—

Cunn. What mean you, lady?

Niece. Mine; you'll answer for't!

Cunn. Alas, what seek you?

Niece. Sir, mine own, with loss.

Cunn. You shall—

Niece. I never made so hard a bargain.

Cunn. Sweet lady!

Niece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,  
As you owe Virtue duty! [Cunn. falls on purpose.]

Your cause trips you.

Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage is,

Before

## WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS. 313

Before you taste the pleasure. Smile you, false Sir?

*Cunn.* How can I chuse, to see what pains you take,  
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?

*Niece.* How!

*Cunn.* See what things you women be, lady!  
When cloaths are ta'en for the best part of you.  
This was to shew you, when you think I love you ~~not~~,  
How you're deceiv'd still; there the moral lies:  
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait  
To take a lady nibbling is fine cloaths:  
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;  
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this fit,  
For a jealous ague always ushers it.

*Niece.* Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine!  
And I've an excellent fortune coming in thee:  
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.

*Cunn.* Not a groat, I warrant you.

*Niece.* Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my  
faith for't;  
Next opportunity shall make us <sup>37</sup>.

*Cunn.* The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge  
sweetly.

*Niece.* 'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so  
well yonder!

Always when women jump upon threescore,  
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.

*Cunn.* Thou art a precious she-wit! [Exeunt.

<sup>37</sup> *Next opportunity shall make us.*] Here the loss of a monosyllable destroys the measure and injures the sense. I read,

*Next opportunity shall make us one.* Seward.  
There is certainly very complete sense without the monosyllable.

## A C T V.

*Enter Cunningham (at one door), Wittypate, Ruinous,  
Lady Ruinous, and Priscian (at the other).*

*Cunn.* FRIEND, met in the harvest of our designs !

*F* Not a thought but's busy.

*Witty.* I knew it, man ;  
And that made me provide these needful reapers,  
Hooks, rakers, gleaners : We will sing it home  
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond ;  
That as we further in your great affair,  
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs<sup>38</sup>,  
And if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,  
You will not look a churl upon us.

*Cunn.* Friend,  
We'll share the sheaves of gold ; only the love acre  
Shall be peculiar.

*Witty.* Much good do you, Sir.  
Away ! you know your way, and your stay ; get you  
The music ready, while we prepare the dancers.

*Ruin.* We are a consort of ourselves.

*Prif.* And can strike up lustily.

*Witty.* You must bring Sir Fop.

*Cunn.* That's perfect enough.

*Ruin.* Bring all the fops you can, the more the  
better fare ;

So the proverb runs backwards. [Exe. *Ruin.* and *Prif.*]

*L. Ruin.* I'll bring the ladies. [Exit.]

*Witty.* Do so first, and then

<sup>38</sup> You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs.] This reading discontinues the metaphor, as well as disturbs the sense ; both may easily be amended, by reading thus :

— to glean, pick up few corns

Simpson.

Corns certainly pursues the metaphor best ; but the old reading being sense, should not be arbitrarily altered, though for the better ; fidelity being the first duty of an editor.

The fops will follow. I must to my father;  
He must make one. [Exit.

*Enter two Servants with a banquet.*

*Cunn.* While I dispatch a business with the knight,  
And I go with you. Well said! I thank you!  
This small banquet will furnish our few guests  
With taste and state enough. One reach my gown;  
The action craves it, rather than the weather.

*1 Serv.* There is one stays to speak with you, Sir.

*Cunn.* What is he?

*1 Serv.* Faith, I know not what, Sir; a fool, I think,  
That some broker's shop has made half a gentleman:  
He has the name of a worthy too.

*Cunn.* Pompey? is't not?

*1 Serv.* That's he, Sir.

*Cunn.* Alas, poor fellow, prithee enter him;

*Enter second Servant with a gown.*

He will need too<sup>39</sup>. He shall serve for a witness. Oh,  
Gramercy! if my friend Sir Gregory comes,

*Enter Pompey.*

(You know him) entertain him kindly. Oh, master  
Pompey!

How is't, man?

*Pompey.* 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with love,  
And cold, and one thing or other. Has not my lady  
Sent for me yet?

*Cunn.* Not that I hear: Sure some  
Unfriendly messenger's employ'd betwixt you.

*Pompey.* I was ne'er so cold in my life: In my  
conscience,

<sup>39</sup> *Alas, poor fellow, prithee enter him, he will need too.*] Tho' Pompey did need viuals, yet the adverb *too* shews *need* to be a corruption for *speed* or *speed*. And the original ran, I fancy, very near the text of this present edition [i. e. *speed*]. *Seward.*

We think there are in our Authors, and others, instances of a construction, by which *he will need too* may signify *he will be needed*.

I have

I have been seven miles in length, along the New-River;

I have seen a hundred stickle-bags; I don't think but  
There's gudgeons too: 'Twill ne'er be a true water.

*Cunn.* Why think you so?

*Pompey.* I warrant you I told

A thousand miller's thumbs in it. I'll make a little  
Bold with your sweetmeats.

*Cunn.* And welcome, Pompey!

*Pompey.* 'Tis a strange thing I have no taste in any  
thing.

*Cunn.* Oh, that's Love; that distastes any thing  
but itself.

*Pompey.* 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May  
not a man

Break his word with a lady? I could find  
In my heart and my hose too.

*Cunn.* By no means, Sir;  
That breaks all the laws of Love.

*Pompey.* Well, I'll ne'er pass my word  
Without my deed, to lady, while I live again.  
I would fain recover my taste.

*Cunn.* Well, I have news to tell you.

*Pompey.* Good news, Sir?

*Cunn.* Happy news! I help you away with a rival,  
Your master's bestow'd —

*Pompey.* Where, for this plumb's sake —

*Cunn.* Nay, listen me.

*Pompey.* I warrant you, Sir; I have two ears to  
one mouth:

I hear more than I eat; I'd never row  
By Queen-Hithe while I lived else.

*Cunn.* I have  
A wife for him, and thou shalt witness the contract.

*Pompey.* The old one, I hope<sup>40</sup>; 'tis not the lady?

*Cunn.* Choke him first! It is one which thou shalt see;

<sup>40</sup> *The old one, I hope.*] By this expression here and a little below, the Clown hopes that the old Guardianess was the wife intended, by Cunningham, for Sir Gregory.

# WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS. 317

See him, see him deceiv'd, see the deceit, only  
The injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.  
Pompey. I'll simper i'faith, as cold as I am yet,  
The old one, I hope!

## Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory.

Cunn. Udso, shelter, shelter! If you be seen,  
All's ravell'd out again: Stand there private,  
And you will find the very opportunity  
To call you forth, and place you at the table.

## Enter Gregory.

You are welcome, Sir! This banquet  
Will serve, when it is crown'd with such a dainty  
As you expect, and must have.

Greg. Tush, these sweetmeats  
Are but sauce to that. Well, if there be  
Any honesty, or true word in a dream,  
She is mine own, nay, and chang'd extremely,  
Not the same woman.

Cunn. Who? not the lady?

Greg. No, not  
To me; the edge of her tongue is taken off,  
Gives me very good words; turn'd up-side down  
to me;

And we live as quietly as two tortoises:  
If she hold on, as she began in my dream—

Cunn. Nay, if Love send forth such predictions;  
You are bound to believe 'em. There's the watch-word

[*Soft musick.*

Of her coming; to your practis'd part now!  
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

[*Both go into the gown.*

Greg. I'll warrant you, Sir, I will give arms to  
Your gentry: Look you forward to your business,  
I am an eye behind you; place her in that  
Chair, and let me alone to grope her out!

Enter

*Enter Mirabel.*

*Cunn.* Silence!—Lady, your sweet presence illustrates

This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment;  
But where affections are both host and guest,  
They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit!  
Your something long stay made me unmannerly,  
To place before you (know him!) this friend here;  
(He is my guest) and more especially,  
That this our meeting might not be too single,  
Without a witness to't.

*Mir.* I came not unresolv'd, Sir:  
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith  
Which I expect from you, Fame shall be bold  
To speak the loudest on it. Oh, you grasp me  
Somewhat too hard, friend!

*Cunn.* That's Love's eager will;  
I'll touch it gentlier. [Kisses her hand.]

*Mir.* That's too low in you,  
Less it be doubly recompens'd in me. [Kisses his hand.]

*Pompey.* Puh! I must stop my mouth; I shall be  
choak'd else.

*Cunn.* Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays;  
We met to join these hands, and willingly  
I cannot leave it until confirmation.

*Mir.* One word first! how does your friend, kind  
Sir Gregory?

*Cunn.* Why do you mention him? you love him not.

*Mir.* I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir:  
In troth, I love him; but 'tis you deceive him,  
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,  
Now you steal his right from him; and I know  
I shall have hate for it, his hate extremely.

*Cunn.* Why, I thought you had not come so weakly  
arm'd:  
Upon my life, the knight will love you for't,  
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

*Mir.* Ay, you'll persuade me so.

*Cunn.*

*Cunn.* Why, he's my friend,  
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,  
I know and dare speak it for him.

*Mir.* Oh, this hand betrays him !  
You might remember him in some court'sy yet at least.

*Cunn.* I thank your help in it ; here's to his health,  
Where-e'er he be !

*Mir.* I'll pledge it,  
Were it against my health.

*Pompey.* Oh, oh ! my heart  
Hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return !  
Now could I walk three hundred mile afoot,  
And laugh forwards and backwards.

*Mir.* You'll take the knight's health, Sir ?

*Pompey.* Yes, yes, forsooth. Oh, my sides ! Such  
a banquet

Once a-week, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.

*Cunn.* Well ; now to close our meeting, with the  
close

Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin :  
Here in Heav'n's eye, and all Love's sacred pow'rs,  
(Which in my prayers stand propitious)  
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand  
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding  
By force of this initiating contract  
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,  
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the  
Dues, rights, and honours of a faithful husband ;  
And this firm vow, henceforth 'till death to stand  
Irrevocable, sealed both with heart and hand !

*Mir.* Which thus I second : But, oh, Sir Gregory !

*Cunn.* Again ? This interposition's ill, believe me.

*Mir.* Here, in Heav'n's eye, and all Love's sacred  
pow'rs,

I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand  
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding  
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,  
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the  
Dues, rights, and duties of a true faithful wife ;  
And this firm vow, henceforth 'till death to stand  
Irrevocable,

Irrevocable, sealed both with heart and hand !

*Greg.* A full agreement on both parts.

*Cunn.* Ay, here's witness of that.

*Greg.* Nay, I have over-reach'd you, lady ; and that's much,

For any knight in England to over-reach a lady.

*Mir.* I rejoice in my deceit ; I am a lady  
Now, I thank you, Sir.

*Pompey.* Good Morrow, lady Fop !

*Greg.* 'Snails, I'm gull'd ! made a worshipful ass !  
This is not my lady.

*Cunn.* But it is, Sir ; and true as your dream told you,  
That your lady was become another woman.

*Greg.* I'll have another lady, Sir, if there were  
No more ladies in London ; blindman-buff  
Is an unlawful game.

*Cunn.* Come, down on your knees first, and thank  
your stars.

*Greg.* A fire of my stars ! I may thank you, I think.

*Cunn.* So you may pray for me, and honour me,  
That have preserv'd you from a lasting torment,  
For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend —

*Greg.* I pray pardon me for that ; I did mis-call you,  
I confess.

*Cunn.* And should I, receiving such a thankful name,  
Abuse it in the act ? Should I see my friend

Baffled, disgrac'd, without any reverence  
To your title, to be call'd *slave, rascal* ? nay,  
Curs'd to your face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down  
With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should stand  
And suffer you to be lost, cast away ?

I would have seen you buried quick first,  
Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels,  
And to be kick'd from your heels<sup>41</sup> ! *Slave, rascal* ?  
Hear this tongue !

*Mir.* My dearest love, sweet knight, my lord, my  
husband !

*Cunn.* So ! this is not *slave* and *rascal* then.

<sup>41</sup> *To be kick'd from your heels.* Amended by Symfon.

## WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS. 321

*Mir.* What shall your eye command, but shall be done,  
In all the duties of a loyal wife?

*Cunn.* Good, good!

Are not curses fitter for you? were't not better  
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan<sup>42</sup>,  
Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?

*Mir.* Why, I will be a servant in your lady.

*Cunn.* 'Pox, but you shall not!

She's too good for you! This contract  
Shall be a nullity; I'll break it off,  
And see you better bestow'd.

*Greg.* 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir!

She's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one  
Another's lawfully, and let me see him  
That will take her away by the civil law!  
If you be my friend, keep you so; if you have done me  
A good turn, do not hit me i'th' teeth with't!  
That's not the part of a friend.

*Cunn.* If you be content—

*Greg.* Content?

I was never in better contention in my life:  
I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or  
the Old.

Come, kiss me boldly!

*Pompey.* Give you joy, Sir!

*Greg.* Oh, Sir,

I thank you as much as tho' I did! You are  
Belov'd of ladies; you see we are glad  
Of under-women.

*Pompey.* Ladies? Let

Not ladies be disgrac'd! You're, as it were,

<sup>42</sup> *The handle of a fan.*] In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff speaks of mistress Bridget having lost *the handle of her fan*; upon which Steevens says, ' It should be remembered, that fans, in our Author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as we have of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were stuck into handles, the richer sort of which were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship. One of these is mentioned in *The Fleire*, Com. 1610. — she hath a fan with a short silver handle, about the length of a barber's syringe.' R.

A married man, and have a family ;  
 And, for the party's sake that was unnam'd  
 Before, being pease-cod time, I am appeas'd ;  
 Yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue.

*Cunn.* Nay, no dissention here ! I must bar that.  
 And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd ;  
 Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,  
 And still support a seeming face of love  
 Unto the lady ; mark how it avails you, and  
 Quits all her scorns : Her uncle is now hot  
 In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,  
 Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer  
 Herself to you, which when you have flouted,  
 And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,  
 With all your disgraces trebled upon her ;  
 For there the pride of all her heart will bow,  
 When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

*Greg.* Good, i'faith ! I'll continue it. I'd fain  
 Laugh at the old fellow too, for h'has abus'd me  
 As scurvily as his Niece ; my knighthood is  
 Upon the spur ! we'll go to bed, and then  
 To church as fast as we can. [Exeunt *Greg.* and *Mir.*]

*Pompey.* I do wonder  
 I do not hear of the lady yet.

*Cunn.* The good minute  
 May come sooner than you are aware of ; I do not think  
 But 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis.

*Pompey.* Well, I will go walk  
 By the New-River, in that meditation ;  
 I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry bank.  
 This gallery of my master will keep me company  
 This two hours too : If love were not  
 An enemy to laughter, I should drive away  
 The time well enough. You know my walk, Sir ;  
 If she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try  
 What I can catch for luck sake ; I will fish fair for't.  
 Oh, knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so, (ha, ha !)

It does me good at heart,  
 But oh, lady, thou tak'st down my merry part. [Exit.  
 Enter

## Enter Wittypate.

*Witty.* Friend!

*Cunn.* Here, friend.

*Witty.* All is afoot, and will go smooth away:  
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,  
Which I have already complain'd to my father,  
Suggesting that Sir Gregory is fall'n off  
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,  
And that he is most violently bent  
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow)  
And that without most sudden prevention  
He will be married to her.

*Cunn.* 'Sfoot, all this is wrong!  
This wings his pursuit, and will be before me:  
I'm lost for ever!

*Witty.* No; stay! you sha'n't go  
But with my father: On my wit let it lie;  
You shall appear a friendly assistant,  
To help in all affairs, and in execution  
Help yourself only.

*Cunn.* 'Would my belief  
Were strong in this assurance!

*Witty.* You shall credit it,  
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you.—

## Enter Oldcraft.

My father!

*Oldc.* Oh, Sir, you're well met! Where's the knight  
Your friend?

*Cunn.* Sir, I think your son has told you.

*Witty.* Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he  
loves,

But not my kinswoman; her base usage, and  
Your slack performance, which he accuses most  
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upside down.

*Oldc.* I'll curb her for't: Can he be but recover'd,  
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,  
And love him as a wife too.

*Witty.* With that condition, Sir,  
I dare recall him were he enter'd the church,  
So much interest of love I assure in him.

*Oldc.* Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

*Witty.* Ay, but

These are words still; will not the deeds be wanting  
At the recovery, if't should be again.

*Oldc.* Why, here, fool, I am provided! five hundred  
In earnest of the thousands in her dower;  
But were they married once,  
I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement.

*Witty.* Ay, now I perceive some purpose in you, father.

*Oldc.* But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors  
To him?

*Witty.* To him? Oh, fy upon your error!  
She has another object, believe it, Sir.

*Oldc.* I never could perceive it.

*Cunn.* I did, Sir; and to her shame I should speak it,  
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,  
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.

*Oldc.* Wit and wantonness; nothing else, nothing else:  
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a fool  
Of a wise man.

*Cunn.* Ay, my friend complains so;  
Sir Gregory says flatly, she makes a fool of him,  
And these bold circumstances are approv'd:  
Favours have been sent by him, yet he, ignorant  
Whither to carry 'em, they've been understood,  
And taken from him: Certain, Sir, there is  
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,  
What or where-e'er he is—these slight neglects  
Could not be of a knight else.

*Oldc.* Well, Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover  
him

Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?

*Cunn.* I'll do my best, Sir.

*Oldc.* I shall thank you costly, Sir, and kindly too.

*Witty.* Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and  
come

Behind all your purposes ?

*Olde.* Away, good Sir !

*Witty.* Then stay a little, good Sir, for my advice. Why, father, are you broke ? your wit beggar'd ? Or are you at your wits' end ? or out of Love with wit ? no trick of wit to surprise Those designs, but with open hue and cry, For all the world to talk on ? This is strange ! You were not wont to flubber a project so.

*Olde.* Can you help at a pinch now ? shew yourself My son ? Go to ! I leave this to your wit, Because I'll make a proof on't.

*Witty.* 'Tis thus then ;

I have had late intelligence, they're now Buxsom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing, Telling the music's numbers with their feet, Awaiting the meeting of premonish'd friends, That is questionless, little dreading you : Now, Sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden And sufficient, were well, to enter on 'em As something like the abstract of a masque ; What tho' few persons ? if best for our purpose, That commends the project.

*Olde.* This takes up time.

*Witty.* Not at all ; I can presently furnish With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.

*Olde.* Why, what wants then ?

*Witty.* Nothing but charge of music ; That must be paid, you know.

*Olde.* That shall be my charge ; I will pay the music, Whate'er it cost.

*Witty.* And that shall be all your charge. Now on ! I like it ; there'll be wit in't, father.

[*Exeunt Olde, and Witty.*]

*Cunn.* I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship ; Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown, My resolution now shall seize mine own. [Exit.

*Enter Niece, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Sir Ruinous, and Priscian (with instruments), masqued.*

*L. Ruin.* Nay, let's have music; let that sweet breath at least

Give us her airy welcome! 'twill be the best

I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield;

But that most freely.

*Niece.* My welcome follows me,  
Else I am ill come hither: You assure me  
Still Mr. Cunningham will be here, and that it was  
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him,

*L. Ruin.* Else let me be that shame unto my sex,  
That all belief may fly 'em.

*Niece.* Continue  
Still the knight's name unto my Guardianess;  
She expects no other.

*L. Ruin.* He will, he will; assure you,  
Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly;  
This music fore-ran him: Is't not so, consorts?

*Ruin.* Yes, lady;  
He stays on some device to bring along  
Such a labour he was busy in, some witty device.

*Niece.* 'Twill be long ere he comes then, for wit is  
A great labour to him.

*Guard.* Weil, well, you will agree better one day.

*Niece.* Scarce two, I think.

*Guard.* Such a mock-beggar suit of cloaths as led me  
Into the fool's pair o' dice, with deuce ace,  
He that would make me mistress Cun, Cun, Cunnie,  
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er  
Forget him while I have a hole in my head:  
Such a one I think would please you better,  
Tho' he did abuse you.

*Ruin.* Fy! speak well of him now,  
Your Niece has quitted him.

*Guard.* I hope she has,  
Else she loses me for ever. But, for Sir Gregory,  
Would he were come; I shall ill answer this

Unto your uncle else.

*Niece.* You know it is his pleasure  
I should keep him company.

*Guard.* Ay, and should be your own,  
If you did well too. *Lord,* I do wonder  
At the niceness of your ladies now-a-days,  
They must have husbands with so much wit forsooth—  
Worship and wealth were both wont to be  
In better request, I'm sure: I cannot tell,  
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.

*L. Ruin.* La, la, la, sol! this music breathes in vain,  
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone;  
Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,  
And we'll grace it ourselves, however it deserves.

*Niece.* What say you, Guardianess?

*Guard.* Alas, I am

Weary with the walk, my jaunting days are done.

*L. Ruin.* Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course,  
or else

She shall pay the music.

*Guard.* Nay, I'll have a little for my money then.

[They dance, a cornet is winded.

*L. Ruin.* Hark! upon my life, the knight! it is  
your friend;

This was the warning-piece of his approach.

Enter Oldcraft, Wittypate, and Cunningham, masqued,  
and take them to dance.

Ha! no words but mum!

Well, then we shall need no counsel-keeping.

*Niece.* Cunningham?

*Cunn.* Yes; fear nothing.

*Niece.* Fear? why do you tell me of it?

*Cunn.* Your uncle's here.

*Niece.* Ah me!

*Cunn.* Peace!

*Oldc.* We have caught 'em.

*Witty.* Thank my wit, father.

*Guard.* Which is the knight, think you?

*Niece.* I know not ; he will be found when he speaks ;  
No masque can disguise his tongue.

*Witty.* Are you charg'd ?

*Oldc.* Are you awake ?

*Witty.* I'm answer'd in a question.

*Cunn.* Next change we meet, we loose our hands  
no more.

*Niece.* Are you prepar'd to tie 'em ?

*Cunn.* Yes. You must

Go with me.

*Guard.* Whither, Sir ? Not from my charge,  
Believe me.

*Cunn.* She goes along.

*Niece.* Will you venture, and my uncle here ?

*Cunn.* His stay's  
Prepar'd for.

*Guard.* 'Tis the knight sure ; I will follow.

[*Exeunt Cunn. Niece, and Guard.*]

*Oldc.* How now ? the music tir'd before us ?

*Ruin.* Yes, Sir ;

We must be paid now.

*Witty.* Oh, that's my charge, father.

*Oldc.* But stay ! where are our wanton ladies gone ?  
Son, where are they ?

*Witty.* Only chang'd the room in a change ; that's  
all, sure.

*Oldc.* I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.

*Ruin.* You must pay for your music first, Sir,

*Oldc.* Must ?

Are there *musy* fiddlers ? are beggars chusers now ?

Ha ! Why, Wittypate ! son ! where am I ?

*Witty.* You were

Dancing e'en now, in good measure, Sir : Is  
Your health miscarried since ? what ail you, Sir ?

*Oldc.* Death, I may be gull'd to my face ! Where's  
my Niece ?

What are you ?

*L. Ruin.* None of your Niece, Sir.

*Oldc.* How now ?

Have

Have you loud instruments too? I will hear  
No more, I thank you. What have I done tro  
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?

*Witty.* Not where you should be, Sir; you should be  
Paying for your music, and you're in a maze.

*Oldc.* Oh, is it so? Put up, put up, I pray you;  
Here's a crown for you.

*L. Ruin.* Pish, a crown?

*Ruin. Prif.* Ha, ha, ha! a crown?

*Oldc.* Which way do you laugh<sup>44</sup>? I have seen a  
crown

Has made a consort laugh heartily.

*Witty.* Father,  
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary  
Musicians; they expect a bounty above  
Their punctual desert.

*Oldc.* A pox on your punks and their deserts too!  
Am I not cheated, all this while, think you?  
Is not your pate in this?

*Witty.* If you be cheated,  
You're not to be indicted for your own goods;  
Here you trifle time, to market your bounty,  
And make it base, when it must needs be free,  
For aught I can perceive.

*Oldc.* Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

*Witty.* That I will, Sir, with all my heart.

*Oldc.* Unless  
I was discover'd, and they now fled home  
Again for fear, I'm absolutely beguil'd;  
That's the best can be hop'd for.

*Witty.* Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.

*Ruin.* There's not a denier to be bated, Sir.

*Oldc.* Now, Sir, how dear is it?

*Witty.* Bate but the other ten pound.

*Prif.* Not a bawbee, Sir.

*Oldc.* How! bate ten pound? What is the whole  
sum then?

<sup>44</sup> *Which way do you laugh?*] i. e. Whether in jest or earnest.

*Witty.* Faith, Sir, a hundred pound; with much ado,  
I got fifty bated; and, faith, father,  
To say truth, it is reasonable for  
Men of their fashion.

*Oldc.* La, la, la, down! a hundred pound? la, la, la!  
You are a consort of thieves, are you not?

*Witty.* No; musicians, Sir; I told you before.

*Oldc.* Fiddle faddle!  
Is't not a robb'ry? a plain robb'ry?

*Witty.* No,  
No, no, by no means, father; you've receiv'd  
For your money, nay, and that you can't give back:  
'Tis somewhat dear, I confess; but who can help it?  
If they had been agreed with beforehand—  
'Twas ill forgotten.

*Oldc.* And how many shares have you in this? I see  
My force! case up your instruments. I yield; here!  
As robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it.

*Witty.* No, Sir, you have perform'd your promise  
now,

Which was, to pay the charge of music, that is all.

*Oldc.* I've heard no music, I've receiv'd none, Sir,  
There none to be found in me, nor about me.

*Witty.* Why, Sir, here's  
Witness 'gainst you, you have danc'd, and he that  
Dances acknowledges a receipt of music.

*Oldc.* I deny that, Sir: Look you! I can dance  
without

Music; d'you see, Sir? And I can sing without it too.  
You are a consort of thieves! Do you hear what I do?

*Witty.* Pray take you heed, Sir, if you do move  
The music again, it may cost you as much more!

*Oldc.* Hold, hold! I'll depart quietly. I need not  
Bid you farewell, I think now, so long  
As that hundred pound lasts with you.

Enter *Guardianess*.

Ha, ha! am I snapt i'faith?

*Guard.* Oh, Sir Perfidious—

*Oldc.*

*Oldc.* Ay, ay ; some howling another while !  
Music's too damnable dear.

*Guard.* Oh, Sir !  
My heart-strings are broke ! If I can but live  
To tell you the tale, I care not ! Your Niece, my  
charge, is —

*Oldc.* What ? is she sick ?

*Guard.* No, no, Sir,  
She's lustily well married.

*Oldc.* To whom ?

*Guard.* Oh, to that cunning dissembler Cunningham.

*Oldc.* I'll hang the priest first ! What was he ?

*Guard.* Your kinsman, Sir, that has the Welch  
benefice.

*Oldc.* I sav'd him from the gallows to that end ? Good !  
Is there any more ?

*Guard.* And Sir Gregory  
Is married too.

*Oldc.* To my Niece too, I hope,  
And then I may hang her.

*Guard.* No, Sir ; to my niece, thank Cupid !  
And that's all that's likely to recover me ;  
She's lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts,  
I thank my promotion.

*Enter Credulous, Cunningham, Niece, Gregory, and  
Mirabel.*

*Cred.* I have performed  
Your behest, Sir.

*Oldc.* What have you perform'd, Sir ?  
*Witty,* Faith, Sir, I must excuse my cousin in this act,  
If you can excuse yourself for making him  
A priest ; there's the most difficult answer.  
I put this practice on him, as from your desire :  
A truth, a truth, father.

*Cred.* I protest, Sir, he tells you truth ;  
He mov'd me to't in your name.

*Oldc.* I protest, Sir,  
He told you a lie in my name ! and were you

332 WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

So easy, Mr. Credulous, to believe him?

*Cred.* If a man should not believe his cousin, Sir,  
Whom should he believe?

*Oldr.* Good e'en to you,  
Good Mr. cousin Cunningham ! and your fair bride,  
My cousin Cunningham too ! And how do you,  
Sir Gregory, with your fair lady ?

*Greg.* A little better  
Than you would have had me, I thank you, Sir !  
The days of *puppy*, and *slave*, and *rascal*, are  
Pretty well blown over now ; I know crabs from  
verjuice,

I have tried both : An thou'dst give me thy Niece  
for nothing,  
I'd not have her.

*Cunn.* I think so, Sir Gregory ;  
For my sake you would not.

*Greg.* I would thou hadst 'scap'd her too !  
And then she had died of the green-sickness. Know  
this,

That I did marry in spite, and I  
Will kiss my lady in spite, and love her in spite,  
And beget children of her in spite,  
And when I die, they shall have my lands in spite !  
This was my resolution, and now 'tis out.

*Niece.* How spiteful are you now, Sir Gregory !—  
Why, look you, I can love my dearest husband,  
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,  
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

*Greg.* Pox, this is afore your uncle's face ; but  
behind his back,

In private, you'll shew him another tale !

*Cunn.* You see, Sir, now, the irrecoverable state  
Of all these things before you. Come out of your muse !  
They have been but wit-weapons ; you were wont  
To love the play.

Enter Pompey.

*Oldr.* Let me alone in my muse, a little, Sir !  
I will

I will wake to you anon.

*Cunn.* Udso, your friend Pompey !

How will you answser him ?

*Niece.* Very well ;

If you'll but seconde it, and help me.

*Pompey.* I do hear

Strange stories : Are ladies things obnoxious ?

*Niece.* Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come !

*Cunn.* How now, lady ?

*Niece.* Let me come to him !

And, instead of love, let me have revenge !

*Witty.* Pray you now,

Will you first examine, whether he be

Guilty or no.

*Niece.* He cannot be excus'd !—

How many messengers, thou perjur'd man,

Hast thou return'd with vows and oaths, that thou  
wouldst

Follow, and ne'er 'till this unhappy hour

Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye

Drew my heart to't ? Oh, I could tear thee now,

Instead of soft embraces ! Pray give me leave — —

*Witty.* Faith, this was ill done of you, Sir, if  
You promis'd otherwise.

*Pompey.* By this hand,

Never any messenger came at me, since

The first time I came into her company !

That a man should be wronged thus !

*Niece.* Did not

I send thee scarfs and diamonds ? and thou

Return'dst me letters, one with a false heart in't.

*Witty.* Oh, fy ! to receive favours, return falsehoods,  
And hold a lady in hand — —

*Pompey.* Will you believe me, Sir ?

If ever I received diamonds, or scarf,

Or sent any letter to her, 'would this sword

Might ne'er go thro' me !

*Witty.* Some bad messengers

Have gone between you then.

*Niece.*

*Niece.* Take him  
From my sight ! if I shall see tomorrow——

*Witty.* Pray you forbear the place ! this discontent  
May impair her health much.

*Pompey.* 'Sfoot, if a man had been in any fault,  
'Twould ne'er a griev'd him : Sir, if you'll believe——

*Witty.* Nay, nay, protest no more ; I do believe you :  
But you see how the lady is wrong'd by't ;  
She has cast away herself, 'tis to be fear'd,  
Against her uncle's will, nay, and consent,  
But out of a mere neglect, and spite to herself,  
Married suddenly without any advice.

*Pompey.* Why, who can help it ? if she be cast away,  
She may thank herself : She might have gone  
Further and far'd worse. I could do no more  
Than I could do : 'Twas her own pleasure  
To command me, that I should not come  
'Till I was sent for ; I had been with her  
Every minute of an hour else.

*Witty.* Truly I believe you.

*Pompey.* Night and day  
She might have commanded me, and that she knew  
well enough :

I said as much to her between her and I ;  
Yet I protest, she is as honest a lady  
For my part, that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd.  
If she be cast away, I cannot help it ;  
She might have stay'd to have spoke with a man.

*Witty.* Well,  
'Twas a hard misf on both parts.

*Pompey.* So it was ;  
I was within one of her, for all this cross luck ;  
I was sure I was between the knight and home.

*Niece.* Not gone yet ? Oh, my heart ! none regard  
my health ?

*Witty.* Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile !  
You hear how ill she brooks it.

*Pompey.* Foolish woman,  
To overthrow her fortunes so ! I shall think

The worse of a lady's wit while I live for't.  
 I could almost cry for anger! If she should  
 Miscarry now, 'twould touch my conscience a little;  
 And who knows what love and conceit may do?  
 What would people say, as I go along?

' There goes he that the lady died for love on :'  
 I am sure to hear on't i'th' streets ; I shall weep  
 Beforehand. Foolish woman ! I do grieve  
 More for thee now, than I did love thee before.  
 Well, go thy ways ! Now wouldst thou spare thy  
 husband's head,

And break thine own heart, if thou hadst any wit.  
 I would some other had been

The cause of thy undoing ; I shall be  
 Twitted i'th' teeth with it, I'm sure of that :  
 Foolish lady !

[Exit.]

*Niece.* So, so, this trouble's well shook off.  
 Uncle, how do you ? There's a dowry due, Sir.

*Cunn.* We have agreed it, sweetest, and find your  
 uncle

Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

*Witty.* To all the rest, I hope.

*Oldc.* Never to thee, nor thee, easy cousin Credulous :  
 Was your wit so raw ?

*Cred.* Faith, yours, Sir, so long season'd,  
 Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,  
 Speaking it with reverence, uncle.

*Greg.* Yes, faith, Sir,  
 You have paid as dear for your time, as any man here.

*Witty.* Ay, Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*,  
 The first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces  
 To the beggars ; you remember that ;  
 I was the example to your bounty there,  
 I spake Greek and Syriack, Sir ; you understand me  
 now.

Next, the robbery put upon your indulgent cousin ;  
 Which indeed was no robbery, no constable,  
 No justice, no thief, but all cheaters ;  
 There was a hundred mark, mark you that. Lastly,  
 This

This memorable hundred pounds' worth of music ;  
 This was both cheats and wit too. And for  
 The assistance of this gentleman to my cousin  
 (For which I am to have a fee) that was  
 A little practice of my wit too, father. Will you  
 Come to composition yet, father ?

*Cunn.* Yes, faith, Sir, do !  
 Two hundred a-year will be easier  
 Than so much weekly : I do not think he's barren,  
 If he should be put to't again.

*Oldc.* Why,  
 This was the day I look'd for ! Thou shalt hav't ;  
 And the next cheat makes it up three hundred.  
 Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage ;  
 Thou get'st not a penny more ; here's thy full  
 Hire now.

*Cred.* I thank you, Sir.  
*Witty.* Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father,  
 To shove him out of your favour, which I fear'd  
 Would have disinherited me.

*Oldc.* Most certain it had,  
 Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any here  
 That had a hand with thee ?

*Witty.* Yes, all these, Sir.  
*Oldc.* Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em ;  
 I'll repay't. Wealth love me as I love wit, when I die,  
 I'll build an alms-house for decayed wits !

*Greg.* I'll entertain one in my lifetime : Scholar,  
 You shall be my chaplain ; I have the gift  
 Of twenty benefices, simple as I am here.

*Prif.* Thanks, my great patron !  
*Cunn.* Sir, your gentry and  
 Your name shall both be rais'd as high  
 As my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake.  
*Witty.* Something will  
 Be in my present power, the future more ;  
 You shall share with me.

*Ruin.* and *L. Ruin.* Thanks, worthy gentlemen.

*Neice.* Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

*Greg.*

*Greg.* You can  
Beg nothing of me.

*Witty.* Oh, Sir! if she begs,  
There's your power over her.

*Greg.* She has begg'd me  
For a fool already, but 'tis no matter.  
I have begg'd her for a lady, that she might have been;  
That's one for another.

*Witty.* Nay, but if she beg——

*Greg.* Let her beg again then.

*Niece.* That your man Pompey's coat  
May come over his ears back again; I would not  
He should be lost for my sake.

*Greg.* Well, 'tis granted,  
For mine own sake.

*Mir.* I'll entreat it, Sir.

*Greg.* Why then, 'tis granted for your sake.

*Oldc.* Come, 'come,  
Down with all weapons now! 'tis music time,  
So it be purchas'd at an easy rate:  
Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,  
And all concludes in love; there's happy wits!

[*Exeunt.*

## E P I L O G U E,

At the REVIVING of this PLAY,

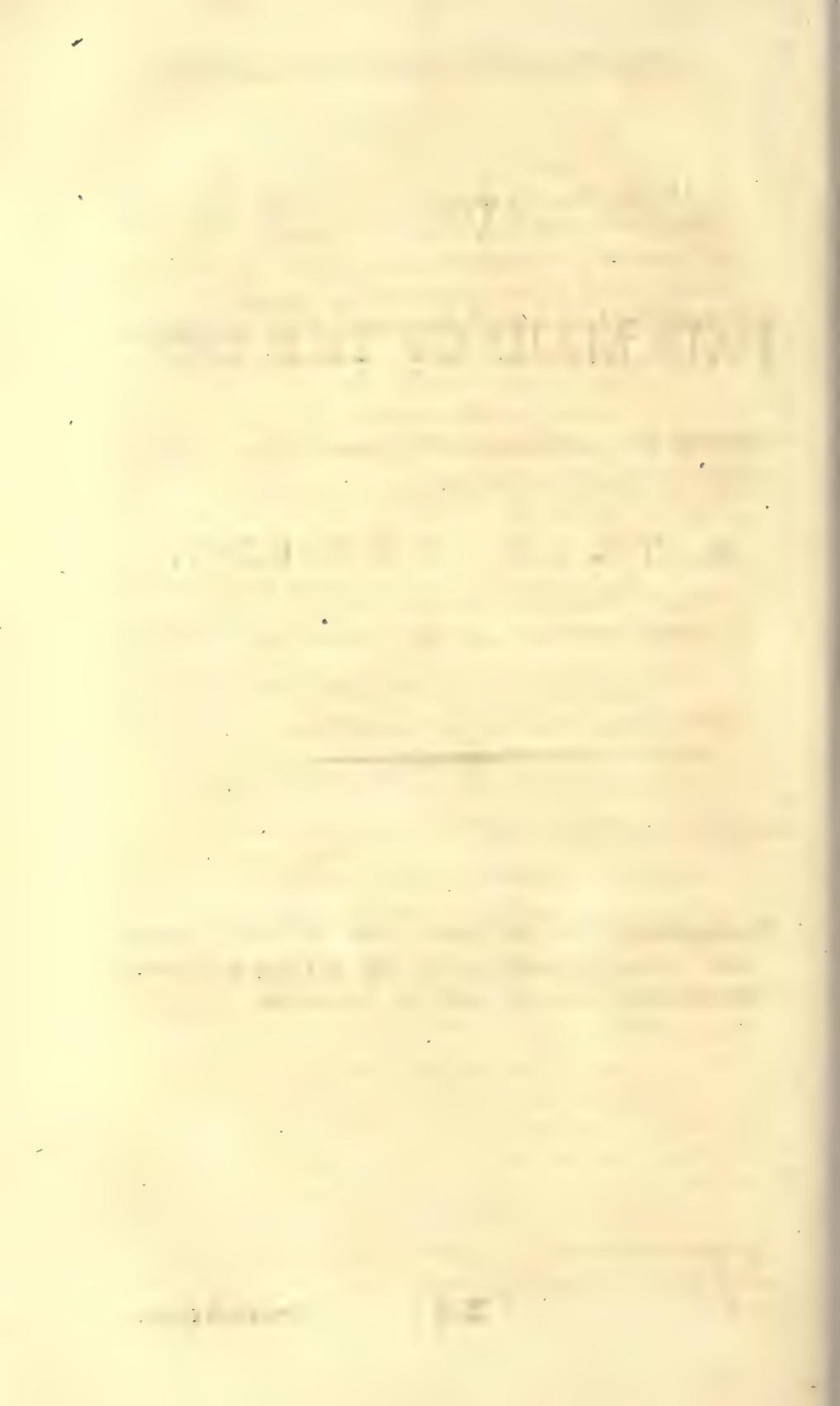
WE need not tell you, gallants, that this night  
The wits have jump'd, or that the scenes hit  
right.

'Twould be but labour lost for to excuse  
What Fletcher had to do in: His brisk muse  
Was so mercurial, that if he but writ  
An act or two, the whole play rose up wit,  
We'll not appeal unto those gentlemen  
Judge by their cloaths, if they fit right, nor when—  
The ladies simile, and with their fans delight  
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right;  
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,  
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

THE  
FAIR MAID OF THE INN.  
A TRAGI-COMEDY.

---

*The Commendatory Verses of Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher alone. It was first published in the folio of 1647; and has not been acted many years, nor, we believe, ever altered.*



## PROLOGUE.

PLAYS have their fates, not as in their true sense  
They're understood, but as the influence  
Of idle custom madly works upon  
The dross of many-tongu'd Opinion.  
A worthy story, howsoever writ,  
For language, modest mirth, conceit or wit,  
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation  
Of 'hang't ! 'tis scurvy !' when for approbation  
A jig shall be clapt at, and every rhyme  
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.  
Let Ignorance and Laughter dwell together !  
They are beneath the muses' pity : Hither  
Come nobler judgments, and to those the strain  
Of our invention is not bent in vain :  
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends  
Her hopes and welcomes ; and withal intends  
In th' entertains to which she doth invite ye,  
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Duke of Florence.

Albertus, *admiral of Florence.*

Baptista, *a brave sea commander, ancient friend to Albertus.*

Cesario, *a young gentleman of a fiery nature, son to Albertus.*

Mentivole, *son to Baptista, lover of Clarissa.*

Prospero, *a noble friend to Baptista.*

Host, *the supposed father of Biancha.*

Forobosco, *a cheating mountebank.*

Clown, *the mountebank's man, and setter.*

Dancer,

Taylor,

Muletteer, } *Six fools and knaves, who pretend love to Pedant,*

Biancha.

Clerk,

Coxcomb,

Secretary to the Duke.

Two Magistrates of Florence.

Physician.

Surgeon.

Three Gentlemen.

Sailors.

## W O M E N.

Mariana, *wife to Albertus, a virtuous lady.*

Clarissa, *Mariana's daughter, in love with Mentivole.*

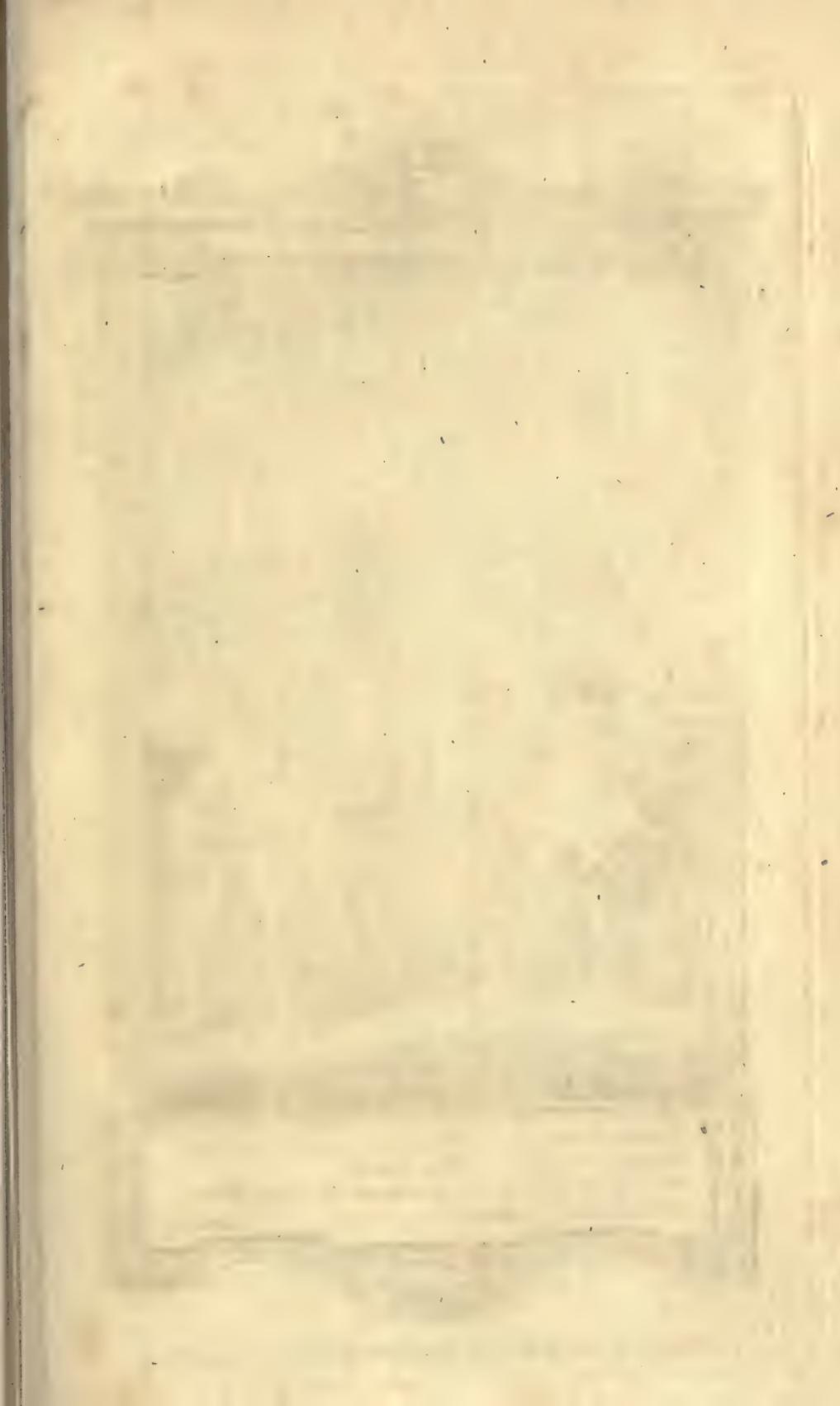
Juliana, *niece to the duke of Genoa, Baptista's second wife.*

Biancha, *the Fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of Cesario, and daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*

Hostess, *the supposed mother of Biancha.*

## SCENE, FLORENCE.

T H E



THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN



*Oh, Sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul purpose;  
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,  
There is no question, in the wound you give him,  
I shall bleed to death for't!*

Act II

THE

# FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A C T I.

*Enter Cesario and Clarissa.*

*Cesario.* **I**NTERPRET not, Clarissa, my true zeal  
In giving you counsel, to transcend the  
bounds

That should confine a brother! 'tis your honour,  
And peace of mind (which, honour lost<sup>1</sup>, will leave  
you)

I labour to preserve: And tho' you yet are  
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so,  
Having a father's eye, and mother's care,  
In all your ways to keep you fair and upright,  
In which respects my best advices must  
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear sister,  
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,  
Misconstrue not my purpose!

*Clar.* Sir, I dare not;  
But still receive it as a large addition  
To the much that I already stand engag'd for.  
Yet, pardon me tho' I profess, upon  
A true examination of myself,  
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot find  
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)

---

<sup>1</sup> *Which honour last will leave you.*] Amended by Seward.

On what slight ground the least doubt can be rais'd,  
To render me suspected I can fall  
Or from my fame or virtue.

*Ces.* Far be't from me,  
To nourish such a thought ! and yet excuse me,  
As you would do a lapidary, whose whole fortunes  
Depend upon the safety of one jewel,  
If he think no case precious enough  
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,  
Tho' lending strength to iron doors, sufficient  
To guard it, and secure him ! You to me are  
A gem of more esteem, and prized higher,  
Than usurers do their muck, or great men title ;  
And any flaw (which Heav'n avert !) in you,  
(Whose reputation, like a diamond  
Cut newly from the rock, women with envy,  
And men with covetous desires, look up at)  
By prying eyes discover'd, in a moment  
Would render what the braveries of Florence,  
For want of counterpoise, forbear to cheapen,  
Of little or no value.

*Clar.* I see, brother,  
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love ;  
But for my virgin jewel, which is brought  
In comparison with your diamond, rest assur'd.  
It shall not fall in such a workman's hands,  
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power  
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep  
Her native splendor.

*Ces.* 'Tis well ; I commend you ;  
And study your advancement with that care  
As I would do a sister's, whom I love  
With more than common ardor.

*Clar.* That from me  
I hope's return'd to you.

*Ces.* I do confess it.  
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love  
I wish t' encrease between us) that you are

Observ'd, against the gravity long maintain'd  
In Italy (where to see a maid unmask'd  
Is held a blemish), to be over-frequent  
In giving or receiving visits.

*Clar.* How?

*Cef.* Whereas the custom's here to wooe by picture,  
And never see the substance. You are fair,  
And beauty draws temptations on, you know it:  
I would not live to see a willing grant  
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,  
Feature or fortune; yet there have been ladies  
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,  
That have prov'd this no miracle.

*Clar.* One unworthy?

Why, pray you, gentle brother, who are they  
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope,  
In your strict criticism of me, and my manners,  
That you will not deny they are your equals.

*Cef.* Angry?

*Clar.* I've reason! But, in cold blood, tell me,  
Had we not one father?

*Cef.* Yes, and mother too.

*Clar.* And he a soldier?

*Cef.* True.

*Clar.* If I then borrow

A little of the boldnes of his temper,  
Imparting it to such as may deserve it,  
(Howe'er indulgent to yourselves, you brothers  
Allow no part of freedom to your sisters)  
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,  
To grant access and speech to noble suitors,  
And you escape for innocent, that descend  
To a thing so far beneath you? Are you touch'd?  
Why, did you think that you had Giges' ring?  
Or th' herb that gives invisibility?  
Or that Biancha's name had ne'er been mention'd?  
The Fair Maid of the grand Osteria, brother?

*Cef.* No more!

*Clar.* A little, brother. Your night-walks,

And

And offer'd presents, which coy she contemn'd ;  
 Your combats in disguises with your rivals,  
 Brave muleteers, scullions perfum'd with grease,  
 And such as cry meat for cats<sup>3</sup>, must be remember'd ;  
 And all this pother for a common trull !  
 A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,  
 To draw in riotous guests ! a thing expos'd  
 To every ruffian's rude assault ! and subject,  
 For a poor salary, to a rich man's lust,  
 Tho' made up of diseases !

*Ces.* Will you end yet ?

*Clar.* And this a mistress for Albertus' son ?  
 One that I should call sister ?

*Ces.* Part not with

Your modesty in this violent heat ! The truth is,  
 (For you shall be my confessor) I love her ;  
 But virtuously : Report, that gives her out  
 Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,  
 Detracts much from her ; for indeed she is,  
 Tho' of a low condition, compos'd  
 Of all those graces dames of highest birth,  
 Tho' rich in Nature's bounties, should be proud of.  
 But leave her ! and to you, my nearest care,  
 My dearest, best Clarissa ! Do not think  
 (For then you wrong me) I wish you should live  
 A barren virgin life ? I rather aim at  
 A noble husband, that may make you mother  
 Of many children ; one that, when I know him  
 Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue to :  
 And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with  
 That man, that happy man, you please to favour !

*Clar.* I ever purpos'd it ; for I will like  
 With your allowance.

*Ces.* As a pawn of this,  
 Receive this ring ; but, ere you part with it

<sup>3</sup> *And such as cry meat for cats.*] The second folio reads *want* ; but we apprehend the text to be right. In Massinger's Maid of Honour, act iii. sc. i. Gasparo, in mentioning the most ignoble employments, says, ' I will cry brooms or *cats' meat* in Palermo, ' Turn porter, carry burdens, any thing, ' Rather than live a soldier !

On any terms, be certain of your choice,  
And make it known to me !

*Enter Alberto, Baptista, Mariana, Mentivole, and Servants with lights.*

*Clar.* You have my hand for't.

*Cef.* Which, were it not my sister's, I should kiss  
With too much heat.

*Clar.* My father and his guests, Sir !

*Alb.* Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista !  
These days of rest and feasting suit not with  
Our tougher natures ; those were golden ones,  
Which were enjoy'd at sea ! that's our true mother ;  
The land's to us a step-dame : There we sought  
Honour and wealth thro' dangers ; yet those dangers  
Delighted more than their rewards, tho' great ones,  
And worth the undertakers : Here we study  
The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,  
Dull'd with abundance ; and dispute with Heav'n,  
If that the least puff of the rough North-wind  
Blast our vine's burden<sup>3</sup>, rending to our palates  
The charming juice less pleasing ; whereas there,  
If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,  
We thought them Persian delicates ; and for music,  
If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack,  
We danc'd to the loud minstrel.

*Bapt.* And fear'd less  
(So far we were in love with noble action)  
A tempest than a calm.

*Alb.* 'Tis true, Baptista :  
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other,  
And virtuous emulation to exceed  
In manly daring, the true school of friendship,  
We learnt those principles, which confirm'd us friends  
Never to be forgot.

*Bapt.* Never, I hope.

*Alb.* We were married there : For bells, the roar-  
ing cannon  
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize

<sup>3</sup> *Blast our time's burden.*] The correction by Seward.

Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,  
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then stil'd my wife;  
And did enable me to be a husband  
Fit to encounter so much wealth, tho' got  
With blood and horrör.

*Mar.* If so got, 'tis fit, Sir,  
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it  
In peace and quiet: I, your son, and daughter,  
That reap the harvest of your winter's labour,  
Tho' debtors for it, yet have often trembled,  
When, in way of discourse, you have related  
How you came by it.

*Alb.* Trembled? How the softnes  
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue;  
But to the world, how'er I hold thee noble,  
I should proclaim this boy some coward's bastard,  
And not the image of Albertus' youth,  
If when some wish'd occasion calls him forth  
To a brave trial, one weak artery  
Of his should shew a fever, tho' grim death  
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him,  
The elements, the sea, and all the winds  
We number on our compass, then conspiring  
To make the scene more ghastly! I must have thee,  
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with  
An enemy's ship, to board her, tho' you see  
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,  
And blow the deck up; or, like Cæsar's soldier,  
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,  
And die undaunted.

*Mar.* I even die to hear you!  
My son, my lov'd Cesario, run such hazards?  
Bles'd saints forbid it! You have done enough  
Already for one family, that rude way.  
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up  
A complete courtier: May I live to see him,  
By sweet discourse and gracious demeanor,  
Win and bring home a fair wife, and a rich,  
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.

*Alb.*

*Alb. A wife?*

As if there were a course to purchase one  
 Prevailing more than honourable action !  
 Or any intercessors move so far,  
 To take a mistress of a noble spirit,  
 As the true fame of glorious victories,  
 Atchiev'd by sweat and blood ! Oh, the brave dames  
 Of warlike Genoa ! they had eyes to see  
 The inward man, and only from his worth,  
 Courage, and conquests, the blind archer knew  
 To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch ;  
 They were proof against them else : no carpet knight<sup>4</sup>,  
 That

<sup>4</sup> *Carpet knight.*] *Carpet knights* are frequently mentioned with great contempt by our ancient writers. The learned Sir James Burrows gives the following account of them :

‘ There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS  
 ‘ of the CARPET, though few, or no persons (at least among those  
 ‘ whom I have consulted) seem to know any thing about it, or even  
 ‘ to have heard of it. I have taken some memoranda concerning  
 ‘ the institution, and know that William lord Burgh (of Starborough  
 ‘ castle in the county of Surry, father to Thomas lord Burgh, deputy  
 ‘ of Ireland, and to Sir John Burgh who took the great Caracca ship  
 ‘ in 1592) was made a knight of the carpet, at Westminster, on the  
 ‘ 2d of October, 1553, the day after queen Mary’s coronation : And  
 ‘ I met with a list of all who were made so at the same time, in  
 ‘ Strype’s Memorials, vol. iii. Appendix, p. 11.

‘ See Anstis’s Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath, (Lond.  
 ‘ 1725) p. 50, “ Upon the accession of Queen Mary to the throne,  
 ‘ a commission was granted to the earl of Arundel, empowering  
 ‘ him to make knights, but WITHOUT any additional title, within  
 ‘ two days after the date of that patent : Which were the two days  
 ‘ preceding her coronation. In pursuance hereof, we find the  
 ‘ names of the knights created by him, according to the stated form  
 ‘ of creating knights of the Bath ; and the variety of the cere-  
 ‘ monies used, so distinctly related, that it particularly deserves to  
 ‘ be consulted in the appendix.”

‘ So that Mr. Anstis plainly considers them as being only a species  
 ‘ of knights of the Bath, though without any additional title.

‘ If so, the appellation of *knights of the carpet* might be only  
 ‘ popular ; not their strict or proper title. This, however, was suf-  
 ‘ ficient to induce Shakespeare (who wrote whilst they were com-  
 ‘ monly spoken of by such an appellation) to use that term, in contrast  
 ‘ to a knighthood conferred upon a real soldier, as a reward of  
 ‘ military valour.’

In addition to this note, and in confirmation of it, Mr. Steevens  
 produces

That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,  
 Or, stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,  
 Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes  
 As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,  
 Could work on them; nor once bewitch'd their sense,  
 Tho' he came so perfum'd as he had robb'd  
 Sabaea or Arabia of their wealth,  
 And stor'd it in one suit. I still remember,  
 And still remember it with joy, Baptista,  
 When from the rescue of the Genoa fleet,  
 Almost surpriz'd by the Venetian gallies,  
 Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in triumph,  
 How lovely in thy honour'd wounds and scars  
 Thou didst appear; what worlds of amorous glances  
 The beauties of the city, where they stood,  
 Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars,  
 Shot from their windows at thee! How it fir'd  
 Their bloods to see the enemies' captive streamers,  
 Borne thro' the streets! nor could chaste Juliana,  
 The duke's fair niece, tho' guarded with her greatness,  
 Resist this gallant charge, but, laying by  
 Disparity of fortune from the object,  
 Yielded herself thy prisoner.

*Bapt.* Pray you chuse  
 Some other theme.

*Mar.* Can there be one more pleasing?

*Bapt.* That triumph drew on me a greater torture,  
 And 'tis in the remembrance little less,  
 Than ever captive suffer'd.

*Mar.* How! To gain  
 The favour of so great a lady?

produces the following example from The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601,

‘ —— soldiers, come away;

‘ This carpet knight sits carping at our fears,’

They are mentioned also by Taylor the Water Poet, in The Praise of Hempseed:

‘ Castles for ladies, and for carpet knights,

‘ Unmercifully spoil'd at feasting fights.’

R.

¶ *Captive streames.*] Corrected in 1750.

*Bapt.*

*Bapt.* Yes,

Since it prov'd fatal<sup>6</sup>: To have been happy, madam,  
Adds to calamity; and the heavy loss  
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,  
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,  
Which grief would have forgotten.

*Alb.* I am sorry  
I touch'd upon it.

*Mar.* I burn rather, Sir,  
With a desire to hear the story of  
Your loves; and shall receive it as a favour,  
Which you may grant.

*Bapt.* You must not be denied;  
Yet with all brevity I must report it.  
Tis true, fair Juliana, (Genoa's pride)  
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my person;  
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection,  
Since it was lawful; for, my first wife dead,  
We were closely married, and for some few months  
Tasted the fruits of't: But malicious Fate,  
Envyng our too-much happiness, wrought upon  
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,  
And cabinet-counsellor to Juliana,  
Who, either for hope, or reward, or fear,  
Discover'd us to the incensed duke,  
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounc'd  
On me perpetual banishment. Some three years  
I wander'd on the seas, since entertain'd  
By the great Duke of Florence; but what fate  
Attended her, or Prospero my friend,  
That stay'd at Genoa to expect the issue,  
Is yet uncertain.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Alb.* From the Duke?

<sup>6</sup> Yes, since it prov'd fatal.] The particle inserted in the text in proving both sense and measure was most probably in the original. *Seward.*

*Seward* reads,

Since it prov'd so fatal;  
thereby destroying both sense and measure.'

*Bapt.*

*Bapt.* He's welcome,  
To end my forc'd relation!

*Alb.* Signor Baptista,  
The great Duke's will commands your present care,  
*Gent.* It points indeed at both of you.  
*Bapt.* I wait it.  
*Alb.* In, Mariana; to your rest!  
*Bapt.* Nay, leave us;  
We must be private.

*Mar.* Stay not long, Cesario.

[*Exeunt. Manent Cesario & Mentivole.*]

*Ment.* So! these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd  
That we may speak; and howsoe'er they take  
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,  
It cannot hinder us to treat a little  
Of present pleasures.

*Ces.* Which, if well enjoy'd,  
Will not alone continue, but encrease,  
In us their friendship.

*Ment.* How shall we spend the night?  
To snore it out, like drunken Dutchmen, would  
Sort ill with us Italians: We are made  
Of other metal, fiery, quick, and active.  
Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers  
(In whom long since their youthful heats were dead)  
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,  
And seek a mistress?

*Ces.* That's a game, dear friend,  
That does admit no rival in chase of it;  
And either to be undertook alone,  
Or not to be attempted.

*Ment.* I'll not presf you.  
What other sports to entertain the time with  
The following morning?

*Ces.* Any that may become us.

*Ment.* Is the Neapolitan horse the viceroy sent you  
In a fit plight to run?

*Ces.* So my groom tells me.  
I can boast little of my horsemanship;  
Yet, upon his assurance, I dare wager

A thousand crowns, 'gainst any horse in Florence,  
For an eight-mile course.

*Ment.* I would not win of you,  
In respect you are impatient of loss;  
Else I durst match him with my Barbary  
For twice the sum.

*Cef.* You do well to excuse it,  
Being certain to be beaten.

*Ment.* Tush, you know  
The contrary.

*Cef.* To end the controversy,  
Put it to trial; by my life, I'll meet you

*Enter Clarissa.*

With the next rising sun.

*Ment.* A match! But here  
Appears a Cynthia, that scorns to borrow  
A beam of light from the great eye of Heav'n,  
She being herself all brightness: How I envy  
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones,  
Which she vouchsafes her brother!

*Clar.* You are wanton:

Pray you think me not Biancha; leave, I pray you!  
My mother will not sleep before she see you;  
And since you know her tenderness, nay fondness,  
In every circumstance that concerns your safety,  
You are not equal<sup>7</sup> to her.

*Cef.* I must leave you;  
But will not fail to meet you.

*Ment.* Soft sleeps to you!

*Mar.* [within.] Cesario!

*Clar.* You're call'd again.

*Cef.* Some sons

Complain of too much rigour in their mothers;  
I of too much indulgence. You will follow? [Exit.

*Clar.* You are her first care; therefore lead the way!

*Ment.* She stays; blest opportunity! she stays  
As she invited conference! she was ever

<sup>7</sup> Equal] i. e. *Just*. The word frequently occurs in that sense.

Noble and free ; but thus to tempt my frailty,  
 Argues a yielding in her ; or, contempt  
 Of all that I dare offer. Stand I now  
 Consulting ? No ; I'll put it home.

*Clar.* Who waits there ?  
 More lights !

*Ment.* You need them not ; they are as useless  
 As at noon-day : Can there be darkness where  
 Nature, then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd  
 To lend two suns ?

*Clar.* Hyperboles !

*Ment.* No ; truths,  
 Truths, beauteous virgin ; so my love-sick heart  
 Assures me, and my understanding tells me  
 I must approach them wisely : Should I rashly  
 Press near their scorching beams, they would consume  
 me ;

And, on the contrary, should your disdain  
 Keep me at too much distance, and I want  
 Their comfortable heat, the frost of death  
 Would seize on all my faculties.

*Clar.* Pray you pause, Sir !  
 This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you :  
 These gay words take not me ; 'tis simple faith,  
 Honest integrity, and lawful flames,  
 I am delighted with.

*Ment.* Such I bring with me ;  
 And therefore, lady——

*Clar.* But that you took me off  
 Ere I came to a period, I had added  
 A long experience must be requir'd  
 Both of his faith and trust, with whom a virgin  
 Trafficks for what is dearest in this life,  
 Her liberty and honour. I confess  
 I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour ;  
 And, with your generous parts, the many renders  
 Of doing me all fair offices, have won  
 A good opinion from me——

*Ment.* Oh, speak ever !

I never

I never heard such music.

*Clar.* A plain tune, Sir,  
But 'tis a hearty one. When I perceive,  
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,  
And that you bring the engines of fair love,  
Not of foul lust, to shake and undermine  
My maiden fortrefs, I may then make good  
What now I dare not promise.

*Ment.* You already,  
In taking notice of my poor deservings,  
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear  
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this :  
Yet qualify, tho' not excuse, my error,  
Tho' now I am ambitious to desire  
A confirmation of it !

*Clar.* So it wrong not  
My modesty to grant it.

*Ment.* 'Tis far from me ;  
I only am a suitor you would grace me  
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,  
To warrant to the world that I usurp not,  
When I presume to stile myself your servant !  
A ribbon from your shoe.

*Clar.* You are too humble ;  
I'll think upon't, and something of more value  
Shall witness how I prize you. It grows late ;  
I'll bring you to the door.

*Ment.* You still more bind me.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, Albertus, Baptista, Magistrates and Attendants.*

*Duke.* You find, by this assur'd intelligence,  
The preparation of the Turk against us.  
We've met him oft and beat him ; now to fear him  
Would argue want of courage ; and I hold it  
A safer policy for us and our signories,  
To charge him in his passage o'er the sea,  
Than to expect him here.

*Alb.* May it please your highnes,

Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of  
 This great employment, if I may deliver  
 My judgment freely, 'tis not flattery  
 Tho' I say my opinion waits on you<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Nor would I give my suffrage and consent  
 To what you have propos'd, but that I know it  
 Worth the great speaker, tho' that the denial  
 Call'd on your heavy anger. For myself  
 I do profess thus much, if a blunt soldier  
 May borrow so much from the oil'd-tongu'd courtier,  
 (That echoes whatsoe'er the prince allows of)  
 All that my long experience hath taught me,  
 That have spent three parts of my life at sea,  
 (Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)  
 Could not have added reasons of more weight  
 To fortify your affections, than such  
 As your Grace out of observation merely  
 Already have propounded.

*Bapt.* With the honour  
 To give the daring enemy an affront  
 In being the first opposer, it will teach  
 Your soldiers boldness, and strike fear in them  
 That durst attempt you.

1 *Magis.* Victuals and ammunition,  
 And money too, the sinews of the war,  
 Are stor'd up in the magazine.

2 *Magis.* And the gallies  
 New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two days' warning  
 Fit for the service.

*Duke.* We commend your care ;  
 Nor will we e'er be wanting in our counsels,  
 As we doubt not your action. You, Baptista,  
 Shall stay with us ; that merchant is not wise,  
 That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.  
 Albertus, be our admiral ! spare your thanks ;

<sup>8</sup> *My opinion waits on you.*] The small change of *you* to *yours*  
 takes all obscurity from this expression. *Seward.*

We think the old reading more suitable to the context, more in  
 our Authors' style, and at least as free from obscurity.

'Tis merit in you that invites this honour ;  
 Preserve it such ! Ere long you shall hear more.  
 Things rashly undertaken end as ill ;  
 But great acts thrive when reason guides the will. [Exe.

*Enter th'ree Gentlemen.*

1 Gent. No question, 'twas not well done in Cesario  
 To crois the horse of young Mentivole  
 In the midst of this course.

2 Gent. That was not all ;  
 The switching him dull'd him.

3 Gent. 'Would that both the jades  
 Had broke their necks, when they first started ! 'Slight,  
 We stand here prating ; give them leave to whisper,  
 And, when they have cut one another's throats,

*Enter Mentivole and Cesario.*

Make in to part 'em !

2 Gent. There is no such hazard ;  
 Their fathers' friendship and their love forbid it :  
 See where they come !

1 Gent. With fury in their looks.

Ment. You have the wager ; with what foul play got  
 I'll not dispute.

Cef. Foul play ?

Ment. I cannot speak it  
 In a fairer language ; and if some respects  
 Familiar to myself chain'd not my tongue,  
 I should say—no more<sup>9</sup> ! —I should—but I'll sit down  
 With this disgrace ; howe'er, press me no further !  
 For, if once more provok'd, you'll understand  
 I dare no more suffet an injury,  
 Than I dare do one.

Cef. Why, Sir, are you injur'd  
 In that I take my right, which I would force,  
 Should you detain it ?

Ment. Put it to judgment !

<sup>9</sup> [I should say no more.] Seward, tacitly and arbitrarily, reads, I should say more. The present punctuation gives a spirit to the old text.

*Ces.* No; my will in this shall carry it.

*Ment.* Your will? Nay, farewell softness then!

*3 Gent.* This I foresaw. [They suddenly draw.

*2 Gent.* Hold, hold!

*Ces.* I'm hurt.

*2 Gent.* Shift for yourself; 'tis death.

*Ment.* As you respect me, bear him off with care! If he miscarry, since he did the wrong, I'll stand the shock of't.

*2 Gent.* Gently! he will faint else—

[*Exeunt Gentlemen with Cesario.*

*Ment.* And speedily, I beseech you! My rage over, That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error, I see my folly, and at what dear loss I have exchang'd a real innocence To gain a mere fantastical report, Transported only by vain popular wind, To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy man.

*Enter Baptista.*

But, could I satisfy myself within here, How should I bear my father's frowns? They meet me; My guilt conjures him hither.

*Bapt.* Sirrah!

*Ment.* Sir.

*Bapt.* I've met the trophies of your ruffian sword; Was there no other anvil to make trial How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosom Of him, which under the adulterate name Of friendship thou hast murder'd?

*Ment.* Murder'd, Sir?

My dreams abhor so base a fact: True valour, Employ'd to keep my reputation fair, From the austerest judge can never merit To be branded with that title. You begot me A man, no coward; And but call your youth To memory! when injur'd, you could never Boast of the ass's fortitude, slave-like patience; And you might justly doubt I were your son,

If I should entertain it. If Cesario  
 Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,  
 A second trial of what I dare do  
 In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me.  
 I am the true heir to Baptista's courage,  
 As to his other fortunes.

*Bapt.* Boy, to neither,  
 But on this strict condition, which entreaties  
 From saints, nay angels, shall not make me alter.  
 A friendship so began, and so continu'd  
 Between me and Alberto my best friend,  
 Your brawls shall not dissolve: It is my will,  
 And as I am thy father I command thee,  
 That instantly, on any terms, how poor  
 Soe'er it skills not, thou desire his pardon,  
 And bring assurance to me he has sign'd it,  
 Or by my father's soul I'll never know thee,  
 But as a stranger to my blood: Perform it,  
 And suddenly, without reply! I've said it.

*Ment.* And in it given a heavier sentence on me  
 Than the most cruel death: You are my father,  
 And your will to be serv'd, and not disputed  
 By me, that am your son: But I'll obey,  
 And tho' my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,  
 When you command, my faculties are your own. [Exe.

## A C T II.

Enter *Albertus, Physician, and a Surgeon.*

*Phys.* HAVE patience, noble Sir! your son Cesario  
 Will recover, without question.

*Surg.* A slight wound;  
 Though't pierc'd his body, it hath miss'd the vitals.

*Phys.* My life for't, he shall take the air again  
 Within these ten days!

*Alb.* Oh, but from a friend!

To receive this bloody measure from a friend !  
 If that a man should meet a violent death,  
 In a place where he had taken sanctuary,  
 Would it not grieve him ? Such all Florence held  
 Their friendship ; and 'tis that which multiplies  
 The injury.

*Phyf.* Have patience, worthy signor !

*Alb.* I do protest, as I am man and soldier,  
 If I had buried him in a wave at sea,  
 (Lost in some honourable action)  
 I would not to the saltiness of his grave  
 Have added the least tear : But these quarrels,

*Enter Mariana and Clarissa.*

Bred out of game and wine ! I had as lief  
 He should have died of a surfeit.

*Mar.* 'Oh, what comfort ?  
 How is it with our son, Sir ?

*Alb.* His work-masters  
 Bear me in hand here, (as my lawyer does,  
 When I've a crack'd title, or bad suit in law)  
 All shall go well.

*Mar.* I pray you, gentlemen,  
 What think you of his wound ?

*Phyf.* 'Tis but a scratch ; nothing  
 To danger.

*Clar.* But he receiv'd it from a friend ;  
 And the unkindness ta'en at that may kill him.

*Mar.* Let me see him.

*Phyf.* By no means ; he slumbers.

*Mar.* Then I cannot believe you, when you tell me  
 There is hope of him.

*Alb.* Yet many ladies  
 Do give more faith to their physician,  
 Than to their confessor.

*Clar.* Oh, my poor lost brother !  
 And friend, more dear than brother !

*Alb.* More loud instruments  
 To disturb his slumbers ? Go, go, take caroch !  
 And,

And, as you love me, you and the girl retire  
T' our summer-house i'th' country : I'll be with you  
Within these two days.

*Mar.* I am yours in all things,  
Tho' with much sorrow to leave him.

*Alb.* I pray you, gentlemen, [*Exeunt Mar. & Clar.*  
With best observance tend your patient :  
The loss of my heir male lies now a-bleeding ;

*Enter Mentivole.*

And think what payment his recovery  
Shall shower upon you.—Of all men breathing,

[*Exeunt Physician and Surgeon.*

Wherefore do you arrive here ? are you mad ?  
My injury begins to bleed afresh  
At sight of you. Why, this affront of yours  
I receive more malicious than the other.  
Your hurt was only danger to my son ; but  
Your sight to me is death ! Why come you hither ?  
D' you come to view the wounds which you have  
made,  
And glory in them ?

*Ment.* Rather, worthy Sir,  
To pour oil into them.

*Alb.* I am a soldier,  
Sir, least part of a courtier ; and understand  
By your smooth oil, your present flattery——

*Ment.* Sir, for my father's sake, acknowledge me  
To be born a gentleman, no slave ; I ever  
Held flatterers of that breed : Do not misconstrue,  
In your distaste of me, the true intent  
Of my coming hither, for I do protest  
I do not come to tell you I am sorry  
For your son's hurt.

*Alb.* Not sorry ?

*Ment.* No, not sorry :  
I have to th' lowest ebb lost all my fury,  
But I must not lose my honesty. 'Twas he  
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,

Like a petard <sup>10</sup> ill lighted, into th' bosom  
 Of him gave fire to't: Yet, I hope his hurt  
 Is not so dangerous but he may recover;  
 When, if it please him call me to account  
 For th' loss of so much blood, I shall be ready  
 To do him noble reason.

*Alb.* You are arm'd  
 Methinks with wondrous confidence.

*Ment.* Oh, with the best, Sir;  
 For I bring penitence and satisfaction.

*Alb.* Satisfaction? Why, I heard you say but now,  
 You were not sorry for his wounds.

*Ment.* Nor am I;  
 The satisfaction which I bring, Sir, is to you.  
 You are a gentleman ne'er injur'd me;  
 One ever lov'd my father, the right way,  
 And most approv'd of noble amity;  
 Yet I have run my sword quite thro' your heart,  
 And slightly hurt your son; for't may be fear'd,  
 A grief ta'en at these years, for your son's loss,  
 May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent  
 By him that has most interest in your sorrow,  
 Who having chid me almost to the ruin  
 Of a disinheritance <sup>11</sup>, for violating  
 So continued and so sacred a friendship  
 Of fifty winters' standing <sup>12</sup>; such a friendship,

<sup>10</sup> *Petar.*] A *petard* or *petarre*, an engine (made like a bell or mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open. *Cotgrave's Dictionary.*

R.

<sup>11</sup> *Who having chid me almost to the ruin*  
*Of a disinheritance.*] Seward arbitrarily reads,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ to my ruin,  
 To a disinheritance, &c.

<sup>12</sup> *So continued and so sacred a friendship*  
*Of fifty winters standing; such a friendship,*  
*That ever did continue, &c.*] 'Here, says Seward, seems a reiterated tautology in these lines very unlike and unworthy of our Authors.' For *continued*, therefore, he substitutes *constant*, which, continues he, 'in the sense of firm and unshaken by accidents, keeps clear of the tautology complained of.' But changes should not be arbitrarily made, only because the critick supposes them for the better.

That

That ever did continue like the spring,  
 Ne'er saw the fall o'th' leaf; by him I am sent  
 To say the wrong I've done, Sir, is to you,  
 And that I have quite lost him for a father,  
 Until I find your pardon. Nay, there follows  
 A weightier deprivation: His estate  
 I could with a less number of sighs part with;  
 Fortune might attend my youth and my deservings  
 In any climate; but a father's blessing,  
 To settle and confirm that fortune, no where,  
 But only here. Your pardon! give me that;  
 And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that  
 Takes from me the effect of excommunication,  
 A father's heavy curse.

*Alb.* Nay, may that curse  
 Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute,  
 When I am grown as deaf to all compassion,  
 As the cruellest sea-fight, or most horrid tempest!  
 That I had drown'd i'th' sea a thousand ducats,  
 Thou hadst not made this visit! Rash young man,  
 Thou tak'st me in an ill planet, and hast cause  
 To curse thy father; for I do protest,  
 If I had met thee in any part o'th' world,  
 But under my own roof, I would have kill'd thee.  
 Within there!—Look you! Here's a triumph sent for

*Enter Physician, Surgeon, and Servants.*

The death of your young master.

*Serv.* Shall we kill him?

*Alb.* No;

I'll not be so unhospitable. But, Sir,  
 By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,  
 That right-hand never more shall strike my son.

*Ment.* That will be easily protested.

*Alb.* Not easily,

When it must be exacted, and a bloody seal to't.  
 Bind him, and cut off's right-hand presently:  
 Fair words shall never satisfy foul deeds.

Chop his hand off!

*Ment.* You cannot be so unrighteous

To

To your own honour.

*Phys.* Oh, Sir, collect yourself,  
And recall your bloody purpose!

*Alb.* My intents  
Of this nature do ever come to action.

*Surg.* Then I  
Must fetch another stickler.

[Exit,

*Alb.* Yet I do grieve at heart ;  
And I do curse thy father heartily,  
That's the cause of my dishonour, sending thee  
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief,  
Apt as a Dutchman after a sea-fight,  
When his enemy kneels afore him. Come, dispatch!

*Phys.* Entreat him, noble Sir.

*Ment.* You shall excuse me ;  
Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

*Enter Cesario and Surgeon.*

*Ces.* Oh, Sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul  
purpose ;  
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,  
There is no question, in the wound you give him,  
I shall bleed to death for't !

*Alb.* Thou art not of  
My temper ; what I purpose, can't be alter'd.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Duke with all speed expects you :  
You must instantly  
Ship all your followers, and to sea.

*Alb.* My blessing  
Stay with thee upon this condition,  
Take away his use of fighting ; as thou hop'st  
To be accounted for my son, perform it ! [Exit.

*Ces.* You hear what I'm enjoin'd to.

*Ment.* Pray thee, take it !  
Only this ring, this best-esteemed jewel,  
I will not giv't to th' hangman chops it off ;  
It is too dear a relick : I'll remove it  
Nearer my heart.

*Ces.*

*Ces.* Ha! that ring's my sister's ;  
 The ring I enjoin'd her never part withal  
 Without my knowledge.—Come, Sir, we are friends.  
 Pardon my father's heat, and melancholy ;  
 Two violent fevers which he caught at sea,  
 And cannot yet shake of: Only one promise  
 I must enjoin you to, and seriously ;  
 Hereafter you shall never draw a sword  
 To th' prejudice of my life.

*Ment.* By my best hopes,  
 I shall not !

*Ces.* I pray deliver me your sword,  
 On that condition.

*Ment.* I shall, Sir: May it hereafter  
 Ever fight on your part !

*Ces.* Noble Sir, I thank you :  
 But, for performance of your vow, I entreat  
 Some gage from you.

*Ment.* Any, Sir.

*Ces.* Deliver me that ring.

*Ment.* Ha! this ring ? indeed this jewel binds me,  
 If you knew the virtue of it, never more  
 To draw my sword against you.

*Ces.* Therefore I  
 Will have it.

*Ment.* You may not.

*Ces.* Come, you must :  
 I that by violence could take your hand,  
 Can enforce this from you. This is a token, Sir,  
 That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare you well !

*Phys.* Why did you seize his sword, Sir ?

*Ces.* To perform  
 What my father bad me ; I have for the present  
 Ta'en away his use of fighting.

*Phys.* Better so,  
 Than take that which your father meant ! [Exeunt.

*Manet Mentivole.*

*Ment.* Was ever the like usage ? Oh, that ring,  
 Dearer

Dearer than life ! whither is honour fled ?  
 Cesario, thou'rt unmanly in each part,  
 To seize my sword first, and then split my heart. [Exit.]

*Enter Host and Clown.*

*Host.* Thy master  
 That lodges here in my Osteria,  
 Is a rare man of art ; they say he's a witch.  
*Clown.* A witch ? nay, he's one step of the ladder to  
 Preferment higher ; he's a conjurer.

*Host.* Is that his higher title ?  
*Clown.* Yes, I assure you ;  
 For a conjurer's th'devil's master, and commands him ;  
 Whereas a witch is the devil's prentice,  
 And obeys him.

*Host.* Bound prentice to the devil ?  
*Clown.* Bound and enroll'd I assure you, he can't  
 start ;  
 And therefore I would never wish any gentleman  
 To turn witch.

*Host.* Why, man ?  
*Clown.* Oh, he loses his  
 Gentility by it ; the devil in this case cannot help him ;  
 He must go to the herald for new arms, believe it.

*Host.* As I'm true innkeeper, yet a gentleman born,  
 I'll ne'er turn witch for that trick ! And thou hast  
 Been a great traveller ?

*Clown.* No, indeed, not I, Sir.  
*Host.* Come, you are modest.  
*Clown.* No, I am not modest ;  
 For I told you a lie, that you might the better  
 Understand I have been a traveller.

*Host.* So, Sir !  
 They say your master's a great physician too ?  
*Clown.* He was no fool told you that, I assure you.  
*Host.* And you have been in England ? But they say,  
 Ladies in England take a great deal of physic.

*Clown.* Both ways, on my reputation.  
*Host.* So 'tis to be understood :

But they say ladies there take physic for fashion.

*Clown.* Yes, Sir, and many times die to keep fashion.

*Hofst.* How!

Die to keep fashion?

*Clown.* Yes; I have known a lady

\* Sick of the small-pox, only to keep her face  
From pit-holes, take cold, strike them in again,  
Kick up the heels, and vanish.

*Hofst.* There was kicking up  
The heels with a witness!

*Clown.* No, Sir; I confess  
A good face has many times been the motive to  
The kicking up of the heels with a witness; but  
this was not.

*Enter Hostess and Biancha.*

*Hofst.* Here come my wife and daughter.

*Clown.* You have

A pretty commodity of this nightworm.

*Hofst.* Why, man?

*Clown.* She is a pretty lure to draw  
Custom to your ordinary.

*Hofst.* Dost think I keep her to that purpose?

*Clown.* When a dovehouse is empty, there is  
cumin-seed

Used to purloin from the rest of the neighbours;  
In England you have several adamants <sup>12</sup>,  
To draw in spurs and rapiers <sup>13</sup>; one keeps silk-worms  
In a gallery; a milliner has choice  
O' monkies and paraketoes; another shews  
Bawdy East-Indian pictures, worse than ever  
Were Aretine's; a goldsmith keeps his wife  
Wedg'd into his shop like a mermaid, nothing of her  
To be seen (that's woman) but her upper part.

<sup>12</sup> *Adamants.*] i. e. *Loadstones*. See Skinner on the word. *Seward*.

<sup>13</sup> *To draw in spurs and rapiers.*] In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* is  
the same idea; Subtle says to Abel Drugger,

' Beneath your threshold bury me a *loadstone*,

' To draw in gallants that wear *spurs*.'

*Hofst.*

*Host.* Nothing but her upper part?

*Clown.* Nothing but her upper bodice,  
And he lives at the more heart's ease.

*Host.* What's the reason?

*Clown.* Because her nether part can give no  
temptation.

• By your leave, Sir, I'll tend my master, and instantly  
Be with you for a cup of cherally this hot weather.

[*Exit.*]

*Host.* A nimble-pated rascal! Come hither, daughter;  
When was Cesario here?

*Bian.* Sir, not this fortnight.

*Host.* I do not like his visits; commonly  
He comes by owl-light; both the time and manner is  
Suspicious; I don't like it.

*Bian.* Sir, the gentleman  
Is every way so noble, that you need not  
Question his intent of coming: Tho' you did,  
Pray, Sir, preserve that good opinion of me,  
That tho' the custom of the place I was born in  
Makes me familiar to every guest,  
I shall in all things keep myself a stranger  
To th' vices they bring with them!

*Hostess.* Right, my daughter!  
She has the right strain of her mother.

*Host.* Of her mother?  
An I would speak, I know from whence she took it.  
When I was as young, I was as honest <sup>14</sup>—

*Hostess.* Leave your prating,

<sup>14</sup> When I was as young, I was as honest.] This has been hitherto made the conclusion of the *Host's* speech, by which it seems to have lost all its humour. It evidently belongs to the *Hostess*, who flops her husband from giving further hints concerning Biancha; and this is artfully contriv'd with regard to the audience, whose curiosities are heightened by a glimmering of the plot, but not too soon satisfied by a full view of it. To do this judiciously, is one of the greatest difficulties in almost every species of writing.

*Seward.*

We think Seward totally mistaken here, and that the *Host* (instead of alluding to Biancha's real parentage) whimsically insinuates that her virtuous principles are derived from him.

And

And study to be drunk, and abuse your guests over and over !

*Enter Forobosco and Clown.*

*Host.* Peace, wife ; my honourable guest !

*For.* My endear'd landlord,

And the rest of the compliments of the house !

*Host.* Breakfast is ready, Sir ; it waiteth only  
The tide of your stomach.

*Clown.* And mine gapes for't,  
Like a stale oyster.

*Host.* Ere you go to bed<sup>15</sup>,  
Fail not of that, I pray. [Exe. all but For. and Clown.

*For.* We'll instantly be with you.—  
Now we're all fellows : Nine o'clock, and no clients  
come yet ?

Sure thou dost not set up bills enough.

*Clown.* I've set up  
Bills in abundance.

*For.* What bills ?

*Clown.* Marry,  
For curing of all diseases, recovery of stol'n goods,  
And a thousand such impossibilities.

*For.* The place is unlucky.

*Clown.* No, certain 'tis fcarsity of money ;  
Do not you hear the lawyers complain of it ?  
Men have as much malice as e'er they had to wrangle,  
But they've no money.—Whither should this money  
Be travell'd ?

*For.* To the devil, I think.

*Clown.* 'Tis with  
His cofferer I'm certain, that's the usurer.

*For.* Our cheating does not prosper so well as  
'Twas wont to do.

*Clown.* No, sure. Why, in England we

<sup>15</sup> *Ere you go to bed, fail not of that, I pray.*] These words have hitherto been made a continuation of the *Clown's* speech ; but from him they seem devoid of meaning. If spoken by the *Host*, aside, we may very well understand by them, that the *Clown gapes for his breakfast even before he goes to bed.*

Could cozen 'em as familiarly, as if  
We'd travell'd with a brief, or a lottery.

*For.* In the Low-Countries we did pretty well.

*Clown.* So, so, as long as we kept the mop-headed  
Butter-boxes sober; marry, when they were drunk,  
Then they grew buzzards: You should have them reel  
Their heads together, and deliberate!

Your Dutchman, indeed, when he's foxt, is like a fox;  
For when he's funk in drink, quite earth to a man's  
thinking,

'Tis full exchange-time with him, then he's subtlest.  
But your Switzer, 'twas nothing to cheat him.

*For.* Nothing.

*Clown.* No, nor conscience to be made of it; for since  
Nature aforehand cozen'd him of his wit,  
'Twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his money.

*For.* But these Italians are more nimble-pated;  
We must have some new trick for them. I protest,  
But that our Hostess' daughter's a sweet lass,  
And draws great resort to th' house, we were as good  
Draw teeth a-horseback.

*Clown.* I told 'em in the market-place you could  
conjure,  
And nobody would believe me; but ere long  
I'll make 'em believe you can conjure with such a  
figuary!

*For.* What language shall's conjure in? High-Dutch  
I think, that's full in the mouth.

*Clown.* No, no, Spanish;  
That roareth best, and will appear more dreadful.

*For.* Prithee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull  
them.

*Clown.* No, no, I will not stale it<sup>16</sup>; but, my dear  
jews-trump,  
For thou art but my instrument, I'm the plotter,  
And when we have cozen'd 'em most tightly, thou  
Shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter, I'll  
Provide myself of another moveable;

<sup>16</sup> *No, no, I will not stale it.]* Corrected in 1750.

And we will most purely retire ourselves  
To Geneva.

*For.* Thou art the compas I sail by. [Exit.]

*Enter Baptista and Mentivole.*

*Bapt.* Was ever expectation of so noble  
A requital answered with such contumely !  
A wild Numidian, that had fuck'd a tigress,  
Would not have been so barbarous : Did he threat  
To cut thy hand off ?

*Ment.* Yes, Sir ; and his slaves  
Were ready to perform't.

*Bapt.* What hinder'd it ?

*Ment.* Only his son's entreaty.

*Bapt.* Noble youth !  
I wish thou wert not of his blood ; thy pity  
Gives me a hope thou art not.

*Ment.* You mistake, Sir ;  
The injury that follow'd from the son  
Was worse than the father's : He did first disarm,  
And took from me a jewel, which I prize  
Above my hand or life.

*Bapt.* Take thy sword from thee ?  
He stole it like a thief rather ; he could not  
I' th' field deprive thee of it.

*Ment.* He took it from me,  
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade-up,  
As if I'd been a footboy.

*Bapt.* Oh, my fury !  
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my rashness,  
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee  
To so imminent a danger ; which I vow  
I will revenge on the whole family.  
All the calamities of my whole life,  
My banishment from Genoa, my wife's loss,  
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing ;  
Their family shall repair't ; it shall be to them  
Like a plague, when the dog-star reigns most hot !  
An Italian's revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot :

[Exit :  
Ment.

*Ment.* I would I had conceal'd this from my father,  
 For my interest in Clarissa ! My care now  
 Must be to untangle this division,  
 That our most equal flames may be united ;  
 And from these various and perturbed streams,  
 Rise, like a sweet morn, after terrible dreams. [Exit.

*Enter Clarissa and Cesario.*

*Clar.* Brother, I'm happy in your recovery.

*Ces.* And I, sister,  
 Am ever best pleas'd in your happiness.  
 But I miss a toy should be on your finger.

*Clar.* My ring !  
 This morning when I wash'd I put it off ;  
 'Tis in my window.

*Ces.* Where's your looking-glass ?

*Clar.* Here, Sir.

*Ces.* 'Tis a fair one.

*Clar.* 'Tis pure crystal.

*Ces.* Can a diamond cut in crystal ? Let me see ;  
 I'll grave my name in't.

*Clar.* Oh, you'll spoil my glass <sup>17</sup>.

*Ces.* Would you not have your brother in your eye ?  
 I'd thought he had been planted in your heart.  
 Look you ; the diamond cuts quaintly ; you are cozen'd,  
 Your crystal is too brittle.

*Clar.* 'Tis the ring  
 I gave unto Mentivole ! sure, the same !—  
 You put me to amazement, Sir, and horror :  
 How came you by that ring ?

*Ces.* Does the blood rise ?

*Clar.* Pray, Sir, resolve me, (oh, for pity do)  
 And take from me a trembling at the heart,  
 That else will kill me ! for I too much fear  
 Nothing but death could ravish it from his hand.

<sup>17</sup> *Clar.* Oh, you'll spoil my glass.

~~Would you not have your brother in your eye ?~~

*Ces.* *I'd thought, &c.*] This second line evidently belongs to Cesario, though given in the former editions to Clarissa. Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald concurred in this correction. *Seward.*

*That*

That wore it.

*Ces.* Was it given to Mentivole  
On that condition?

*Clar.* Tell me of his health first,  
And then I'll tell you any thing.

*Ces.* By my life, he's well;  
In better health than I am.

*Clar.* Then, it was, Sir.

*Ces.* Then shall I ever hate thee, oh, thou false one!  
Hast thou a faith to give unto a friend,  
And break it to a brother? Did I not,  
By all the ties of blood, importune thee  
Never to part with it without my knowledge?  
Thou might'st have given it to a muletteer,  
And made a contract with him in a stable,  
At as cheap a price of my vengeance! Never more  
Shall a woman's trust beguile me: You are all  
Like relicks; you may well be look'd upon,  
But come a man to th' handling of you once,  
You fall in pieces!

*Clar.* Dear Sir, I've no way  
Look'd either beneath reason, or myself,  
In my election: There's parity in our blood,  
And in our fortunes; ancient amity  
Betwixt our parents; to which wants nothing, but  
The fruit of blessed marriage between us,  
To add to their posterities. Nor does now  
Any impeachment rise, except the sad  
And unexpected quarrel, which divided  
So noble and so excellent a friendship,  
Which, as I ne'er had magick to foresee,  
So I could not prevent.

*Ces.* Well, you must give me leave  
To have a hand in your disposing; I shall,  
In th' absence of my father, be your guardian;  
His suit must pass thro' my office. Mentivole?  
He has too much o' my blood already; he has,  
And he gets no more of't.—Wherefore weep you,  
mother?

*Enter Mariana and a Sailor.*

*Mar.* 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow  
Wherein you have a child's part, and the mainest ;  
Your father's dead.

*Ces.* Dead ?

*Mar.* There is one can  
Relate the rest.

*Sailor.* I can, Sir ; your father's drown'd,  
Most unfortunately drown'd.

*Ces.* How ? in a tempest ?

*Sailor.* No, Sir, in a calm,  
Calm as this evening : The gunner, being drunk,  
Forgot to fasten the ordnance to their ports,  
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them  
All to the starboard side, o'erturn'd the ship,  
And sunk her in a moment ; some six men  
That were upon the deck were sav'd ; the rest  
Perish'd wi' your father

*Clar.* Oh, my dearest father !

*Ces.* I pray thee, leave us.

[Exit Sailor,

*Mar.* I have a sorrow of another nature  
Equal to th' former.

*Ces.* And most commonly  
They come together.

*Mar.* The family of the Baptisti  
Are grown to faction, and upon distaste  
Of th' injury late offer'd in my house,  
Have vow'd a most severe and fell revenge  
'Gainst all our family, but especially  
'Gainst you, my dear Cesario.

*Ces.* Let them threat ;  
I am prepar'd t' oppose them.

*Mar.* And is your loss then  
Of so easy an estimation ? What comfort  
Have I but in your life ? and your late danger  
Presents before me what I am to suffer,  
Should you miscarry : Therefore I'll advise you,  
When th' funeral is over, you would travel ;

Both

Both to prevent their fury, and wear out  
The injury.

*Ces.* No, mother, I'll not travel—  
So in my absence he ~~may~~ marry my sister—  
I will not travel certain.

*Mar.* Oh, my Cesario,  
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,  
Indeed with a kind of dotage! he shall never  
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction  
Will endanger his life; and then am I most wretched!  
I'm thinking of a strange prevention,  
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye;  
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty. [Exeunt.

## A C T. III.

*Enter Host, Hostess, and Biancha.*

*Host.* H AUNTED, my house is haunted wi'  
goblins! I shall  
Be frightened out o' my wits, and set up a sign  
Only t' invite carriers and foot-posts, scarecrows  
To keep off th' cavalry, and gentry of the best rank.  
I will nail up my doors, and wall up my girl,  
Wife, like an anchor'd; or she will be ravish'd  
Before our faces by rascals and cacafugo's,  
Wife, cacafugo's!

*Hostess.* These are your incomes!  
Remember your own proverb, The favour  
Of every gain smelt sweet: Thank nobody but yourself  
For this trouble!

*Host.* No galling, dear spouse, no galling!  
Every day's new vexation abates me  
Two inches in the waist; terrible penance  
For an Host! Girl, girl, girl, which of all this  
Gallimaufry of man's flesh appears tolerable  
To thy choice? speak shortly, and speak truly! I

Must and will know, must and will ! hear you that ?

*Bian.* Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty !  
I am so far from entertaining thoughts  
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects  
Than any of such coarse contents as these are,  
Could not betray mine eye to force mine heart  
Conceive a wish, of any dearer happiness  
Than your direction warrants. I am yours, Sir.

*Hoffess.* What thinks the man now ? Is not this  
strange

**At thirteen ?**

*Hoff.* Very good words ; there's a tang in 'em,  
And a sweet one ; 'tis music, wife ; and now  
I come t'ye. Let us a little examine  
The several conditions of our  
Paragraphistical suitors ! The first  
A trav'ling taylor, who by the mystery  
Of's needle and thimble hath survey'd the fashions  
Of th' French, and English ; this signor Gingerbread,  
Stitch'd up in the shreds of a gaudy outside,  
Sows linings with his cross-leg'd compliment,  
Like an ape doing tricks over a staff,  
Cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-finger.

*Hoffess.* Out upon him !

*Hoff.* A second, a lavoltere, a saltatory,  
A dancer with a kit at's bum ; one that,  
By teaching great madonnas to foot it, has  
Miraculously purchas'd a ribanded  
Waistcoat, and four clean pair of socks ; a fellow  
That skippeth as he walketh, and instead  
Of sensible discourse, venteth the curious  
Conceit of some new tune stol'n from a masque,  
Or a bawdy ditty, elevated for  
The pole arctick of a lady's chamber ;  
In that file stands another of your inamoratoes.

*Hoffess.* Hang him and his fiddle together ! he ne'er  
fiddles

Any child of ours.

*Hoff.* The third, a mongrel,

Got by a Switzer on an Italian; this puppy,  
 Being left well estated, comes to Florence,  
 That the world may take notice, how impossible  
 It is for experience to alter  
 The course of nature; a fool, wife! and, indeed,  
 A clown turn'd gallant seldom or never proves  
 Other than a gallant fool; this toy prates  
 To little purpose other than—*What's o'clock?*  
*Shall's go drink? D'ye forsooth? and Thank ye heartily.*  
 I fear no art in him to catch thee; and  
 Yet we must be tormented with this buzzard  
 Amongst the rest.

*Hosteſſ.* 'Tis your own folly; forbid him the house.

*Hoſt.* The fourth, a mule-driver, a stubborn and a  
 harsh knave;

The fifth, a schoolmaster, a very amorous pedant,  
 Run almost mad with study of sonnets<sup>18</sup>, and  
 Compliments out of old play-ends; the last,  
 An advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian in law-  
 terms<sup>19</sup>:

<sup>18</sup> *Run almost mad with study of sonnets.*] All the Hoſt's part in this scene, as the conjuror's in others, has been hitherto printed as prose; but the reader will see that without any strain (for I have scarce added or struck out a single expletive) it runs into an affected hobbling verse; which to me seems to add great humour to almost every sentiment, giving a comic dignity to the whole, which is of all drollery the most laudable. In this line a monosyllable seems evidently dropt, for the epithet *new* not only fills the measure, but makes a proper antithesis to the *old* in the next line, which is a proof of its having been originally a verse. *Seward.*

Though this note is just in the main, yet there are two things in it which call for animadversion. In the first place, the word *new* is not necessary to the measure, nor have we a right to *CREATE an antithesis*. In the second, though Mr. Seward says he has not used *any strain*, he has here (as in all other parts of his Edition) *interpolated, omitted, and slaughtered words* (similar instances see at the end of *Wit Without Money*) in a manner unprecedented and unparalleled.

<sup>19</sup> *An advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian in law-terms.*] The particle *in*, here, equally hurts the sense as the measure, which is another proof of the measure's being genuine. *Seward.*

The word *in* neither hurts the sense, nor mars such licentious measure.

Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat  
 As a magnifico's post new painted, at  
 His entrance to an office ! Thou shalt have  
 None of 'em. Laugh at 'em; do ! I say,  
 Thou shalt have none of 'em.

*Bian.* Still your command to me shall stand a law.

*Host.* Now they throng like so many horse-couriers  
 At a fair, in clusters 'bout the man<sup>o</sup> of art,  
 For love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels,  
 Postures, compliments, philters, the devil

[*Clown cries within.*

And the—How now ? tumults, batteries, noise ?

*For.* [within.] Ha, get from my sight <sup>20</sup> !

Enter *Forobosco*, and *Clown* with his head bloody.

*Clown.* Murder me, do !

Pound me to mummy, do ! see what will come on't.

*For.* Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy tongue  
 out !

Thou unlick'd bear, dar'st thou yet stand my fury,  
 My generous rage<sup>o</sup> yet ? By the sulphureous damps  
 That feed the hungry and incessant darkness,  
 Which curls around the grim Alastor's back,  
 Mutter again, and with one powerful word,  
 I'll call an host up from the Stygian lakes,  
 Shall waft thee to the Acherontick fens ;  
 Where, choak'd with mists as black as thy impostures,  
 Thou shalt live still a-dying !

*Clown.* Conjure me to

The devil, an you can ! I live in hell  
 Upon earth already : An you had any mercy,  
 You would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

*Host.* You have drawn blood from him ;  
 Signor, is his offence unpardonable ?

*For.* A lump of ignorance, (pray speak not for him)  
 A drowsy grossness ! In all Christian kingdoms,

<sup>20</sup> *Ha, get from my sight.*] This has been made the conclusion of the *Host's* speech, which evidently belongs to *Forobosco* as he enters.

*Seward.*

*The*

The mention of my art, my name, my practice,  
 Merit, and glory, hath begot at once  
 Delight and wonder.—I'll not be entreated ;  
 Spare intercession for him !—Oh, thou scorn  
 Of learning, shame of duty, must thy sloth  
 Draw my just fame in question ? I discharge thee  
 From my service ; see me no more henceforth !

*Clown.* Discharge me ?

Is that my year's wages ? I will not be so answer'd.

*For.* Not, camel ? sirrah, I am liberal to thee  
 Thou hast thy life ; be gone !

*Clown.* Vengeance, sweet vengeance !

*For.* D'y'e mumble ?

*Clown.* I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, suddenly, and  
 Insatiably : My bulk begins to swell.

*For.* *Homotolenton, pragmatophorus, heliotyphorax !*

*Clown.* Call up your spirits ! I defy 'em ! Well,  
 I'll have law for my broken pate, (twelve ounces  
 Of pure blood, Troy-weight) in despite of thee  
 My master, and thy master the grand devil  
 Himself : *Vindicta, vindicta !*

[Exit.

*Host.* Signor, you are exceeding mov'd.

*Hostess.* Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou  
 talk'st !

*For.* A slave, a cur !—But be not you affrighted,  
 Young virgin ! 'twere an injury to sweetness,  
 Should any rougher sound draw from your cheeks  
 The precious tincture<sup>21</sup>, which makes Nature proud  
 Of her own workmanship.

*Host.* Wife, mark ; mark that, wife !

*Bian.* Shake then your anger off, Sir.

*For.* You command it,

Fair one. Mine Host and Hostess, with your leaves,

<sup>21</sup> Should any rough sound draw from your cheeks

The precious tincture, &c ] Mr. Sympon concurs with me in  
 reading, any rough sound. 'Tis necessary to the verse, and every  
 man of the least taste knows how much more elegant the comparative  
 degree renders the expression. The compliment here is so extremely  
 beautiful, that I could have wished it had been put in the mouth of a  
 Cesario or Mantivole.

*Servard.*

I have

I have a motion jointly to you all.

*Hostess.* An honest one, I hope.

*Host.* Well put in, wife !

*For.* A very necessary one : The mess  
And half of suitors, that attend to usher  
Their love's Sir-reverence to your daughter, wait  
With one consent, which can best please her eye  
In offering at a dance : I have provided  
Music ; and 'twill be something, I dare promise,  
Worthy your laughter. Shall they have admittance ?

*Host.* By any means ; for I'm perswaded the manner  
Will be so ridiculous, that it will confirm  
The assurance of their miserable fooleries : But  
No longer trouble with 'em here, than they  
Are in these may-games !

*For.* So I am resolv'd.

*Hostess.* Nor any wise word of senseless love !

*For.* Not any ; I have charm'd them. Did you see  
How they prepar'd themselves, how they stroke up  
Their foretops, how they justle for the looking-glaſs,  
To set their faces by it, (fee, they muster !)  
You would look for some most impossible antic.

Enter *Taylor, Dancer, Muletteer, Schoolmaster, Clerk*<sup>22</sup>,  
*Coxcomb* ; all with several papers, and present them  
to *Forobosco*.

*Host.* So, so, so, so ! here flutter the nest of hornets,  
The hotch-potch of rascality : Now, now, now, now !  
The dunghill of corruption hath yawn'd forth  
The burden of abomination. I am  
Vex'd, vexed to the soul ; will rid my house  
Of this unchristen'd fry, and never open

<sup>22</sup> *Schoolm<sup>ster</sup>, Clerk.*] I have added the *Coxcomb* to the number, Mr. Sympson having justly observ'd that the *mess and a half of suitors* were evidently six, and as the *Coxcomb* is one of them in the next scene in which they appear, and is the second in *Forobosco*'s list, he ought evidently to have a place here. The reader will see how much more humorous my *Host*'s next speech is when printed in its true order, as verse, than it was when the metre was disregarded.

*Seward.*

My

My doors again.

*For.* Some other time; I'll give no answer now,  
But have preferr'd your suits; here shew your cunning,  
First, every one in order do his honour  
To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,  
Convey your several loves in lively measure:  
Come, let us take our seats. Some sprightly music!  
*Host.* Dance all and part; 'tis a very necessary farewell.

*They all make ridiculous congees to Biancha, rank themselves and dance in several postures; during the dance, enter Cesario, and stands off.*

*Host.* Well done, my lusty bloods, preciously well done!

One lusty rouse of wine, and take leave on all sides!

*Ces.* Thanks for your revels, gentlemen! accept This gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

*Host.* My noble lord Cesario? Clear the rooms, Sirs!

*For.* Away; attend your answers. [*Exe. For. and suitors.*]

*Ces.* With your favour,  
Rolando, I would change a word or two  
With your fair daughter.

*Host.* At your lordship's pleasure.

Come, wife, no muttering! Have a care, girl! My love,  
Service, and duty to your good lordship!

[*Exeunt Host and Hostess.*]

*Ces.* My often visits, sweet Biancha, cannot  
But constantly inform thy judgment wherein  
Thy happiness consists: For to steal minutes  
From great employments, to converse with beauty,  
Lodg'd in so mean a fortune; to lay by  
Consideration of the unequal distance  
Between my blood and thine; to shun occasions  
Of courtship with the ladies of the time,  
Noble and fair, only for love to thee;  
Must of necessity invite a tenderness,  
As low as Nature could have stamp'd a bondwoman's,  
To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude  
For my uncommon favours.

*Bian.*

*Bian.* 'Deed, my lord,  
As far as my simplicity can lead me,  
I freely thank your courtesies.

*Cef.* To thank them  
Is to reward them, pretty one.

*Bian.* Then teach me  
How I may give them back again: In truth  
I never yet receiv'd a pair of gloves,  
A trifling ring, from any that expected  
An equal satisfaction, but as willingly  
I parted with the gift unto the owner,  
As he bestow'd it.

*Cef.* But I pour before thee  
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability  
Of thy whole kindred to return proportionable  
One for a thousand.

*Bian.* You, my lord, conclude  
For my instruction: To engage a debt  
Beyond a possibility of payment,  
I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly,  
Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,  
I must refuse your bounty.

*Cef.* Canst thou love?  
*Bian.* Love? is there such a word in any language  
That carries honest sense?

*Cef.* Never dwelt Ignorance  
In so sweet-shap'd a building!—Love, Biancha,  
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:  
Shall ours be tied so?

*Bian.* Use a plainer word,  
My lord; instead of *ties*, say *marries* hearts;  
Then I may understand.

*Cef.* Their hearts are married,  
Whose interchange of pleasures and embraces,  
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,  
Keeps constant league together; when temptation  
Of great mens' oaths and gifts shall urge contempt,  
Rather than batter resolution: Novelty  
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,

Breeds

Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any  
 Reserv'd to noble vows: My excellent maid,  
 Live thou but true to me, and my contents,  
 Mine only, that no partner may partake  
 The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,  
 And I will raise thy lowness to abundance  
 Of all varieties; and more triumph  
 In such a mistress, than great princes doting  
 On truth-betraying wives.

*Bian.* Thus to yield up then

The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd  
 By some hard-neighbouring landlord, such as you are,  
 Is in effect to love? A lord so vicious?  
 Oh, where shall Innocence find some poor dwelling,  
 Free from Temptation's tyranny?

*Cef.* Nay, prithee!

*Bian.* Gay cloaths, high feeding, easy beds of lust,  
 Change of unseemly sights, with base discourse,  
 Draw curses on your palaces: For my part,  
 This I will be confirm'd in; I will eat  
 The bread of Labour, know no other rest  
 Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more  
 Lend ear to your vile toils<sup>23</sup>! Sir, 'would you were  
 As noble in desires, as I could be  
 In knowing Virtue! Pray do not afflict  
 A poor soul thus.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Cef.* I swear—To me? [Biancha steals off.

*Gent.* The Duke, my lord, commands your speedy  
 presence,

For answering grievances late urg'd  
 Against you by your mother.

*Cef.* By my mother?

*Gent.* The court is near on sitting.

*Cef.* I wait on it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>23</sup> To your vile toils.] Mr. Sympon would read *tales* for *toils*, which I cannot assent to; for small inconsistencies in metaphor are too common with all nervous writers to be supposed corruptions of the press.

*Seward.*

*Duke,*

*Duke, Magistrates, Secretary, and Baptista, discovered sitting, Mentivole standing by, with attendants.*

*Duke.* What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,

What outrages, what uproars in a state,  
Factions, tho' issuing from mean springs at first,  
Have (not restrain'd) flow'd to, the sad example  
At Rome, between the Ursins and Colonnas,  
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the Neri  
And the Bianchi, can too mainly witness.

I sit not at the helm, my lords, of sovereignty,  
Deputed pilot for the commonwealth,  
To sleep while others steer, as their wild fancies  
Shall counsel, by the compass of disorders.

Baptista, this short preface is directed  
Chiefly to you: The petty brawls and quarrels  
Late urg'd betwixt th' Alberti and your family,  
Must (yes, and shall) like tender unknit joints,  
Fasten again together of themselves;  
Or, like an angry surgeon, we will use  
The roughness of our justice, to cut off  
The stubborn rancour of the limbs offending!

*Bapt.* Most gracious Florence—

*Duke.* Our command was signified,  
That neither of the followers of each party  
Should appear here with weapons.

*Bapt.* 'Tis obey'd, Sir,  
On my side.

*Duke.* We must leave the general cause  
Of state employments, to give ear to brawls  
Of some particular grudges; politic government  
For tutor'd princes! But no more! henceforth

*Enter Mariana and Clariſſa at one door, Cesario at the other.*

Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency.

*Mar.* All blessings due unto impartial princes  
Crown Florence with eternity of happiness!

*Ces.* If double prayers can double blessings, great Sir,  
Mine

Mine join for your prosperity with my mother's.

*Duke.* Rise both! Now briefly, lady, without circumstance,

Deliver those aggrievances, which lately  
Your importunity possess'd our counsel  
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd  
You might be heard without an advocate,  
Which boon you find is granted.

*Mar.* Tho' divided

I stand between the laws of Truth and Modesty<sup>24</sup>,  
Yet let my griefs have vent! yet the clearness  
Of strange necessity requires obedience  
To Nature and your mercy! In my weeds  
Of mourning, emblems of too-dear misfortunes,  
Badges of griefs, and widowhood, the burden  
Of my charg'd soul must be laid down before you;  
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,  
My frailty is my plea. Stand forth, young man,  
And hear a story that will strike all reason  
Into amazement!

*Ces.* I attend.

*Mar.* Alberto,

(Peace dwell upon his ashes! still the husband  
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows)  
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession  
Of fair revenue, which this young man claims  
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,  
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage  
Of this estate to her who owns it all,  
This his supposed sister.

*Bapt.* How! supposed?

*Ces.* Pray, madam, recollect yourself.

*Mar.* The relish

Of a strange truth begins to work like physic  
Already: I have bitterness to mingle

<sup>24</sup> Mar. *Though divided, &c.*] Mariana's disowning Cesario for her son, and the Duke's injunction to marry him, is related by Causin in his *Holy Court*, and is transcribed by Wanley in his *History of Man*, fol. book iii. chap. 26. *Seward.*

With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome  
 It will quite choak digestion ; shortly hear it :  
 Cesario, (for I dare not rob unjustly  
 The poor soul of his name) this, this Cesario,  
 Neither for father had Alberto, me  
 For mother, nor Clarissa for his sister.

*Clar.* Mother, oh, mother !

*Ment.* I am in a dream sure !

*Duke.* No interruptions ! Lady, on.

*Mar.* Mistake not,

Great Duke of Tuscany, or the beginning  
 Or process of this novelty : My husband,  
 The now deceas'd Alberto, from his youth  
 Inur'd to an impatience and roughnes  
 Of disposition, when not many months  
 After our marriage were worn out, repin'd  
 At the unfruitful barrennes of youth,  
 Which, as he pleas'd to term it, cut our hopes off  
 From blessing of some issue : To prevent it,  
 I grew ambitious of no fairer honour  
 Than to preserve his love ; and as occasions  
 Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence  
 How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.  
 At last I feign'd myself with-child ; the message  
 Of freedom, or relief, to one half starv'd  
 In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness  
 Of expectation and delight, as this was to  
 My much-affected lord : His care, his goodness,  
 (Pardon me, that I use the word) exceeded  
 All former fears. The hour of my deliverance,  
 As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd  
 My birth-rites<sup>25</sup> at a country garden house,  
 Where then my falconer's wife was brought a-bed  
 Of this Cesario : Him I own'd for mine,  
 Presented him unto a joyful father—

*Duke.* Can you prove this true ?

*Mar.* Proofs I have most evident.

But oh, the curse of my impatience ! shortly,

<sup>25</sup> *My birth-rights.*] The spelling rectified by Seward.

Ere three new moons had spent their borrow'd lights,  
 I grew with-child indeed; so just is Heav'n!  
 The issue of which burden was this daughter.  
 Judge now, most gracious prince, my lords, and you,  
 What combats then, and since, I have endur'd,  
 Between a mother's piety, and weakness  
 Of a soul-trembling wife! To have reveal'd  
 This secret to Alberto, had been danger  
 Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict  
 Of his distractions; now to have suppress'd it,  
 Were to defeat my child, my only child,  
 Of her most lawful honours, and inheritance.  
 Cesario, thou'rt a man still; education  
 Hath moulded thee a gentleman; continue so!  
 Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower  
 Than worthy thoughts may warrant! yet disclaim  
 All interest in Alberto's blood; thou hast not  
 One drop of his or mine.

*Duke.* Produce your witness!

*Mar.* The falconer's wife his mother,  
 And such women as waited then upon me,  
 Sworn to the privacy of this great secret.

*Duke.* Give them all their oaths.

*Ces.* Oh, let me crave forbearance, gracious Sir!  
 Vouchsafe me hearing!

*Duke.* Speak, Cesario.

*Ces.* Thus long

I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness  
 Attended the relation of my fall  
 From a fair expectation: What I fear'd  
 (Since the first syllable this lady utter'd  
 Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates  
 Have eas'd me of: For to be basely born,  
 If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty  
 Of Nature's freedom, or an honest birth.  
 Nobility claimed by the right of blood  
 Shews chiefly, that our ancestors deserv'd <sup>26</sup>  
 What we inherit; but that man whose actions

<sup>26</sup> That our ancestors desir'd.] Amended in 1750.

Purchase a real merit to himself,  
 And ranks him in the file of Praise and Honour,  
 Creates his own advancement: Let me want  
 The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness,  
 Lordly possessions! yet shall still my gratitude,  
 By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,  
 Endeavour to return a fit acquittance  
 To that large debt I owe your favours, madam,  
 And great Alberto's memory and goodness.  
 Oh, that I could as gently shake off passion  
 For th' loss of that great brave man <sup>27</sup>, as I can  
 shake off

Remembrance of what once I was reputed!  
 I have not much to say; this princely presence  
 Needs not too strictly to examine further  
 The truth of this acknowledgment: A mother  
 Dares never disavow her only son;  
 And any woman must come short of piety,  
 That can or disinherit her own issue,  
 Or fears the voice of Rumour for a stranger.  
 Madam, you have confess'd my father was  
 A servant to your lord and you: By interest  
 Of being his son, I cannot but claim justly  
 The honour of continuing still my service  
 To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave  
 I may for this time be dismiss'd.

*Duke.* Bold spirit!

*Bapt.* I love thee now with pity.

*Duke.* Go not yet!—

A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,  
 Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me!—  
 He not Alberto's son, and she a widow?  
 And she a widow? Lords, your ear!

*Omnes.* Your pleasure? [Whisper.

*Duke.* So, lady; what you have avouch'd is truth?

*Mar.* Truth only, gracious Sir.

*Duke.* Hear then our sentence:

<sup>27</sup> ————— of what great brave —————  
 ————— of that once I ————— ] Corrected by Seward.

Since

Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd  
 Cesario as your son, and train'd him up  
 To hopes of greatness, which now in a moment  
 You utterly again have ruin'd, this way  
 We with our counsel are resolv'd ; you being  
 A widow, shall accept him for a husband.

*Mar.* Husband to me, Sir ?

*Duke.* 'Tis in us to raise him  
 To honours ; and his virtues will deserve 'em.

*Mar.* But, Sir, 'tis in no prince, nor his prerogative,  
 To force a woman's choice against her heart.

*Duke.* True ; if then you appeal to higher justice,  
 Our doom includes this clause upon refusal :  
 Out of your lord's revenues shall Cesario  
 Assure to any, whom he takes for wife,  
 Th' inheritance of three parts ; the less remainder  
 Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter ;  
 And we, by our prerogative, which you question,  
 Will publicly adopt him into th' name  
 Of your deceas'd Alberto, that the memory  
 Of so approv'd a peer may live in him  
 That can preserve his memory : 'Less you find out  
 Some other means, which may as amply satisfy  
 His wrong, our sentence stands irrevocable.

What think you, lords ?

*Omnes.* The Duke is just and honourable.

*Bapt.* Let me embrace Cesario ! henceforth ever  
 I vow a constant friendship.

*Ment.* I remit

All former difference.

*Ces.* I am too poor

In words to thank this justice.—Madam, always  
 My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

*Duke.* Replies we admit none. Cesario, wait on us !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Mantent* *Mentivole*, *Baptista*, *Mariana*, and *Clarissa*,

*Bapt.* *Mentivole* !

*Ment.* My lord.

*Bapt.* Look on Clarissa ;  
She's noble, rich, young, fair.

*Ment.* My lord, and virtuous.

*Bapt.* Mentivole, and virtuous.—Madam !

*Mar.* Tyranny

Of justice ! I shall live Report's derision,  
That am compell'd t' exchange a graceful widowhood  
For a continual martyrdom in marriage,  
With one so much beneath me.

*Bapt.* I'll plead for ye  
Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only  
Admit my son her servant : At next visit,  
Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort !

*Mentivole*, be confident and earnest ! [Exit.

*Mar.* Married again ? to him too ? better it had been  
The young man should have still retain'd the honours  
Of old Alberto's son, than I the shame  
Of making him successor of his bed ;

I was to blame.

*Ment.* Indeed, without offence,  
Madam, I think you were.

*Clar.* You urge it fairly,  
And like a worthy friend.

*Mar.* Can you say any thing  
In commendation of a mushroom, wither'd  
As soon as started up ?

*Ment.* You scorn an innocent  
Of noble growth ; for whiles your husband liv'd  
I've heard you boast, Cesario in all actions  
Gave matter of report, of imitation,  
Wonder, and envy ; let not discontinuance  
Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion  
Of virtue, chiefly when in such extremity !  
Your pity, not contempt, will argue goodness.

*Mar.* Oh, Sir !

*Clar.* If you would use a thriving courtship,  
You cannot utter a more powerful language,  
That I shall listen to with greater greediness,  
Than th' argument you prosecute : This speaks you

A man

A man complete and excellent.

*Ment.* I speak not;

They are his own deserts.

*Mar.* Good Sir, forbear!

I am now fully sensible of running  
Into a violent lethargy, whose deadlines  
Locks up all reason: I shall never henceforth  
Remember my past happiness!

*Ment.* These clouds  
May be dispers'd.

*Mar.* I fear continual night  
Will overshroud me! Yet, poor youth, his trespass  
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty  
Of the Duke's sentence.

*Clar.* I dare think it does.

*Mar.* If all fail, I will learn then to conquer  
Adversity with sufferance.

*Ment.* You resolve nobly.

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T IV.

*Enter Cefario and a Servant.*

*Cef.* **L**E T any friend have entrance.

*Serv.* Sir, a' shall.

*Cef.* Any; I except none.

*Serv.* We know your mind, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Cef.* Pleasures admit no bounds. I'm pitch'd so high,  
To such a growth of full prosperities,  
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury  
To gratefulness, and those more liberal favours  
By whom my glories prosper. He that flows  
In gracious and swoln tides of blest abundance <sup>23</sup>,  
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,  
Deserves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:

<sup>23</sup> *Tides of best abundance.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympon con-  
curred with me in the correction.

*Seward.*

The harvest of my hopes is now already  
 Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth  
 With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts;  
 My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

*Enter two Servants and Biancha.*

1 Serv. 'Tis my place.

2 Serv. Yours? Here, fair one; I'll acquaint  
 My lord.

1 Serv. He's here; go to him boldly.

2 Serv. Please you

To let him understand how readily  
 I waited on your errand!

1 Serv. Saucy fellow!

You must excuse his breeding.

Cef. What's the matter?

Biancha? my Biancha?—To your offices!—[Exe. Serv.  
 This visit, sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,  
 By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes  
 So much the more timely: Witness this free welcome,  
 Whate'er occasion led thee!

Bian. You may guess, Sir;  
 Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.

Cef. Prithee speak it,  
 My honest virtuous maid.

Bian. Sir, I have heard  
 Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you  
 Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,  
 To know they are a truth.

Cef. What truth, Biancha?  
 Misfortunes? how? wherein?

Bian. You are disclaim'd  
 For being the lord Alberto's son, and publicly  
 Acknowledg'd of as mean a birth as mine is:  
 It cannot chuse but grieve you.

Cef. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Is this all?

Bian. This all?

Cef. Thou art sorry for't,

I warrant thee: Alas, good soul, Biancha!  
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness;  
My happiness, Biancha!

*Bian.* If you love me,  
It may prove mine too.

*Cef.* May it? I will love thee,  
My good, good maid, if that can make thee happy,  
Better and better love thee.

*Bian.* Without breach then  
Of modesty, I come to claim the interest  
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,  
Have made me owner of: From the first hour  
I saw you, I confess I wish'd I had been  
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,  
Or not so much above those humble flames  
That should have warm'd my bosom with a temperate  
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.  
Still as you utter'd language of affection,  
I courted Time to pass more slowly on,  
That I might turn more fool to lend attention  
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for;  
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.

*Cef.* Didst thou in troth, wench?

*Bian.* Willingly betray'd  
Myself to hopeless bondage.

*Cef.* A good girl!

I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy answer was.

*Bian.* But as I am a maid, Sir, (and i'faith  
You may believe me, for I am a maid)  
So dearly I respected both your fame  
And quality, that I would first have perish'd  
In my sick thoughts, than e'er have given consent  
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting  
A marriage with so mean a one as I am:  
I should have died sure, and no creature known  
The sickness that had kill'd me.

*Cef.* Pretty heart!

Good soul, alas, alas!

*Bian.* Now since I know

There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,  
Not much 'twixt our estates, (if any be,  
The advantage is on my side) I come willingly  
To tender you the first-fruits of my heart,  
And am content t' accept you for my husband,  
Now when you are at lowest.

*Cef.* For a husband?

Speak sadly<sup>29</sup>; dost thou mean so?

*Bian.* In good deed, Sir,  
•Tis pure love makes this proffer.

*Cef.* I believe thee.

What counsel urg'd thee on? tell me; thy father?  
My worshipful smug Host? Was't not he, wench?  
Or mother Hostess? ha?

*Bian.* D'you mock my parentage?  
I do not scorn yours: Mean folks are as worthy  
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,  
As some whose only fame lies in their blood.  
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths falsehood,  
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd and wicked!

*Cef.* Thoud'st be my wife, I dare swear.

*Bian.* Had your heart,  
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed  
This courtesey a benefit.

*Cef.* Simplicity,  
How prettily thou mov'st me! Why, Biancha,  
Report has cozen'd thee; I am not fallen  
From my expected honours or possessions,  
Tho' from the hope of birth-right.

*Bian.* Are you not?  
Then I am lost again! I have a suit too;  
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.

*Cef.* Any thing.

*Bian.* Pray do not talk of aught what I have said t'ye.

*Cef.* As I wish health, I will not!

<sup>29</sup> Speak sadly;] i. e. Seriously. So in Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. scene iii. 'This can be no trick: The conference was *sadly* borne.' Again, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578, quoted by Mr. Steevens, 'The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel.'

*Bian.* Pity me ;  
But never love me more !

*Cef.* Nay, now you're cruel :  
Why all these tears ?—Thou shalt not go.

*Bian.* I'll pray for you,  
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one ;  
And when I'm dead—

*Cef.* Fy, fy !

*Bian.* Think on me sometimes,  
With mercy for this trespass !

*Cef.* Let us kiss  
At parting, as at coming !

*Bian.* This I have  
As a free dower to a virgin's grave,  
All goodness dwell with you !

[Exit.]

*Cef.* Harmless Biancha !  
Unskill'd ! what handsome toys are maids to play with !

*Enter Mariana and Clarissa.*

How innocent !—But I have other thoughts  
Of nobler meditation.—My felicity,  
Thou com'st as I could wish : Lend me a lip  
As soft, as melting, as when old Alberto,  
After his first night's trial, taking farewell  
Of thy youth's conquest, tasted !

*Mar.* You're uncivil !

*Cef.* I will be lord of my own pleasures, madam ;  
You're mine, mine freely : Come, no whimpering  
henceforth !

New con the lessons of Love's best experience,  
That our delights may meet in equal measure  
Of resolutions and desires ! this sullenness  
Is scurvy ; I like it not.

*Mar.* Be modest ;  
And do not learn, Cesario, how to prostitute  
The riot of thy hopes to common folly.  
Take a sad woman's word ! howe'er thou dot'st  
Upon the present graces of thy greatness,  
Yet I'm not fallen so below my constancy

To

To Virtue, nor the care which I once tender'd  
For thy behoof, that I prefer a sentence  
Of cruelty before my honour.

*Cef.* Honour?

*Mar.* Hear me: Thou seest this girl, now the  
comfort

Of my last days! she is the only pledge  
Of a bed truly noble: She had a father  
(I need not speak him more than thou remember'st)  
Whom to dishonour by a meaner choice  
Were injury and infamy.

*Clar.* To goodness,  
To time, and virtuous mention.

*Mar.* I have yow'd,  
(Observe me now, Cesario!) that howe'er  
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,  
Perfusions, flattery, gifts, entreats, or tortures,  
Shall draw me to a secong bed.

*Clar.* 'Tis just too.

*Mar.* Yes, and 'tis just, Clarissa. I allow  
The Duke's late sentence, am resolv'd, young man,  
To be thy wife; but when the ceremony  
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,  
Tho' not in name, a widow.

*Cef.* Pray a word t' you!  
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?

*Mar.* Never, oh, never! and 'tis for your good too.

*Cef.* Prove that.

*Mar.* Alas, too many years are number'd  
In my account to entertain the benefit  
Which youth in thee, Cesario, and ability  
Might hope for and require: It were injustice  
To rob a gentleman deserving memory,  
Of issue to preserve it.

*Cef.* No more! Herein  
You are an excellent pattern of true piety.  
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into  
The order of the Duke enjoin'd; admit  
I satisfy the sentence, without marriage

With

With you ! how then ?

*Mar.* Cesario !

*Cef.* If I know

How to acquit your fears, yet keep th' injunction  
In every clause whole and entire, your charity  
Will call me still your servant ?

*Mar.* Still my son.

*Cef.* Right, madam, now you have it, still your son :  
The genius of your blessings hath instructed  
Your tongue oraculously : We'll forget  
How once I and Clarissa interchang'd  
The ties of brother and of sister ; henceforth  
New stile us man and wife.

*Clar.* By what authority ?

*Cef.* Heav'n's great appointment. Yet in all my  
dotage

On thy perfections, when I thought, Clarissa,  
We had been pledges of one womb, no loose,  
No wanton heat of youth desir'd to claim  
Priority in thy affections, other  
Than Nature might command ; chastely I tender'd  
Thy welfare as a brother ought : But since  
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract  
A long life-lasting unity ! for this way  
The sentence is to be observ'd, or no way.

*Mar.* Then no way !

*Cef.* I expected other answer,  
Madam, from you.

*Mar.* No ; every age shall curse me,  
The monster and the prodigy of Nature !  
Horrors beyond extremity —

*Clar.* Pray, mother,  
Confine the violence of grief !

*Cef.* Yes, mother,  
Pray do !

*Mar.* Thus some catch at a matron's honour  
By flying Lust, to plot incestuous witchcrafts,  
More terrible than whoredoms ; Cruel mercy !  
When to preserve the body from a death

The soul is strangled !

*Cef.* This is more than passion ;  
It comes near to distraction.

*Mar.* I am quieted.

Cesario, thou mayst tell the Duke securely,  
Alberto's titles, honours, and revenues,  
The Duke may give away ; enjoy them thou !  
Clarissa's birth-right, Mariana's dower,  
Thou shalt be lord of ; turn us to the world  
Unpitied and unfriended ; yet my bed  
Thou never sleep'st in. As for her, (she hears me)  
If she as much as in a thought consent,  
That thou mayst call her wife, a mother's curse  
Shall never leave her.

*Clar.* As a brother once  
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honour you ;  
But for a husband, Sir, I dare not own you :  
My faith is giv'n already.

*Cef.* To a villain ;  
I'll cut his throat.

*Mar.* ' Why this is more than passion ;  
' It comes near a distraction.'

*Clar.* Call to mind, Sir,  
How much you have abated of that goodness  
Which once reign'd in you, which appear'd so lovely,  
That such as friendship led to observation,

*Enter Baptista and Mentivole.*

Courted the great example !

*Cef.* Left, and flatter'd  
Into a broad derision ?

*Mar.* Why d'ye think so ?  
My lord Baptista, is your son grown cold  
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows  
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter ?

*Bapt.* We come, lady,  
To consummate the contract.

*Cef.* With Mentivole ?  
Is he the man ?

*Ment.*

*Ment.* Clarissa's troth and mine,  
Cesario, are recorded in a character  
So plain and certain, that except the hand  
Of Heav'n, which writ it first, would blot it out again,  
No human power can raze it.

*Cef.* But say you  
So too, young lady?

*Clar.* I should else betray  
My heart to falsehood, and my tongue to perjury.

*Cef.* Madam, you know the sentence.

*Bapt.* From the Duke  
I have particular comforts, which require  
A private ear.

*Mar.* I shall approve it gladly.  
We are resolv'd, Cesario.

*Bapt.* Be not insolent  
Upon a prince's favour!

*Clar.* Lose no glory,  
Your younger years have purchas'd!

*Ment.* And deserv'd too;  
You've many worthy friends.

*Bapt.* Preserve and use them! [*Exeunt. Manet Cef.*

*Cef.* Good, very good! why here's a compliment  
Of mirth in desperation! I could curse  
My fate: Oh, with what speed men tumble down  
From hopes that soar too high! Biancha now  
May scorn me justly too; Clarissa married,  
Alberto's widow resolute, Biancha  
Refus'd, and I forsaken. Let me study!  
I can but die a bachelor, that's the worst on't. [*Exit.*

*Enter Host, Taylor, Muletteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.*

*Host.* Come, gentlemen;  
This is the day that our great artist hath  
Promis'd to give all your several suits satisfaction.

*Dancer.* Is he stirring?

*Host.* He hath been at his book  
These two hours.

*Pedant.* He's a rare physician.

*Host.*

*Host.* Why, I'll tell you, were Paracelsus the German now

Living, he would take up his single rapier  
 Against his terrible long sword: He makes it  
 A matter o' nothing to cure the gout; sore eyes  
 He takes out as familiarly, washes them,  
 And puts them in again, as you'd blanch almonds.

*Taylor.* They say he can make gold.

*Host.* Ay, ay, he learnt it  
 Of Kelly in Germany<sup>30</sup>. There's not a chemist  
 In Christendom can go beyond him  
 For multiplying.

*Pedant.* Take heed then he get not  
 Up your daughter's belly, my Host!

*Host.* You are  
 A merry gentleman, and the man of art  
 Will love you the better.

*Dancer.* Does he love mirth and crotchets?

*Host.* Oh, he's the most courteous physician! you  
 May drink or drab in's company freely; the better  
 He knows how your disease grows, the better he  
 Knows how to cure it.

*Dancer.* But I wonder, my Host,  
 He has no more resort of ladies to him.

*Host.* Why, Sir?

*Dancer.* Oh, divers of 'em have great belief  
 In conjurors: Lechery is a great help  
 To th' quality.

*Host.* He's scarce known to be  
 In town yet! ere long we shall have 'em come

<sup>30</sup> Kelly.] *Edward Kelly*, otherwise *Talbot*, an intimate friend of the famous Dr. John Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical processes and experiments. It is said they were in possession of the elixir, and actually made projection upon several metals, and converted them into gold. His History may be met with in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. i. p. 279, and in Weaver's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 45, where are some incredible stories about him. He is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the *Alchymist*, act iv. sc. i.

— A man the emp'ror  
 ' Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals

• And chains t' invite him.' *SHAKESPEARE.* R.

Hurrying hither in feather-beds.

*Dancer.* How! bedridden?

*Host.* No, Sir; in feather beds that move upon  
Four wheels, in Spanish caroches.

*Pedant.* Pray acquaint him  
We give attendance.

*Host.* I shall, gentlemen.—

I'd fain be rid o' these rascals, but that they  
Raise profit to my wine-cellars. When I have  
Made use of them sufficiently, I'll entreat  
The conjuror to tie crackers to their tails,  
And send them packing.

*Enter Forobosco as in his study.*

*For.* Come hither, mine Host!  
Look here.

*Host.* What's that?

*For.* A challenge from my man:

*Host.* For breaking's pate?

*For.* He writes here, if I meet him not i'th' field:  
Within this half-hour, I shall hear more from him.

*Host.* Oh, Sir, mind your profit;  
Ne'er think of the rascal: Here are the gentlemen:

*For.* 'Morrow, my worthy clients!  
What, are you all prepared of your questions,  
That I may give my resolution upon them?

*Omnes.* We are, Sir.

*Pedant.* And have brought our money:

*For.* Each then  
In order! and differ not for precedence.

*Dancer.* I'm buying of an office, Sir, and to that  
purpose

I would fain learn to dissemble cunningly.

*For.* Do you come to me for that? you should rather  
have gone

To a cunning woman:

*Dancer.* Ay, Sir, but their instructions  
Are but like women; pretty well, but not  
To th' depth, as I would have it: You're a conjuror,  
The devil's master, and I would learn it from

You so exactly—

*For.* That the devil himself  
Might not go beyond you?

*Dancer.* You are i'th' right, Sir.

*For.* And so your money for your purchase might  
Come in again within a twelvemonth?

*Dancer.* I

Would be a graduate, Sir, no fresh-man.

*For.* Here's my hand, Sir:  
I'll make you dissemble so methodically,  
As if the devil should be sent from the  
Great Turk, i'th' shape of an ambassador,  
To set all the Christian princes at variance.

*Dancer.* I can't with any modesty desire any more.  
There's your money, Sir!

*For.* For the art of dissembling.

*Coxe.* My suit, Sir, will be news to you when I tell it.

*For.* Pray, on!

*Coxe.* I would set up a press here in Italy,  
To write all the coranto's for Christendom.

*For.* That's news indeed;  
And how would you employ me in it?

*Coxe.* Marry, Sir, from you I would gain my intelligence.

*For.* I conceive you: You would have me  
Furnish you with a spirit to inform you.

*Coxe.* But as quiet a devil as the woman  
The first day and a half after she's married;  
I can by no means endure a terrible one.

*For.* No, no, I'll qualify him; he sha'n't fright you;  
It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit  
Shall look as if butter would not melt in's mouth;  
A new *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*<sup>31</sup>!

*Coxe.* Oh, there was a captain was rare at it.

<sup>31</sup> *Mercurius Gallo Belgicus.*] This was one of the first newspapers which appeared in England. It is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers; among others, by Thomas May, in act i. sc. i. of his comedy of *The Heir*, 1633:

'Tis believ'd,  
And told for news, with as much confidence  
As if 'twere writ in *Gallo Belgicus*.

*For.* Ne'er think of him.

Tho' that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and  
Wasted indeed more harmless paper than  
Ever did laxative physic, yet will I  
Make you t' out-scribble him; and set down what  
You please, the world shall better believe you.

*Coxc.* Worthy Sir, I thank you; there is money!

*For.* A new office for writing pragmatical coranto's.

*Pedant.* I am a schoolmaster, Sir, and would fain  
Confer with you about erecting four  
New sects of religion at Amsterdam<sup>32</sup>.

*For.* What the devil should new sects of religion  
Do there?

*Pedant.* I assure you I'd get a great deal  
Of money by it.

*For.* And what are the four  
New sects o' religion you would plant there?

*Pedant.* Why, that's it I come about, Sir; 'tis a devil  
Of your raising must invent 'em; I confess  
I am too weak to compass it.

*For.* So, Sir!  
Then you make it a matter of no difficulty  
To have them tolerated?

*Pedant.* Trouble not  
Yourself for that; let but your devil set them  
Afoot once, I have weavers, and gingerbread-makers,  
And mighty aquavitæ-men, shall set them  
A-going.

*For.* This is somewhat difficult;  
And will ask some conference with the devil.

*Pedant.* Take  
Your own leisure, Sir. I have another business too;  
Because I mean to leave Italy, and bury myself in  
Those nether parts the Low-Countries<sup>33</sup>.

<sup>32</sup> *Amsterdam.*] At the time our Authors wrote, *Amsterdam* appears to have been the place of refuge for sectaries of all denominations. See *Een Jonson's Alchemist.* R.

<sup>33</sup> *Those nether parts of the Low-Countries.*] Former editions. The Poets meant to call the *Low-Countries* the nether parts of the world. Seward.

*For.* What's that, Sir?

*Pedant.* Marry, I would fain make nine days to th' week,

For the more ample benefit of the captain.

*For.* You have a shrewd pate, Sir!

*Pedant.* But how this might  
Be compass'd——

*For.* Compass'd easily; it is but making  
A new almanack, and dividing the compafs  
Of the year into larger penny-worths,  
As a chandler with his compafs makes  
A geometric proportion of the Holland cheese  
He retails by stivers. But for getting of it licens'd?

*Pedant.* Trouble not yourself with that, Sir; there's  
your money.

*For.* For four new sects of religions,  
And nine days to the week.

*Pedant.* To be brought in  
At general pay-days, write, I beseech you.

*For.* At general pay-days.

*Taylor.* I am by profession  
A taylor; you have heard of me.

*For.* Yes, Sir,  
And will not steal from you the least part of  
That commendation I've heard utter'd.

*Taylor.* I  
Take measure of your worth, Sir; and because  
I will not afflict you with any large bill  
Of circumstances, I'll snip off particulars:  
I'd fain invent some strange and exquisite  
New fashions.

*For.* Are you not travell'd, Sir?

*Taylor.* Yes, Sir,  
But have observ'd all we can see, or invent,  
Are but old ones with new names to 'em; now  
I would some way or other grow more curious.

*For.* Let me see; to devise new fashions!—Were you  
Ne'er in the moon?

*Taylor.* In the Moon-tavern? Yes, Sir,  
Often.

*For.*

*For.* No, I do mean in the new world,  
In th' world that's in the moon yonder.

*Taylor.* How!

A new world i'th' moon?

*For.* Yes, I assure you.

*Taylor.* And peopled?

*For.* Oh, most fantastically peopled.

*Taylor.* Nay, certain then there's work for taylors?

*For.* That

There is, I assure you.

*Taylor.* Yet I have talked

With a Scotch taylor that never discover'd  
So much to me, tho' he has travell'd far,  
And was a pedlar in Poland.

*For.* That

Was out of his way; this lies beyond China.  
You'd study new fashions, you say? Take  
My counsel, make a voyage, and  
Discover that new world.

*Taylor.* Shall I be a moon-man?

*For.* I'm of opinion, the people of that world,  
If they be like the nature of that climate  
They live in, do vary the fashion of their cloaths  
Oft'ner than any quick-silver'd nation  
In Europe.

*Taylor.* Not unlikely; but what should that be  
We call the man i'th' moon then?

*For.* Why, it is

Nothing but an Englishman that stands there  
Stark-naked, with a pair of sheers in one hand,  
And a great bundle of broad-cloth in t'other,  
(Which resembles the bush of thorns) cutting out of  
New fashions<sup>34</sup>.

<sup>34</sup> *An Englishman that standeth there stark naked, with, &c.* Andrew Borde, a physician, in the reign of Henry VIII. published a book intitled, 'The Introduction of Knowledge, the whiche doth teache a Man to Speake Part of all Maner of Languages, and to know the Usage and Fashion of all Maner of Countries. Dedycate to the Right Honourable and Gracious Lady Mary, Daughter of King Henry the Eigh't.' B. L. printed by W. Coplande. No date.

*Taylor.* I have heard somewhat like  
This; but how shall I get thither?

*For.* I will  
Make a new compass shall direct you.

*Taylor.* Certain?

*For.* Count me else for no man of direction.

*Taylor.* There's twenty ducats in hand; at my return  
I'll give you a hundred.

*For.* A new voyage to discover  
New fashions.

*Mulet.* I've been a traveller too, Sir;  
That have shew'd strange beasts in Christendom,  
And got money by them; but I find the trade to decay;  
Your camelion, or East-Indian hedgehog,  
Gets very little money; and your elephant  
Devours so much bread, brings in so little profit,  
His keeper were better every morning  
Cram fifteen taylors with white manchet:  
I would have some new spectacle, and one  
That might be more attractive.

*For.* Let me see!  
Were you ever in Spain?

*Mulet.* Not yet, Sir.

*For.* I would have you  
Go to Madrid; and against some great festival,  
When the court lieth there, provide a great  
And spacious English ox, and roast him whole,  
Wi' a pudding in's belly; that would be the eighth  
Wonder of the world in those parts, I assure you.

*Mulet.* A rare project without question!

*For.* Go beyond all their garlick *olla podridas*,

Before the first chapter, in which he has characterized an Englishman, is a wooden print of a naked man, with a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of sheers in his left-hand: Under the print is an inscription in verse, of which the following are the first four lines:

‘ I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,  
‘ Musyng in my mynde what rayment I shall were;  
‘ For now I were thys, and now I will were that,  
‘ And now I will were I cannot tell what, &c.’

This is evidently the print alluded to by our Author,

R.  
Tho.

Tho' you sod one in Garguantua's cauldron<sup>35</sup>!  
Bring in more money than all the monsters of Africk!.

*Host.* Good Sir, do your best for him; he's o' my acquaintance,

And one if you knew him—

*For.* What is he?

*Host.* He was once  
A man of infinite letters.

*For.* A scholar?

*Host.* No, Sir,  
A packet-carrier, which is always a man  
Of many letters, you know; then he was  
A mule-driver; now he's a gentleman,  
And feeds monsters.

*For.* A most ungrateful calling!

*Mulet.* There's money for your direction! The  
price of the ox, Sir?

*For.* A hundred French crowns, for it must be  
A Lincolnshire ox, and a prime one. For  
A rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen  
At Madrid.

*Enter Clown, Hostess, and Biancha.*

*Hostess.* Pray forbear, Sir! We shall have a new  
quarrel.

*Clown.* You durst not  
Meet me in the field! I am therefore come  
To spoil your market.

*For.* What's the news with you, Sir?

*Clown.* Gentlemen, you that come hither to be  
Most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise  
As your planet will suffer you: Keep your money,  
Be not gull'd, be not laugh'd at!

*Pedant.* What means this?

'Would I had my money again in my pocket!

*Host.* The fellow's full of malice; do not mind him.

*Clown.* This profess'd cheating rogue was my  
master, and I confess myself

<sup>35</sup> In Garguantua's cauldron.] See Rabelais.

A more preternotorious rogue than himself,  
In so long keeping his villainous counsel.

*For.* Come, come, I'll not hear you.

*Clown.* No, coz'ner, thou'ft not hear me ; I do but  
Dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou  
And all thy devils spit fire, and spout aquafortis !

*For.* Speak on ; I freely permit thee.

*Clown.* Why then,

Knew, all you simple animals, you whose purses  
Are ready to cast the calf, if they have not  
Cast it already, if you give any credit  
To this juggling rascal, you are worse  
Than simple widgeons, and will be drawn into  
The net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.

*For.* Ha, ha, ha ! Pray mark him !

*Clown.* He does profess physic, and conjuring ;  
For his physic, he has but two medicines  
For all manner of diseases ; when he was  
In the Low Countries, he us'd nothing  
But butter'd beer, colour'd with allegant,  
For all kind of maladies, and that he call'd  
His Catholic med'cine : Sure the Dutch smelt out  
'Twas butter'd beer<sup>36</sup>, else they would never have  
Endur'd it for the name's sake ! Then does he minister  
A grated dog's turd 'stead of rhubarb, many times  
Of unicorn's horn, which working strongly with  
The conceit of the patient, would make them  
bescummer  
To th' height of a mighty purgation.

*For.* The rogue has studied this invective.

*Clown.* Now  
For his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are

<sup>36</sup> ————— smelt out

'Twas butter'd beer ] Mr. Sympon seems to have mistaken the drollery of this passage. He says, that the reason given requires us to read ————— smelt not out. But the true intent of the passage seems plainly this. The Dutch would never have endur'd a medicine called *Catholick*, for the antipathy they bore to the most *Catholick King*, as well as the religion falsely so call'd, had not they by some instinct smelt out the butter'd beer which they are so fond of. Seward

The devil's chairwomen to him, for they  
Will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he  
Sells wind, and tells you forty lies over  
And over.

*Hostess.* I thought what we should find of him.

*Host.* Hold your prating; be not you an heretick!

*Clown.* Conjure? I'll tell you; all th' devils' names  
he calls upon are

But fustian names, gather'd out of Welch heraldry;  
In brief, he is a rogue of six reprieves,  
Four pardons o' course, thrice pilloried, twice fung

*Lacrymæ*

To th' virginals of a cart's tail, h' has five times  
Been in the gallies, and will never truly  
Run himself out of breath, 'till he comes to th' gallows.

*For.* You have heard, worthy gentlemen, what this  
Lying, detracting rascal has vomited.

*Taylor.* Yes, certain; but we've a better trust in you;  
For you have ta'en our money.

*For.* I have so.

Truth is, he was my servant, and for some chastisement  
I gave him, he does practise thus upon me.

Speak truly, sirrah, are you certain I can't conjure?

*Clown.* Conjure? Ha, ha, ha!

*For.* Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

*Clown.* Sure of it? why, I'll make a bargain with thee,  
Before all these gentlemen, use all thy art  
All thy roguery, and make me do any thing  
Before all this company I've not a mind to,  
I'll first give thee leave to claim me for thy bond-slave,  
And when thou hast done hang me!

*For.* 'Tis a match;

Sirrah, I'll make you caper i'th' air presently,

*Clown.* I have too solid a body; and my belief  
Is like a Puritan's on Good-Friday, too high-fed  
With capon.

*For.* I will first send thee to Greenland  
For a haunch of venison, just of the thickness  
Of thiȝe own tallow.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* Ha, ha, ha! I'll not stir an inch for thee!  
*For.* Thence to Amboyna i'th' East-Indies, for  
 pepper

To bake it.

*Clown.* To Amboyna? so I might  
 Be pepper'd<sup>37</sup>.

*For.* Then will I convey thee stark  
 Naked to Dev'ling to beg a pair of brogs,  
 To hide thy mountainous buttocks.

*Clown.* And no doublet  
 To 'em?

*For.* No, Sir; I intend to send you of  
 A sleeveless errand: But before you vanish,  
 In regard you say I cannot conjure, and are  
 So stupid and opinionated a slave,  
 That neither I nor my art can compel you to  
 Do any thing that is beyond your own pleasure,  
 The gentlemen shall have some sport: You cannot  
 Endure a cat, sirrah<sup>38</sup>!

*Clown.* What's that to thee,  
 Juggler?

*For.* Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

*Clown.* I'll be hang'd first.

*For.* Sit, gentlemen;  
 And whatsoever you see, be not frightened.

*Hostess.* Alas, I can endure no conjuring.

*Host.* Stir not, wife!

*Bian.* Pray let me go, Sir;  
 I'm not fit for these fooleries.

*Host.* Move not, daughter!

<sup>37</sup> To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd.] Alluding to the massacre of the English in the settlement of *Amboyna* in the East-Indies, in the year 1622, by the Dutch. See 'A True Relation of the unjust, cruel, and barbarous Proceedings against the English at *Amboyna* in the East-Indies, by the Netherlandish Governor there; 4to. Mr. Dryden has written a play upon this event. R.

<sup>38</sup> ————— cannot

Endure a cat, sirrah?] One would think from the sequel that *cat* here should have been *frog*: I have known several changes as great as this. Seward.

For.

For. I will make you dance a new dance call'd leap-frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha!

For. And as naked as a frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I defy thee!

[For. looks in a book, strikes with his wand, musick plays.

Enter four boys shaped like frogs, and dance.

Pedant. Spirits of the water in the likeness of frogs!

Taylor. He has fish'd fair, believe me.

Mulet. See, see! he sweats and trembles.

For. Are you come to your quavers.

Clown. Oh, ho, ho!

For. I'll make you run division on those O's,  
Ere I leave you<sup>39</sup>! Look you, here are the play-fellows  
That are so endear'd to you: Come, Sir; first uncase,  
And then dance; nay, I'll make him dance stark naked.

Host. Oh, let him have his shirt on, and his mogul's  
Breeches; here are women i'th' house.

For. Well, for their sakes he shall.

[Clown tears off his doublet, making strange faces  
as if compelled to it, falls into the dance.

Taylor. He dances! what a lying rogue was this  
To say the gentleman could not conjure!

For. He does

Prettily well; but it is voluntary, I assure you,  
I've no hand in't.

Clown. As you are a conjurer,  
And a rare artist, free me from these couplets!  
Of all creatures I cannot endure a frog.

For. But your dancing's voluntary; I can compel you  
To nothing.

<sup>39</sup> *I'll make you run division on that or e'er I leave you.* ] The neglect of measure here has made the Editors drop a monosyllable equally necessary to the sense. What is —run division on that or e'er—It is an answer to the Clown's roar, *Ob, bo, bo*, one of which should be inserted, which just completes the verse.

*I'll make you run division on that oh,*

*Or e'er I leave you.* —

Seward.

First folio exhibits, that o's ere I leave you; we have therefore altered that to those.

Hostess.

*Hostess.* Oh, me, daughter, let's take heed of  
This fellow! he'll make us dance naked, an we vex  
him. [Exeunt Hostess and Bian.

*For.* Now cut capers, firrah; I'll plague that chine  
of yours.

*Clown.* Ho, ho, ho! my kidnies are roasted!  
I drop away like a pound of butter roasted!

*Taylor.* He'll dance himself to death.

*For.* No matter;  
I'll sell his fat to the apothecaries,  
And repair my injury that way.

*Host.* Enough in conscience!

*For.* Well, at your entreaty—Vanish! And now I'll  
only [Exeunt boys.

Make him break his neck in doing a somersault,  
And that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.

*Clown.* Oh, gentlemen,  
What a rogue was I to belie so an approv'd master  
In th' noble dark science! You can witness,  
This I did only to spoil his practice, and  
Deprive you of the happiness of enjoying  
His worthy labours: Rogue that I was to do it!  
Pray, Sir, forgive me!

*For.* With what face canst thou  
Ask it?

*Clown.* With such a face as I deserve,  
With a hanging look, as all here can testify.

*For.* Well, gentlemen, that you may perceive  
The goodness of my temper, I will entertain  
This rogue again, in hope of amendment;  
For should I turn him off, he would be hang'd.

*Clown.* You may read that in this foul copy.

*For.* Only with this promise;  
You shall ne'er cozen any of my patients.

*Clown.* Never.

*For.* And remember henceforward,  
That tho' I cannot conjure, I can make you  
Dance, firrah. Go, get yourself into  
The cottage again,

*Enter Cesario.*

*Clown.* I will ne'er more dance leap-frog.—Now I have got you into credit, hold it up, And cozen them in abundance.

*For.* Oh, rare rascal !

[*Exit Clown.*]

*Ces.* How now ? a Frankford mart here <sup>39</sup> ? a mountebank

And his worshipful auditory ?

*Host.* They are my guests, Sir.

*Ces.* A pox upon them ! shew your juggling tricks in Some other room.

*Host.* And why not here, Sir ?

*Ces.* Hence,

Or, sirrah, I shall spoil your figure-flinging, And all their radical questions !

*Omnes.* Sir, we vanish.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Host and Cesario.*

*Host.* Signor Cesario, you make bold with me, And somewhat I must tell you to a degree of Ill-manners : They're my guests, and men I live by, And I would know by what authority you Command thus far.

*Ces.* By my interest in Your daughter.

*Host.* Interest, do you call't ? As I remember, I never put her out to usury On that condition.

*Ces.* Pray thee be not angry ;

*Enter Biancha and Hostess.*

I'm come to make thee happy, and her happy. She's here : Alas, my pretty soul ! I'm come

<sup>39</sup> *A Frankford mart.*] At Frankford, in Germany, two famous *marts* or fairs were held every year, which used to be resorted to by trading people and others, from every part of Europe : One was kept in the month of March, the other in September, and they each continued fourteen days. It happened that the famous Thomas Coriat was there at the autumnal fair, in 1608, and he has very particularly described it in his *Crudities*, p. 561.

R.

To

To give assurance that's beyond thy hope,  
Or thy belief; I bring repentance 'bout me,  
And satisfaction: I will marry thee.

*Bian.* Ha!

*Cef.* As I live, I will; but do not entertain't  
With too quick an apprehension of joy,  
For that may hurt thee; I have heard some die of't.

*Bian.* Don't fear me.

*Cef.* Then thou think'st I feign  
This protestation? I will instantly  
Before these testify my new alliance,  
Contract myself unto thee; then I hope  
We may be more private.

*Hoſt.* But thou shalt not, Sir;  
For so has many a maidenhead been lost,  
And many a bastard gotten.

*Cef.* Then to give you  
The best of any assurance in the world,  
Entreat thy father to go fetch a priest,  
We will instantly to bed, and there be married.

*Bian.* Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see,  
Tho' prosperity has.

*Hoſt.* Sir, you're too confident  
To fashion to yourself a dream of purchase,  
When you're a beggar.

*Cef.* You are bold with me!

*Hoſtess.* Do we not know your value is cried down  
Four score i' th' hundred?

*Bian.* Oh, Sir, I did love you  
With such a fix'd heart, that in that minute  
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,  
I took a vow to obey your last decree,  
And never more look up at any hope  
Should bring me comfort that way; and tho' since  
Your foster-mother, and the fair Clarissa  
Have in the way of marriage despis'd you,  
That hath not any way bred my revenge,  
But compassion rather. I have found so much  
Sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock,

That

# THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN. 415

That here I will sit down and never wish  
To come to th' journey's end : Your suit to me  
Henceforth be ever silenc'd !

*Cef.* My Biancha !

*Hostess.* Henceforward pray forbear her and my house !  
She's a poor virtuous wench ; yet her estate  
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

*Host.* Yes, and her birth in any herald's office  
In Christendom.

*Hostess.* It may prove so ; when you'll say,  
You've leap'd a whiting.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Cesario.* Enter *Baptista* and *Mentivole*.

*Cef.* How far am I  
Grown behind-hand with fortune !

*Bapt.* Here's Cesario !  
My son, Sir, is tomorrow to be married  
Unto the fair Clarissa.

*Cef.* So !

*Ment.* We hope  
You'll be a guest there.

*Cef.* No ; I will not grace  
Your triumph so much.

*Bapt.* I'll not tax your breeding,  
But it alters not your birth, Sir ; fare you well !

*Ment.* Oh, Sir, do not grieve him ;  
He has too much affliction already.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Sailor.

*Cef.* Every way scorn'd and lost ! Shame follow you !  
For I am grown most miserable.

*Sailor.* Sir, do you know  
A lady's son in town here they call Cesario ?

*Cef.* There's none such, I assure thee.

*Sailor.* I was told  
You were the man.  
*Cef.* What's that to thee ?  
*Sailor.* A pox on't !  
You're melancholy ; will you drink, Sir ?

*Cef.*

## 641 THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

*Ces.* With whom?

*Sailor.* With me, Sir; despise not this pitch'd canvas! The time was, we have know them lin'd with Spanish Ducats. I've news for you.

*Ces.* For me?

*Sailor.* Not unless

You'll drink: We are like our sea provision, Once out of pickle, we require abundance Of drink. I've news to tell you, that were you prince, Would make you send your mandate To have a thousand bonfires made i' th' city, And piss'd out again with nothing but Greek wine.

*Ces.* Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.

*Sailor.* And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you. Enter *Albertus*, *Prospero*, *Juliana*, and *Sailors*. [Exeunt.]

## A C T V.

*Enter Albertus, Prospero, Juliana, and Sailors.*

*Sailor.* **S**HALL we bring your necessaries ashore, my lord?

*Alb.* Do what you please; I'm land-sick worse by far Than e'er I was at sea.

*Prof.* Collect yourself.

*Alb.* Oh, my most worthy Prospero, my best friend, The noble favour I receiv'd from thee, In freeing me from the Turks, I now account Worse than my death; for I shall never live To make requital.—What do you attend for?

*Sailor.* To understand your pleasure.

*Alb.* They do mock me!—

I do protest I have no kind of pleasure In any thing i' th' world, but in thy friendship; I must ever except that.

*Prof.* Pray leave him, leave him! [Exe. *Sailors*.]

*Alb.* The news I heard related since my landing, Of

Of the division of my family,  
How is it possible for any man  
To bear't with a set patience?

*Prof.* You have suffer'd,  
Since your imprisonment, more weighty sorrows.

*Alb.* Ay, then I was a man of flesh and blood;  
Now I'm made up of fire, to the full height  
Of a deadly calenture: Oh, these vile women,  
That are so ill preservers of mens' honours,  
They cannot govern their own honesties!  
That I should thirty and odd winters feed  
My expectation of a noble heir,  
And by a woman's falsehood find him now  
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was!  
And yet I love him still.

*Prof.* In my opinion  
The sentence, on this trial, from the Duke  
Was noble, to repair Cesario's loss  
With th' marriage of your wife, had you been dead.

*Alb.* By your favour, but it was not! I conceive 'twas  
Disparagement to my name, to have my widow  
Match with a falconer's son: And yet, believ't,  
I love the youth still, and much pity him.  
I do remember, at my going to sea,  
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd  
From young Mentivole, my rage so far  
O'er-topt my nobler temper, I gave charge  
To have his hand cut off; which since I heard,  
And to my comfort, brave Cesario  
Worthily prevented.

*Prof.* And 'twas nobly done.

*Alb.* Yet the revenge for this intent of mine  
Hath bred much slaughter in our families;  
And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me<sup>41</sup>)  
Intends to marry my sole heir, Clarissa,

<sup>41</sup> (*Which infinitely moans me*).] *Moans* here is used actively, *causit me to moan*, as *grieves*, a word of the like import, often is; but perhaps this is a single instance of using *moans* in this manner; for which reason Mr. Sympson proposes to read, *moves me*. *Siward.*

To the head branch of the other faction.

*Prof.* It is the mean to work reconcilement.

*Alb.* 'Tween whom?

*Prof.* Yourself and the worthy Baptista.

*Alb.* Never.

*Prof.* Oh, you have been of a noble and remarkable friendship;

And by this match 'tis generally in Florence

Hop'd, will fully be reconcil'd; to me

'Twould be absolute content.

*Jul.* And to myself;  
I have main interest in it.

*Alb.* Noble Sir,

You may command my heart to break for you,

But never to bend that way. Poor Cesario,

When thou put'st on thy mournful willow garland,

Thy enemy shall be suited, I do vow,

In the same livery! My Cesario,

Lov'd as my foster-child, tho' not my son,

Which in some countries formerly not barbarous<sup>42</sup>,

Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost,

Unfortunate young man! not only slighted

Where thou receiv'dst thy breeding, but since scorn'd

I'th' way of marriage, by the poor Biancha,

The innkeeper's daughter.

*Prof.* I have heard of that too;  
But let not that afflict you! for this lady  
May happily deliver at more leisure  
A circumstance may draw a fair event,  
Better than you can hope for. For this present,  
We must leave you, and shall visit you again  
Within these two hours.

<sup>42</sup> Which in some countries formerly were barbarous,

Was a name held most affectionate.] It would be a poor reason for Alberto's love of Cesario as a *foster-child*, because barbarous nations held adopted children in the most affectionate esteem. Neither is the fact true. The adoption of children was a thing extremely usual in ancient Rome, but I don't at least remember any instance of it recorded amongit barbarians.

*Seward.*

*Enter Cesario.*

*Alb.* Ever to me most welcome!—

Oh, my Cesario!

*Ces.* I am none of yours, Sir,  
So 'tis protested; and I humbly beg,  
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me  
Any longer in a noble course of life,  
Give me a worthy death!

*Alb.* The youth is mad.

*Ces.* Nay, Sir, I will instruct you in a way  
To kill me honourably.

*Alb.* That were most strange.

*Ces.* I'm turning pirate; you may be employ'd  
By th' Duke to fetch me in, and in a sea-fight  
Give me a noble grave.

*Alb.* Questionless he's mad!

I would give any doctor a thousand crowns  
To free him from this sorrow.

*Ces.* Here's the physician. [Shews a poniard.

*Alb.* Hold, Sir; I did say  
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.

*Ces.* Why, life and sorrow are unseparable.

*Alb.* Be comforted, Cesario! Mentivole shall not  
Marry Clarissa.

*Ces.* No, Sir; ere he shall,  
I'll kill him.

*Alb.* But you forfeit your own life then.

*Ces.* That's worth nothing.

*Alb.* Cesario, be thyself; be mine, Cesario!  
Make not thyself uncapable of that portion  
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,  
By falling into madness; bear thy wrongs  
With noble Patience, the afflicted's friend,  
Which ever in all actions crowns the end!

*Ces.* You've well awak'd me, nay, recover'd me  
Both to sense and full life. Oh, most noble Sir,  
Tho' I have lost my fortune, and lost you  
For a worthy father; yet I will not lose

My former virtue ; my integrity  
 Shall not yet forsake me : But as the wild ivy  
 Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin  
 Of tower, or defac'd temple, than it does  
 Planted by a new building, so shall I  
 Make my adversity my instrument  
 To wind me up into a full content.

*Alb.* 'Tis worthily resolv'd ! Our first adventure's  
 To stop the marriage : For thy other losses,  
 Practis'd by a woman's malice, but account them  
 Like conjurers' winds, rais'd to a fearful blast,  
 And do some mischief, but do never last ! [Exeunt.

*Enter Forobosco and Clown.*

*Clown.* Now, Sir, won't you acknowledge that I  
 have

Mightily advanc'd your practice ?

*For.* 'Tis confess'd ;  
 And I will make thee a great man for it.

*Clown.* I take a course to do that myself, for  
 I drink sack in abundance.

*For.* Oh, my rare rascal !  
 We must remove.

*Clown.* Whither ?

*For.* Any whither ;  
 Europe's too little to be cozen'd by us :  
 I am ambitious to go to the East-Indies,  
 Thou and I to ride upon our brace of elephants.

*Clown.* And for my part I long to be in England  
 again ;  
 You'll ne'er get so much as in England ; we  
 Have shifted many countries, and many names,  
 But trace the world o'er you shall never purse  
 Up so much gold as when you were in England,  
 And call'd yourself doctor Lambstones.

*For.* It was  
 An attractive name, I confess ; women were then  
 My only admirers.

*Clown.* And all their visits

Were

Were either to further their lust, or revenge injuries.

*For.* You should have forty in a morning beleaguer  
My closet, and strive who should be cozen'd first :  
'Mongst fourscore love-sick waiting-women that have  
come

To me in a morning to learn what fortune should  
Betide 'em in their first marriage, I have found  
'Bve ninety-four to've lost their maidenheads.

*Clown.* By their own confession ;  
But I was fain to be your male-midwife,  
And work it out of them by circumstance.

*For.* Thou wast ; and yet for all this frequent resort  
Of women, and thy handling of their urinals  
And their cases, thou'rt not given to lechery ;  
What should be th' reason of it ? Th' hast wholsome  
flesh

Enough about thee ; and methinks the devil  
Should tempt thee to it.

*Clown.* What need he do that ?  
When he makes me his instrument to tempt others.

*For.* Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good  
parts ?

Thou wast an excellent bawd, I acknowledge.

*Clown.* Well,  
And what I have done that way—I'll spare to speak  
Of all you and I have done, Sir ; and tho' we should—

*For.* We will for England, that's for certain.

*Clown.* We  
Shall never want there.

*For.* Want ? their Court of Wards  
Shall want money first ; for I profess myself  
Lord paramount o'er fools and mad folks.

*Clown.* Do  
But store yourself with lies enough against  
You come thither.

*For.* Why, that is all  
The familiarity I ever had with the devil,  
My gift of lying ; they say he's the father of lies ;  
And tho' I cannot conjure, yet I profess

Myself to be one of his poor gossips. I will  
Now reveal to thee a rare piece of service.

*Clown.* What is it, my most worshipful doctor  
Lambstones ?

*For.* There is a captain come lately from sea,  
They call Prosper ; I saw him this morning,  
Thro' a chink of wainscot that divides my lodging  
And the Host of the house, withdraw my Host and  
Hostess,  
The fair Biancha, and an ancient gentlewoman,  
Into their bedchamber :  
I could not over-hear their conference,  
But I saw such a mass of gold and jewels !  
And when he had done he lock'd it up into a casket,  
Great joy there was amongst them, and forth they're  
gone

Into the city, and my Host told me  
At's going forth he thought he should not return  
'Till after supper : Now, Sir, in their absence  
Will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber,  
Seize the jewels, make an escape from Florence,  
And we are made for ever !

*Clown.* But if they  
Should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us  
Back in a whirlwind ?

*For.* Don't believe there is  
Any such fetch in astrology ! And this may be  
A means to make us live honest hereafter.

*Clown.* 'Tis  
But an ill road to't, that lies thro'  
The highway of thieving.

*For.* For indeed I'm weary of  
This trade of fortune-telling, and mean to give  
All over, when I come into England ; for  
It is a very ticklish quality.

*Clown.* And in the end will hang by a twine thread.

*For.* Besides, the island has too many of the profession ;  
They hinder one another's market.

*Clown.* No, no,

The pillory hinders their market.

*For.* You know there

The juggling captain.

*Clown.* Ay; there's a sure card!

*For.* Only

The foreman of their jury's dead; but he  
Died like a Roman.

*Clown.* Else 'tis thought he had  
Made work for the hangman.

*For.* And the very Ball<sup>42</sup>  
Of your false prophets, he's quash'd too.

*Clown.* He did

Measure the stars with a false yard, and may now  
Travel to Rome, with a mortar on's head, to see  
If he can recover his money that way.

*For.* Come, come,

Let's fish for this casket, and to sea prefently!

*Clown.* We shall never reach London, I fear; my  
mind

Runs so much of hanging, landing at Wapping.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mariana.*

*Mar.* This well may be a day of joy long-wish'd-for  
To my Clarissa; she is innocent,  
Nor can her youth but with an open bosom  
Meet Hymen's pleasing bounties: But to me,  
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror,  
It does appear a funeral<sup>43</sup>: Tho' promising much  
In the conception were hard to manage,

<sup>42</sup> *Ball.*] i. e. *Baal*. The juggling captain so much spoke of in  
this play, as a news-writer and conjurer, Mr. Sympson takes to be  
one Banks, whom Ben Jonson ludicrously calls the English Pythagoras,  
Seward.

<sup>43</sup> *It does appear a funeral; though promising much  
In the conception were hard to manage*

*But sad in the event.]* A whole line seems to have been lost  
here; the intention of the passage may be easily gathered. ' Her  
' scheme, which promis'd much in the conception, proved hard to  
' manage, and sad in the event.' I shall not venture my conjecture  
into the text, but propose it as the best that yet occurs:

But sad in the event. It was not hate,  
 But fond indulgence in me, to preserve  
 Cesario's threaten'd life, in open court  
 That forc'd me to disclaim him, chusing rather  
 To rob him of his birth-right, and honour,  
 Than suffer him to run the hazard of  
 Enrag'd Baptista's fury: While he lives,  
 I know I have a son; and the Duke's sentence  
 Awhile deluded, and this tempest over,  
 When he assures himself despair hath seiz'd him,

[Knock within,

Enter *Baptista*,

I can relieve and raise him.—Speak, who is it  
 That presses on my privacies?—Sir, your pardon!  
 You cannot come unwelcome, tho' it were  
 To read my secret thoughts.

*Bapt.* Lady, to you  
 Mine shall be ever open: *Lady*, said I?  
 That name keeps too much distance! *sister* rather  
 I should have stil'd you; and I now may claim it,  
 Since our divided families are made one  
 By this bless'd marriage; to whose honour comes  
 The Duke in person, waited on by all  
 The braveries of his court, to witness it,  
 And then to be our guests. Is the bride ready  
 To meet and entertain him?

*Mar.* She attends  
 The coming of your son.

*Bapt.* Pray you bring her forth.  
 The Duke's at hand: Music, in her loud voice,  
 Speaks his arrival.

*Mar.* She's prepar'd to meet it.

[Exit.

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*It does appear a funeral. My design  
 Tho' prom'ing much in the conception  
 Was far too hard to manage, and doth prove  
 But sad in the event: It was not hate, &c.*

*Seward.*

Enter

Enter Mariana, Clarissa led by two maids; at the other door, Baptista meets with Mentivole led by two courtiers; the Duke, Bishop, and divers attendants, A song, whilst they salute.

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you joy,  
Since all joys dwell about you; Hymen's torch  
Was never lighted with a luckier omen,  
Nor burnt with so much splendor. To defer  
With fruitless compliment the means to make  
Your certain pleasures lawful to the world,  
(Since in the union of your hearts they are  
Confirm'd already) would but argue us  
A boaster of our favours: To the temple!  
And there the sacred knot once tied, all triumphs  
Our dukedom can afford shall grace your nuptials,

Enter Albertus and Cesario,

Bapt. On there!

Ment. I hope it is not in the power  
Of any to cross us now.

Alb. But, in the breath  
Of a wrong'd father, I forbid the bans!

Ces. What, do you stand at gaze?

Bapt. Ris'n from the dead?

Mar. Altho' the sea had vomited up the figure  
In which thy better part liv'd long imprison'd,  
True love, despising fear, runs thus to meet it.

Clar. In duty I kneel to it.

Alb. Hence, vile wretches!  
To you I am a substance incorporeal,  
And not to be profan'd with your vile touch,  
That could so soon forget me; but such things  
Are neither worth my anger, nor reproof.

To you, great Sir, I turn myself, and these  
Immediate ministers of your government;  
And if in my rude language I transgress,  
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of  
My services, and not my rugged temper!

Duke.

*Duke.* Speak freely; be thy language ne'er so bitter,  
To see thee safe, Alberto, signs thy pardon.

*Alb.* My pardon? I can need none, if it be not  
Receiv'd for an offence; I tamely bear  
Wrongs, which a slave-born Muscovite would check at.  
Why, if for treason I had been deliver'd  
Up to the hangman's axe, and this dead trunk,  
Unworthy of a Christian sepulchre,  
Expos'd a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,  
The memory of the much I oft did for you,  
(Had you but any touch of gratitude,  
Or thought of my deservings) would have stopp'd you  
From these unjust proceedings.

*Duke.* Hear the motives,  
That did induce us.

*Alb.* I have heard them all;  
Your highness' sentence, the whole court abus'd,  
By th' perjuries and practice of this woman;  
(Weepest thou <sup>44</sup>, crocodile?) my hopeful son,  
Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of  
The honours that descend to him from me;  
And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature  
Whose base birth, tho' made eminent by her beauty,  
Might well have mark'd her out Cesario's servant!  
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot:  
But that my daughter, with my whole estate  
(So hardly purchas'd), is assign'd a dower,  
To one whose father and whose family  
I so detest that I would lose my essence,  
And be transformed to a basilisk  
To look them dead, to me's an injury  
Admits no satisfaction!

*Bapt.* There's none offer'd.

*Alb.* Nor would it be accepted, tho' upon  
Thy knees 'twere tender'd.

*Mar.* Now the storm grows high.

*Bapt.* But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death  
The briny ocean had entomb'd thy name,

<sup>44</sup> *Wee pest thou.*] Corrected by Seward.

I would have sought a wife in a bordello  
 For my Mentivole, and gladly hugg'd  
 Her spurious issue as my lawful nephews,  
 Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with thine ;  
 So much I scorn it.

*Alb.* I'll not bandy words ;  
 But thus dissolve the contract.

*Bapt.* There I meet thee ;  
 And seize on what's mine own.

*Alb.* For all my service,  
 Great Sir, grant me the combat with this wretch,  
 That I may scourge his insolence !

*Bapt.* I kneel for it.

*Ces.* And to approve myself Alberto's son,  
 I'll be his second upon any odds,  
 'Gainst him that dare most of Baptista's race.

*Ment.* Already, upon honourable terms,  
 In me th' hast met thy better ; for her sake  
 I'll add no more.

*Alb.* Sir, let our swords decide it !

*Mar.* Oh, stay, Sir ; and as you would hold the title  
 Of a just prince, ere you grant licence to  
 These madmens' fury, lend your private ear  
 To the most distress'd of women !

*Duke.* Speak ; 'tis granted. [He takes *Mar.* aside.

*Clar.* In the mean time, let not Clarissa be  
 A patient looker-on ! Tho' as yet doubtful  
 To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all  
 I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash  
 The dust of fury, with my virgin tears,  
 From his bless'd feet <sup>45</sup>, and make them beautiful,  
 That would move to conditions of peace,  
 Tho' with a snail-like pace ; they all are wing'd  
 To bear you to destruction ! Reverend Sirs,  
 Think on your ancient friendship, cemented

<sup>45</sup> From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful. &c.] The image in this line seems built on a passage in scripture : ' How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings ! ' The similarity of expression, as well as sentiment, strongly denotes imitation.

With so much blood, but shed in noble action,  
 Divided now in passion for a brawl  
 The makers blush to own ! Much-lov'd Cesario,  
 Brother, or friend, (each title may prevail)  
 Remember with what tenderness from our childhood  
 We lov'd together, you preferring me  
 Before yourself, and I so fond of you  
 That it begot suspicion in ill minds,  
 That our affection was incestuous :  
 Think of that happy time, in which I know  
 That with your dearest blood you had prevented  
 This shower of tears from me ! Mentivole,  
 My husband, register'd in that bright star-chamber,  
 Tho' now on earth made strangers, be the example !  
 And offer in one hand the peaceful olive  
 Of concord ; or, if that can be denied,  
 By powerful intercession, in the other  
 Carry the Hermian rod, and force atonement !  
 Now we will not be all marble ; death's the worst then,  
 And he shall be my bridegroom. [*Offers to kill herself.*  
*Ment.* Hold, Clarissa !  
 This loving violence I needs must offer :  
 In spite of honour <sup>46</sup> —

[*He snatches away her knife, and sets it to his own  
 breast ; she stays his hand.*

*Duke.* Was it to that end then ?  
 On your religion ?

*Mar.* And my hope in Heaven, Sir !

*Duke.* We then will leave entreaties, and make use  
 Of our authority. Must I cry aim <sup>47</sup>  
 To this unheard-of insolence ? in my presence  
 To draw your swords, and, as all reverence  
 That's due to majesty were forfeited,  
 Cherish this wildness ? Sheath them instantly,  
 And shew an alteration in your looks ;  
 Or, by my power —

<sup>46</sup> *Ment. Hold, Clarissa, his loving violence needs must  
 Offer in spite of honour.]* Former editions. *Seward.*

<sup>47</sup> *Must I cry aim.]* See note 71 on the Faile One.

*Alb.* Cut off my head !

*Bapt.* And mine !

Rather than hear of peace with this bad man,  
I'll not alone give up my throat, but suffer  
Your rage to reach my family.

*Enter Prospero, Juliana, and Biancha.*

*Alb.* And my name

To be no more remember'd.

*Duke.* What are these ?

*Ces.* Biancha ? 'tis Biancha, still Biancha !  
But strangely alter'd.

*Bapt.* If that thirteen years  
Of absence could raze from my memory  
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee ;  
But if thy image be graven on my heart,  
Thou art my Prospero.

*Prof.* Thou my Baptista.

*Duke.* A sudden change !

*Bapt.* I dare not ask, dear friend,  
If Juliana live ; for that's a blessing  
I am unworthy of ! but yet deny not  
To let me know the place she hath made happy,  
By having there her sepulchre.

*Prof.* If your highness

Please to vouchsafe a patient ear, we shall  
Make a true relation of a story  
That shall call on your wonder.

*Duke.* Speak ; we hear you.

*Prof.* Baptista's fortune in the Genoa court,  
His banishment, with his fair wife's restraint,  
You are acquainted with ; what since hath follow'd  
I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight moons  
After Baptista's absence were complete,  
Fair Juliana found the pleasures, that  
They had enjoy'd together, were not barren,  
And, blushing at the burden of her womb,  
No father near to own it, it drew on  
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion

From

From the angry Duke; then, careful of her health,  
 Physicians were enquir'd of, and their judgment  
 Prescrib'd the baths of Lucca as a means  
 For her recovery: To my charge it pleas'd her  
 To be committed; but as on the way  
 We journied, those throes, only known to women,  
 Came thick upon her: In a private village—

*Bapt.* She died?

*Prof.* Have patience! She brought to the world  
 A hopeful daughter: For her body's sickness,  
 It soon decay'd; but the grief of her mind  
 Hourly encreas'd, and life grew tedious to her;  
 And, desperate e'er to see you, she enjoin'd me  
 To place her in a Greekish monastery,  
 And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.

*Bapt.* What monastery? as a pilgrim bare-foot,  
 I'll search it out.

*Prof.* Pray you interrupt me not.  
 Now to my fortunes! The girl well dispos'd of  
 With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate  
 Made me a prisoner to the Turkish gallies,  
 Where for twelve years these hands tugg'd at the oar;  
 But Fortune tir'd at length with my afflictions,  
 Some ships of Malta met the Ottoman fleet,  
 Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.  
 With my deliverers I serv'd, and got  
 Such reputation with the Great-Master,  
 That he gave me command over a tall  
 And lusty ship, where my first happy service  
 Was to redeem Alberto, rumour'd dead,  
 But was, like me, surpriz'd by Cortugogly.

*Alb.* I would I had died there!

*Prof.* And from him learning  
 Baptista liv'd, and their dissolved friendship,  
 I hois'd up sails for Greece, found Juliana  
 A votary at her beads: Having made known  
 Both that you liv'd, and where you were, she borrow'd  
 So much from her devotion, as to wish me  
 To bring her to you. If the object please you,

With

With joy receive her !

*Bapt.* Rage, and fury, leave me !

[*Throws away his sword.*

I am so full of happiness, there's no room left  
To entertain you. Oh, my long-lost jewel,  
Light of mine eyes, my soul's strength !

*Jul.* My best lord !

Having embrac'd you thus, death cannot fright me.

*Bapt.* Live long to do so, tho' I should fix here !—  
Pardon me <sup>48</sup>, Prospero, tho' I enquire  
My daughter's fortune !

*Prof.* That your happiness  
May be at all parts perfect, here she is !

*Cef.* Biancha daughter to a princess ?

*Prof.* True.

Wi' my faithful Host I left her, and with him  
'Till now she hath resided, ignorant  
Both of her birth and greatness.

*Bapt.* Oh, my blest one !  
Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me !

*Duke.* Above wonder !

*Alb.* I do begin to melt too ; this strange story  
Works much upon me.

*Duke.* Since it hath pleas'd Heav'n  
To grace us with this miracle, I that am  
Heav'n's instrument here, determine thus : Alberto,  
Be not unthankful for the blessings shewn you,  
Nor you, Baptista ! Discord was yet never  
A welcome sacrifice ; therefore, rage laid by,  
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference

<sup>48</sup> *Pardon me, Prospero, tho' I enquire.*] I see no reason for asking Prospero's pardon for enquiring after his daughter ; he might think Juliana might expect to engross his whole thoughts, and would therefore naturally ask her pardon for taking them from her ; especially as he had just before said, that he could even fix himself for ever to the spot where she stood. I therefore put into the text what seems a more natural reading.

*Seward.* Seward reads,

But *pardon me, tho' of Prospero I enquire* ;  
but surely there is no impropriety in *civilly* desiring *pardon* for the request of increasing so long a story.

Be as a dream forgotten !

*Bapt.* 'Tis to me.

*Alb.* And me ; I thus confirm it.

*Duke.* And to tie it

In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage  
Of young Mentivole and fair Clarissa,  
So you consent, great lady, your Biancha  
Shall call Cesario husband.

*Ful.* 'Tis a motion

I gladly yield to.

*Cef.* One in which you make  
A sad man happy.

[Offers to kneel.]

*Bian.* Kneel not ! all forgiven.

*Duke.* Wi' th' duke your uncle I will make atonement,  
And will have no denial.

*Enter Host, Forobosco, Clown, and officers.*

*Mar.* Let this day  
Be still held sacred !

*Host.* Now if you can conjure,  
Let the devil unbind you.

*For.* We are both undone !

*Clown.* Already we feel it.

*Host.* Justice, Sir !

*Duke.* What are they ?

*Prof.* I can reslove you ; slaves freed from the gallies  
By the viceroy of Sicilia.

*Duke.* What's their offence ?

*Host.* The robbing me of all my plate and jewels ;  
I mean, the attempting of it.

*Clown.* Please your Grace,  
I'll now discover this varlet in earnest ;  
This honest pestilent rogue profes'd the art  
Of conjuring ; but all the skill that e'er  
He had in the black art, was in making  
A sea-coal fire ; only with wearing  
Strange shapes, he begot admiration  
'Mongst fools and women.

*For.* Wilt thou peach, thou varlet ?

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalk so?

*Clown.* This is one of his magical raptures.

*For.* I do vilify<sup>49</sup>

Your censure! You demand, if I am guilty;  
 Whir—says my cloak, by a trick of legerdemain!  
 Now I'm not guilty; I am guarded with  
 Innocence, pure silver lace, I assure you.

*Clown.* Thus have I read to you your virtues, which  
 Notwithstanding I would not have you proud of.

*For.* Out, thou concealment of tallow, and coun-  
 terfeit mummy!

*Duke.* To th' gallies with them both!

*Clown.* The only sea-physic  
 For a knave, is to be basted in a galley,  
 With the oil of a bull's pizzle.

*For.* And will not you  
 Make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah? I hope  
 To find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou  
 Mayst be drawn by the ears thro' the hoop of a firkin.

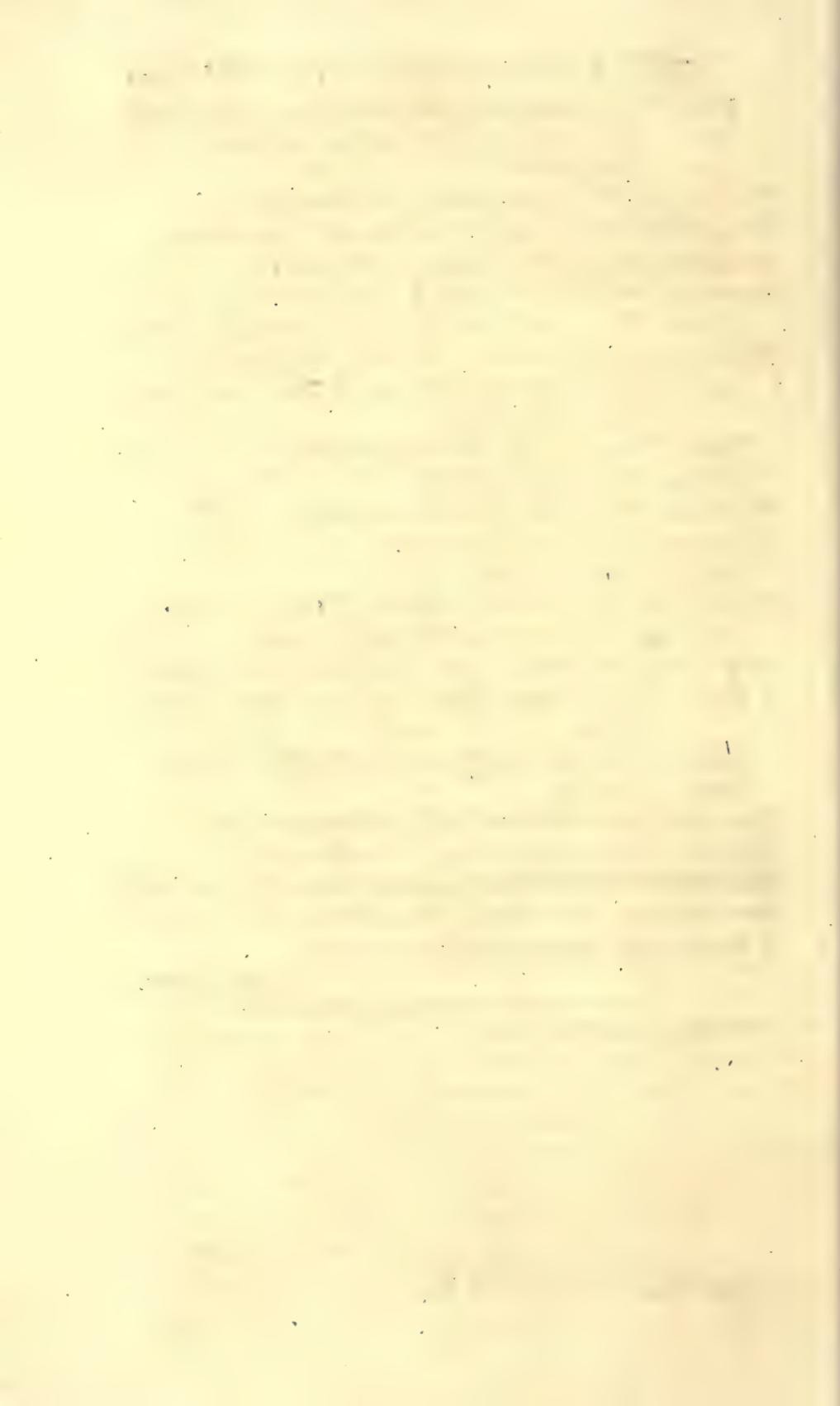
*Duke.* Divide them, and away with them to the  
 gallies!

*Clown.* This will take down your pride, juggler.

*Duke.* This day,  
 That hath giv'n birth to blessings beyond hope,  
 Admits no criminal sentence. To the temple,  
 And there with humbleness, praise Heaven's bounties!  
 For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but when  
 A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>49</sup> *Vilify;* i. e. *Hold cheap.*



# CUPID'S REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

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*This Play seems to be the acknowledged production of both Writers. It was first printed in quarto, 1625; but has not been altered, that we can discover, or acted, many years.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

Cupid.

Leontius, *the old duke of Lycia.*

Leucippus, *son to the duke.*

Ismenus, *nephew to the duke.*

Telamon, *a Lycian lord.*

Dorialus,

Agenor,

Nisus,

courtiers.

Timantus, *a villainous sycophant.*

Zoilus, *Leucippus's dwarf.*

Nilo, *sent in commission to pull down Cupid's images.*

Priest to Cupid.

Four young Men and Maids.

Four Citizens.

### W O M E N.

Hidaspes, *daughter to the duke.*

Cleophila,

Hero,

her attendants.

Bacha, *a strumpet.*

Urania, *her daughter.*

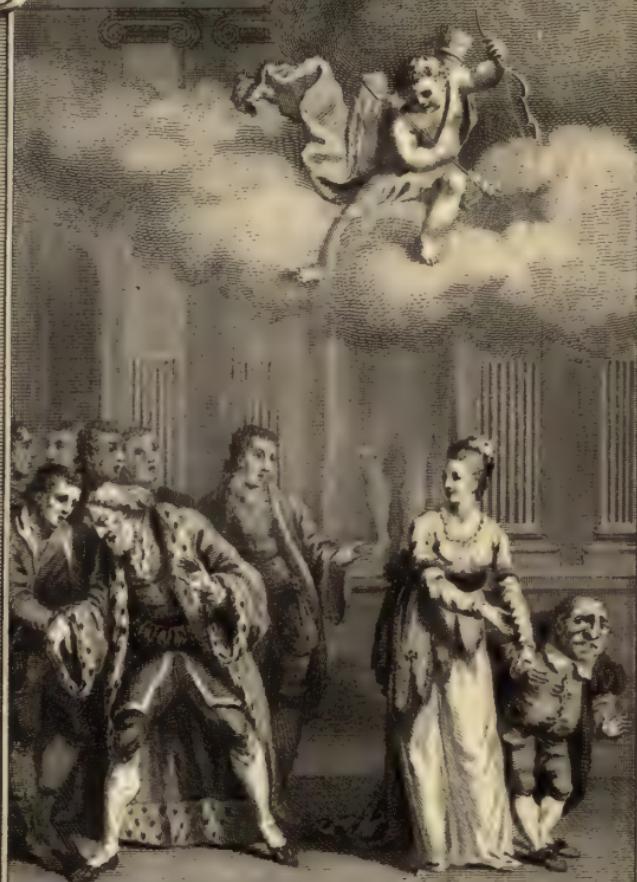
Bacha's Maid.

Urania's Maid.

*Servants and Attendants.*



CUPID'S REVENGE.



*If I should ask all  
My life-time, this is all still. Sir, I'm serious; I  
Must have this worthy man, without enquiring why,  
And suddenly, and freely! —*

Act I.

M. A. Rader delin.

J. Collyer sculp.

Published, as the act directs, Dec. 1. 1777, by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street.

# CUPID'S REVENGE.

## A C T I.

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.*

*Agenor.* **T**RUST me, my lord Dorialus, I had miss'd of this, if you had not call'd me; I thought the prince's birth-day had been tomorrow.

*Nisus.* Why, did your lordship sleep out the day?

*Dor.* I marvel what the duke meant to make such an idle vow.

*Nisus.* Idle? why?

*Dor.* Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray Heav'n she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'Tis dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the discretion of his daughter.

*Age.* I wonder most at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

*Dor.* He's acquainted with 'em before.

*Age.* She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

*Dor.* So is Leucippus her brother.

*Nisus.* She's twenty years old; I wonder She ask not a husband.

*Dor.* That were a folly in her, having refus'd All the great princes in one part of the world;

She'll die a maid.

*Age.* She may ask but once, may she?

*Nijus.* A hundred times this day, if she will: And, indeed, every day is such a day; for tho' The duke has vow'd it only on this day, He keeps it every day; he can deny Her nothing.

*Cornets.* Enter *Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantus, and Telamon.*

*Leon.* Come, fair Hidaspes! thou art duchefs to-day. Art thou prepar'd to ask? thou know'st my oath Will force performance. And, Leucippus, if She now ask aught that shall or would have performance After my death, when by the help of Heav'n This land is thine, accursed be thy race, May every one forget thou art my son, And so their own obedience—

*Leuc.* Mighty Sir, I do not wish to know that fatal hour, That is to make me king: But if I do, I shall most heartily, (and like a son) Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her.— Remember that you ask what we agreed upon.

*Leon.* Are you prepar'd? then speak.

*Hid.* Most royal Sir, I am prepar'd, nor shall my will exceed A virgin's bounds; what I request shall both At once bring me a full content<sup>1</sup>.

*Leon.* So't ever does. Thou only comfort of my feeble age, Make known thy good desire! for I dare swear Thou lov'st me.

*Hid.* This is it I beg, And on my knees: The people of your land,

<sup>1</sup> ————— *What I request shall both*

*At once bring me a full content.* From the answer of Leontius, it is plain some words are dropt here, signifying that her request shall content her father as well as herself.

The Lycians, are, thro' all the nations  
 That know their name, noted to have in use  
 A vain and fruitless superstition ;  
 So much more hateful, that it bears the show  
 Of true religion, and is nothing else  
 But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

*Leon.* What is it ?

*Hid.* Many ages before this,  
 When every man got to himself a trade,  
 And was laborious in that chosen course,  
 Hating an idle life far worse than death,  
 Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,  
 Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found himself  
 Contemn'd for that by every painful man<sup>2</sup>,  
 To take his stain away, fram'd to himself  
 A god, whom he pretended to obey,  
 In being thus dishonest ; for a name  
 He call'd him Cupid. This created god  
 (Man's nature being ever credulous  
 Of any vice that takes part with his blood)  
 Had ready followers enow ; and since  
 In every age they grew, especially  
 Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain  
 Adorers of that drowsy deity,  
 Which drink invented ; and the winged boy  
 (For so they call him) has his sacrifices<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> *And found himself conjoin'd*

*For that by every painful man.*] I know no meaning of the word *conjoin'd* that will suit the context, *condemn'd* is the natural word. Our Poet's scheme in this Play (which has many excellent things in it) seems to me quite amazing. That this just speech should be esteemed such an act of real impiety, as to receive the most shocking punishment ending in the murder and utter extirpation of the whole family, is surely a strange outrage on poetical justice, as well as on all the circle of moral virtues. I find Mr. Theobald has prevented me in the correction above, and Mr. Sympson has since sent me his reading, *contemn'd.*

*Seward.*

The next line rather warrants *contemn'd* than *condemn'd*.

<sup>3</sup> — and the winged boy,

(For so they call him) has his sacrifices,  
 These loose naked statues through the land,  
 And in every village, nay the palace

And these loose naked statues thro' the land,  
In every village ; nay the palace' self  
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,  
That these erected obscene images  
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every man  
That offers to 'em any sacrifice  
May lose his life.

*Leon.* But be advis'd,  
My fairest daughter ! if he be a god,  
He will express it upon thee, my child ;  
Which Heaven avert !

*Leuc.* There is no such power ;  
But the opinion of him fills the land  
With lustful sins : Every young man and maid,  
That feel the least desire to one another,  
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is  
Blind Cupid's motion ; and he is a god !

*Leon.* This makes our youth unchaste : I am resolv'd.  
Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down  
Here in the palace, and command the city  
To do the like : Let proclamations  
Be drawn, and hastily sent thro' the land,  
To the same purpose !

*Ism.* Sir, I'll break down none  
Myself, but I'll deliver your command :  
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.

*Leon.* Go, and command it.—Pleasure of my life,  
Wouldst thou aught else ? Make many thousand suits ;  
They must and shall be granted.

*Hid.* Nothing else.

[Exit Ismenus.]

*Leon.* But go and meditate on other suits :  
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,  
And, by a new oath, bind myself to keep it.  
Ask largely for thyself : Dearer than life,

*Is not free from 'em.—* ] Here are certainly deficiencies both in measure and sense : The change of points, the removal of the *and* from the beginning of one line to the line above it, and the addition of a particle that adds strength to the sentiment seems the most probable method of restoring the original.

*Seward.*

*In*

In whom I may be bold to call myself  
More fortunate than any in my age,  
I will deny thee nothing !

*Leuc.* 'Twas well done, sister.

[*Exeunt all but the three lords.*]

*Nijus.* How like you this request, my lord ?

*Dor.* I know not yet, I am so full of wonder !

We shall be gods ourselves shortly,  
An we pull 'em out of Heav'n o' this fashion.

*Age.* We shall have wenches now when we can  
catch 'em,

An we transgress thus.

*Nijus.* An we abuse the gods once,

'Tis a justice we should be held at hard meat. For  
my part,

I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection ;  
I know the god incens'd must send a hardness  
Thro' all good womens' hearts, and then we have  
Brought our eggs and muscadine to a fair market :  
'Would I had given an hundred pound for a toleration,  
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house !

*Dor.* The duke, he's old and past it ; he would never  
Have brought such a plague upon the land else ; 'tis  
worse

Than sword and famine ! Yet, to say truth,  
We have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly,  
Every man at his livery ; and 'would that  
Would have sufficed us ! we murmur'd at  
This blessing, that was nothing ; and cried out  
To th' god for endless pleasures : He heard us, and  
Supplied us, and our women were new still,  
As we needed 'em ; yet we, like beasts,  
Still cried, ' Poor men can number their whores<sup>4</sup> ;  
give us

<sup>4</sup> *Poor men can number their woers.*] *Woers* for *mistresses* is uncommon, but a word very near it is quite suitable to the character of the speaker, *woeres*. After I had inserted this in the text, I found in Mr. Theobald's margin another conjecture, *woathers* for *woers*, with a Latin quotation, *Pauperis est numerare pecus*, as a proof of it. But my conjecture is much nearer the trace of the letters, as well as a more

‘ Abundance !’ we had it, and this curse withal.

*Age.* By’rlady, we are like to have a long Lent on’t; Flesh shall be flesh now ! Gentlemen, I had rather Have anger’d all the gods than that blind gunner. I remember, once the people did but slight him In a sacrifice, and what follow’d : Women kept Their houses, and grew good huswives, honest forsooth ! Was not that fine ? wore their own faces<sup>5</sup>, nay, They let us wear gay cloaths without surveying ; and, Which was most lamentable, they lov’d their husbands.

*Nisus.* I do remember it to my grief, young maids Were as cold as cucumbers, and much of that Complexion ; bawds were abolish’d ; and (to which Misery it must come again) there were no cuckolds. Well, we’d need pray to keep these devils from us ; The times grow mischievous.—There he goes ! Lord !

*Enter one with an image.*

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of !

‘ Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows !

*Age.* And I too. You shall fee within these few years, A fine confusion i’ th’ country ; mark it ! Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers, And set up Chastity again—Well, I have done ! A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings Are hunger and hard beds !

*Nisus.* This comes of fullness, A sin too frequent with us ; I believe now We shall find shorter commons.

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a more natural expression ; for *weathers* being of the masculine gender will never suit this place, though *pecus* might. *Seward.*

<sup>5</sup> *Wore their own faces,*  
*Tho’ they wear gay cloaths without surveying,*  
*And which was most lamentable,*

*They lov’d their husbands.*] The reader will find the metre here easily restored, but the sense, which seems quite lost in the second line, is not so readily recovered. The only conjecture that seems tolerable is what I venture into the text with great diffidence, but the reader had better have even a false reading with sense, than one without it.

*Seward.*

*Dor.*

*Dor.* 'Would I were married ! somewhat has some favour ;

The race of gentry will quite run out now,  
'Tis only left to husbands ; if younger sisters  
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.

*Age.* Well, let come what will come, I am but one,  
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself :  
If women will be honest, I'll be found.  
If the god be not too unmerciful,  
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,  
And thank him, and say nothing.

*Nisus.* This ill wind yet may blow the city good,  
And let them (if they can) get their own children,  
They have hung long enough in doubt : But, how-  
soever,

The old way was the surer ; then they had 'em.

*Dor.* Farewell, my lords ! I'll e'en take up what rent  
I can before the day ; I fear the year  
Will fall out ill.

*Age.* We'll with you, Sir. And, Love, so favour us,  
As we are still thy servants ! Come, my lords ;  
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly  
His doting now has brought him. [Exit.]

*Enter Priest of Cupid, with four young men and maids.*

*Priest.* Come, my children, let your feet

In an even measure meet !

And your cheerful voices rise,

To present this sacrifice

To great Cupid ! in whose name,  
I his priest begin the same.

Young men, take your loves, and kis ;

Thus our Cupid honour'd is.

Kiss again, and in your kissing

Let no promises be missing !

Nor let any maiden here

Dare to turn away her ear,

Unto the whisper of her love ;

But give bracelet, ring, or glove,

As a token to her sweeting,  
Of an after secret meeting !  
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts  
Fuller of great Cupid's darts !

## SONG.

Lovers, rejoice ! your pains shall be rewarded,  
The god of love himself grieves at your crying :  
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,  
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying<sup>6</sup>.  
No more shall virgins sigh, and say ' We dare not,  
' For men are false, and what they do they care not.'  
All shall be well again ; then do not grieve ;  
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.  
Lovers, rejoice ! what you shall say henceforth,  
When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,  
It shall be accounted oracle, and worth :  
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,  
And cry ' They are too young : ' The god hath said,  
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid :  
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown !  
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

*After a measure, enter Nilo and others.*

*Nilo.* No more of this ! here break your rites for ever ;  
The duke commands it so. Priest, do not stare !  
I must deface your temple, tho' unwilling,  
And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,  
For any thing I know, or, at the best,  
Adorn a chimney-piece.

*Priest.* Oh, sacrilege unheard-of !

*Nilo.* This will not help it. Takedown their images,  
And away with 'em !  
Priest, change your coat, you had best ; all service now  
Is given to men ; prayers above their hearing  
Will prove but babblings ; learn to lie and thrive,

<sup>6</sup> *Nor the coy faces of a maid denying.*] Mr. Sympon has improved this line by striking off the *s* from *maids*. *Seward.*

\*Twill prove your best profession : For the gods,  
He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar,  
There's better holiness on earth, they say ;  
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice ! Go home ;  
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,  
He will make some smoke for it,

Gent. Sir —

Nilo. Gentlemen,

There is no talking ; this must be done and speedily ;  
I have commission that I must not break,

Gent. We're gone, to wonder what shall follow.

Nilo. On

To the next temple !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cornets. Cupid descends.*

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd ? is my all-doing will  
And power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,  
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd ?  
Am I, whose bow struck terror thro' the earth  
No less than thunder, and in this exceeding  
Even gods themselves, whose knees before my altars,  
Now shook off<sup>7</sup> ? and contemn'd by such, whose lives  
Are but my recreation ? Anger, rise !  
My sufferance and myself are made the subject  
Of sins against us. Go thou out, displeasure !  
Displeasure of a great god<sup>8</sup>, fly thyself  
Thro' all this kingdom ; sow whatever evils  
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these rebels ;  
And on the first hearts that despise my greatness  
Lay a strange misery, that all may know  
Cupid's Revenge is mighty ! With this arrow,

<sup>7</sup> — *whose knees before my altars*

*Now shook off.*] There is, as Seward observes, 'a great deficiency here both in grammar and sense, and reason to suspect a whole line to have been lost ;' which he supposes might have been like the following :

————— *whose knees before my altars*  
In zealous supplication oft have bent.

<sup>8</sup> *Displeasure of a great god, fly thyself.*] So quarto ; other copies, *fling* ; and Seward, from Theobald's conjecture, reads *fling*.

Hotter than plagues of mine own anger, will I  
 Now nobly right myself; nor shall the prayers,  
 Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,  
 'Till I have left this a most wretched land. [Ascends,

*Enter Hidaspes and Cleophila.*

*Hid.* Cleophila, what was he that went hence?

*Cleo.* What

Means your Grace now?

*Hid.* I mean that handsome man,  
 That something more than man, I met at door,

*Cleo.* Here was no handsome man.

*Hid.* Come, he's some one  
 You would preserve in private; but you want  
 Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper  
 Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance  
 See all the graces of a man. Who was it?

*Cleo.* That went hence now?

*Hid.* That went hence now? ay, he!

*Cleo.* Faith, here was no such one as your Grace  
 thinks:

Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but now.

*Hid.* I think 'twas he: How bravely he pass'd by!  
 Is he not grown a goodly gentleman?

*Cleo.* A goodly gentleman, madam?  
 He's the most deformed fellow in the land.

*Hid.* Oh, blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee  
 Appear deformed, for he is indeed  
 Unlike a man: His shape and colours are  
 Beyond the art of painting; he is like  
 Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble  
 Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,  
 When rising from his bed he stirs himself,  
 And shakes day from his hair<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> When rising from his bed, &c.] Similar to this nobly-poetical passage is the following, in the Marriage-Night, by Lord Falkland:

' So breaks the morning forth of a crystal cloud,

' And so the sun ascends his glittering chair,

' And from his burnish'd locks shakes day about.'

R.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* He resembles Apollo's recorder.

*Hid.* Cleophila, go send a page for him,  
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent. [Exit *Cleo.*  
Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,  
And I am one of those I us'd to scorn:  
My maiden-thoughts are fled <sup>10</sup>; against myself  
I harbour traitors; my virginity,  
That from my childhood kept me company,  
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.  
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,  
And I a wretched creature: I have sinn'd;  
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet  
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love <sup>11</sup>!

*Enter Cleophila and Zoilus.*

*Cleo.* Zoilus is here, madam.

*Hid.* He's there indeed.

Now be thine own judge! see, thou worse than mad,  
Is he deformed? Look upon those eyes,  
That let all pleasure out into the world,  
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves!  
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,  
Streaking the East, shoot light o'er half the world!  
Look on him altogether, who is made  
As if two natures had contention  
About their skill, and one had brought forth him!

*Zoilus.* Ha, ha, ha!

Madam, tho' Nature hath not given me  
So much as others in my outward show,  
I bear a heart as loyal unto you  
In this unsightly body (which you please  
To make your mirth) as many others do  
That are far more befriended in their births.

<sup>10</sup> *My maiden-thoughts are fled against myself;  
I harbour traitors in my virginity.*] Corrected by Seward.

<sup>11</sup> *I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.*] As the address is to *Love*, a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here: To ask Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy was a ridiculous request, but to let her enjoy what he would have her love is the common prayer of all worshippers of Cupid. *Seward.* Yet

Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd  
Than yet I am, so I might make your Grace  
More merry than you are.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Hid.* Beshrew me then  
If I be merry! but I am content  
Whilst thou art with me; thou that art my saint;  
By hope of whose mild favour I do live  
To tell thee so: I pray thee, scorn me not!  
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth  
To triumph over me, that am a maid  
Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue?  
Drown'd in my passions? Yet I will take leave  
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.

*Cleo.* The princess is beside her Grace, I think,  
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly  
Serve i'th' dark when one is drunk.

*Hid.* What answer wilt thou give me?

*Zoilus.* If it please your Grace to jest on, I can  
abide it.

*Hid.* If it be jest <sup>12</sup>, not to esteem my life  
Compar'd with thee; if it be jest in me,  
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour  
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again;  
If it be jest for me to marry thee,  
And take obedience on me whilst I live;  
Then all I say is jest:  
For every part of this, I swear by those  
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do!  
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,  
(Which, pardon me that I am bold to kiss  
With so unworthy lips) that thou wilt swear  
To marry me, as I do here to thee,  
Before the face of Heaven!

*Zoilus.* Marry you? Ha, ha, ha!

*Hid.* Kill me, or grant! Wilt thou not speak at all?

*Zoilus.* Why, I will do your will for ever.

*Hid.* I ask no more: But let me kiss that mouth

<sup>12</sup> If it be jest, &c.] This is very like the turn of a speech in  
Philaster, *If it be love, &c.*

That

That is so merciful! that is my will:  
 Next, go with me before the king in haste,  
 That is my will; where I will make our peers  
 Know, that thou art their better.

*Zoilus.* Ha, ha, ha!  
 That is fine! ha, ha, ha!

*Cleo.* Madam, what means your Grace?  
 Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what  
 You run madly! will you take this viper  
 Into your bed?

*Hid.* Away! hold off thy hands!  
 Strike her, sweet Zoilus; for it is my will,  
 Which thou hast sworn to do.

*Zoilus.* Away, for shame!  
 Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha! [Exit with *Hid.*]

*Cleo.* Thou know'st none, I fear.  
 This is just Cupid's anger: Venus, look  
 Down mildly on us! and command thy son  
 To spare this lady once, and let me be  
 In love with all; and none in love with me<sup>13</sup>! [Exit.]

Enter *Ismenus* and *Timantus*.

*Tim.* Is your lordship for the wars this summer?

*Ism.* Timantus,  
 Wilt thou go with me?

*Tim.* If I had a company,  
 My lord.

*Ism.* Of fiddlers? Thou a company?  
 No, no; keep thy company at home, and cause cuckolds;  
 The wars will hurt thy face: There are no semsters,  
 Shoemakers, nor taylors, nor almond-milk i'th'morning,  
 Nor poach'd eggs to keep your worship soluble,

<sup>13</sup> *And let me be in love with all; and none in love with me.* The measure in this, as in all other plays, has been greatly neglected: It is generally rector'd here as well as in the rest; and the reader will find even rhyme as well as measure had been overlook'd in this passage.

*Seward.*

The sense is surely corrupt; the conclusion of this prayer is very strange; it is rhyme without reason.

No man to warm your shirt, and blow your roses<sup>14</sup> ;  
 Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches.  
 If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case  
 For thy captainship ! a shower will spoil thee else.  
 Thus much for thee.

*Tim.* Your lordship's wondrous witty ;  
 Very pleasant, believe't.

*Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus, and Leontius.*

*Leon.* No news yet of my son ?

*Tel.* Sir, there be divers out in search ; no doubt,  
 They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occasion  
 That led him hence.

*Tim.* They must have good eyes then.

*Leon.* The gods go with them !—Who are those  
 that wait there ?

*Tel.* The lord Ismenus, your general, for his dispatch.

*Leon.* Oh, nephew, we've no use to employ your  
 virtue

In our war ; now the province is well settled.

Hear you aught of the marquis ?

*Ism.* No, Sir.

*Leon.* 'Tis strange he should be gone thus ;  
 These five days he was not seen.

*Tim.* I'll hold my life,  
 I could boulte him in an hour.

*Leon.* Where is my daughter ?

*Dor.* About the purging of the temples, Sir.

*Leon.* She's chaste and virtuous. Fetch her to me,  
 And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now  
 Her last request, without repenting me, [Exit Nifus.  
 Be it what it will. She's wife, Dorialus,  
 And will not press me further than a father.

*Dor.* I pray the best may follow ! yet, if your Grace  
 Had taken the opinions of your people,  
 At least of such whose wisdoms ever wake  
 About your safety, I may say it, Sir,

<sup>14</sup> *Roses.*] Ribands, in the form of roses, were formerly worn in  
 the shoes of both gentlemen and ladies. *R.*

Under your noble pardon, that this change  
Either had been more honour to the gods,  
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princeſſ.

*Enter Hidaspes, Nifus, and Zoilus.*

*Leon.* Oh, my daughter, my health !  
And, did I ſay my foul, I lied not,  
Thou art ſo near me ! Speak, and have whatever  
Thy wife will leads thee to ! Had I a Heaven,  
It were too poor a place for ſuch a goodness !

*Dor.* What's here ?

*Age.* An ape's ſkin ſtuff'd I think,  
It is ſo plump.

*Hid.* Sir, you have paſt your word ;  
Still be a prince, and hold you to it. Wonder  
Not I preſs you ; my life lies in your word ;  
If you break that, you've broke my heart ! I muſt  
Ask that's my shame, and your will muſt not deny me ;  
Now, for Heaven, be not forſworn !

*Leon.* By th' gods,  
I will not ! I cannot, were there no other  
Pow'r than my love call'd to a witness of it.

*Dor.* They have muſh reaſon to truſt ; you have  
forſworn

One of 'em out o'th' country already.

*Hid.* Then this is my requeſt : This gentleman—  
Be not aſham'd, Sir ; you are worth a kingdom.

*Leon.* In what ?

*Hid.* In the way of marriage.

*Leon.* How ?

*Hid.* In the way of marriage ; it muſt be ſo !  
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love  
To him.

*Leon.* I know thou doſt but try my age ;  
Come, aſk again !

*Hid.* If I ſhould aſk all  
My life-time, this is all ſtill. Sir, I'm ſerious ; I  
Muſt have this worthy man, without enquiring why ;  
And ſuddenly, and freely : Do not look

For reason or obedience in my words ;  
 My love admits no wisdom ; only haste  
 And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, Sir, speak !  
 But not as a father ; I'm deaf and dull to counsel ;  
 Inflamed blood hears nothing but my will.  
 For God's sake, speak !

*Dor.* Here's a brave alteration !

*Nifus.* This comes of chastity.

*Hid.* Will you not speak, Sir ?

*Age.* The god begins his vengeance : What a sweet  
 Youth he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly !

*Leon.* Oh, let me never speak,  
 Or with my words let me speak out my life !  
 Thou pow'r abus'd, great Love, whose vengeance now  
 We feel and fear, have mercy on this land !

*Nifus.* How does your Grace ?

*Leon.* Sick ; very sick, I hope.

*Dor.* Gods comfort you !

*Hid.* Will not you speak ? is this your royal word ?  
 Do not pull perjury upon your soul !  
 Sir, you are old, and near your punishment ;  
 Remember !

*Leon.* Away, base woman !

*Hid.* Then be no more my father, but a plague  
 I'm bound to pray against ! be any sin  
 May force me to despair, and hang myself !  
 Be thy name never more remember'd, king,  
 But in example of a broken faith,  
 And curs'd ev'n to forgetfulness ! may thy land  
 Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is !—  
 I'm weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,  
 And let me have him ! will you, noble Sir ?

*Leon.* Mercy, mercy, Heav'n !

Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not  
 To draw this little moisture left for life,  
 Thus rudely from me ?—Carry that slave to death !

*Zoilus.* For Heav'n's sake, Sir ! it is no fault of mine  
 That she will love me.

*Leon.* To death with him, I say !

*Hid.*

*Hid.* Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him<sup>15</sup>!

This is the way to Hell.

*Leon.* Hold fast, I charge you!

Away with him!

*Hid.* Alas, old man, death hath more doors than one, And I will meet him. [Exit.

*Leon.* Dorialus, pray

See her i' her chamber, and lay a guard about her. The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties Is will<sup>16</sup> and disobedience in our issues, Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us, With our fond loves. Beasts, you are only blest That have that happy dulness to forget What you have made! your young ones grieve not you;

They wander where they list, and have their ways Without dishonour to you; and their ends Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents, Or after ill remembrance<sup>17</sup>. Oh, this woman! 'Would I had made myself a sepulchre, When I made her!—Nephew, where is the prince? Pray God he have not more part of her baseness Than of her blood about him! Gentlemen, Where is he?

*Jm.* I know not, Sir. H'has his ways by himself, Is too wise for my company.

*Leon.* I don't like This hiding of himself, from such society

<sup>15</sup> Or *He* be for *him*.] The princess here attempts to kill herself, and the natural reading is equally necessary to the measure. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in this correction, as does Mr. Sympton too. *Seward.*

We have adopted the alteration, though perhaps the original ran (which seems more in our Authors' style),

—*or I will BEFORE him!*

<sup>16</sup> Will.] i. e. Wilfulness, perverseness.

<sup>17</sup> Or after ill remembrance.] Seward reads, *after-ill*; but the hyphen makes it very very hard, and the pass *ge* is clear enough without it.

As fits his person<sup>18</sup>; some of you needs must know.

*Tim.* I'm sure not I, nor have known twice these ten days;

Which, if I were as proud as some of 'em, I should take scurvily: But he's a young man, Let him have his swinge! 'twill make him—

[*Timantus whispers to the duke.*

There's some good mattér now in hand: How the slave jeers and grins! the duke is pleas'd; There's a new pair of scarlet hose now, and as much Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn, A hat and a cloak to go out tomorrow! Garters and stockings come by nature,

*Leon.* Be sure of this!

*Tim.* I durst not speak else, Sir,

[*Exeunt.*

## A C T . . . II.

*Cornets. Cupid descends.*

*Cupid.* **L**EUCIPPUS, thou art shot thro' with a shaft

That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough To sow a world of helpless misery In this unhappy kingdom: Dost thou think, Because thou art a prince, to make a part<sup>19</sup> Against my power? But it is all the fault Of thy old father, who believes his age Is cold enough to quench my burning darts; But he shall know ere long, that my dart loose

<sup>18</sup> *From such society as his person,*

*Some of it ye needs must know.]* Former editions. The changes now introduced render both the sense and measure tolerably easy. I find Mr. Theobald's conjecture on the passage so near mine, that it is of no consequence which is inserted: He reads,

— as fits his person..

*Seward.*

<sup>19</sup> *To make a part.]* Sympson reads *party*; but the old reading is much more in our Poets' stile.

Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart  
 Of Nestor: Thou thyself art lightly struck;  
 But his mad love shall publish, that the rage  
 Of Cupid has the power to conquer age. [Ascends.]

*Enter Leucippus and Bacha.*

*Leuc.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bacha.* Have you got the spoil  
 You thirsted for? Oh, tyranny of men!

*Leuc.* I pray thee leave!

*Bacha.* Your envy is, Heav'n knows,  
 Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:  
 What pain, alas, could it have been to you,  
 If I had kept mine honour? You might still  
 Have been a prince, and still this country's heir.  
 That innocent guard which I till now had kept,  
 For my defence, my virtue, did it seem  
 So dangerous in a state, that you yourself  
 Came to suppress it?

*Leuc.* Dry thine eyes again;  
 I'll kiss thy tears away: This is but folly;  
 'Tis past all help.

*Bacha.* Now you have won the treasure,  
 'Tis my request that you would leave me thus,  
 And never see these empty walls again:  
 I know you will do so; and well you may,  
 For there is nothing in 'em that is worth  
 A glance: I loath myself, and am become  
 Another woman! one, methinks, with whom  
 I want acquaintance.

*Leuc.* If I do offend thee,  
 I can be gone: And tho' I love thy sight,  
 So highly do I prize thine own content,  
 That I will leave thee.

*Bacha.* Nay, you may stay now;  
 You should have gone before: I know not now  
 Why I should fear you: All I should have kept  
 Is stol'n; nor is it in the power of man  
 To rob me further. If you can invent,

Spare not ! No naked man fears robbing less  
Than I do ; now you may for ever stay.

*Leuc.* Why, I could do thee further wrong.

*Bacha.* You have

A deeper reach in evil than I ; 'tis past  
My thoughts.

*Leuc.* And past my will to act ;  
But trust me I could do it.

*Bacha.* Good Sir, do ;  
That I may know there is a wrong beyond  
What you have done me.

*Leuc.* I could tell all the world  
What thou hast done.

*Bacha.* Yes, you may tell the world ;  
And do you think I am so vain to hope  
You will not ? You can tell the world but this,  
That I'm a widow, full of tears in show,  
(My husband dead, and one that lov'd me so,  
Hardly a week) forgot my modesty,  
And, caught with youth and greatness, gave myself  
To live in sin with you : This you may tell ;  
And this I do deserve !

*Leuc.* Why, dost thou think me  
So base to tell ? These limbs of mine shall part  
From one another on a rack,  
Ere I disclose. But thou dost utter words  
That much afflict me ; you did seem as ready,  
Sweet Bacha, as myself.

*Bacha.* You are right a man ;  
When they have 'witch'd us into misery,  
Poor innocent souls, they lay the fault on us.  
But, be it so ! for prince Leucippus' sake,  
I will bear any thing.

*Leuc.* Come, weep no more !  
I wrought thee to it ; it was my fault.  
Nay, see if thou wilt leave ! Here, take this pearl !  
Kiss me, sweet Bacha, and receive this purse.

*Bacha.* What should I do with these ? they will  
not deck

My

My mind.

*Leuc.* Why, keep 'em to remember me.  
I must be gone; I have been absent long:  
I know the duke my father is in rage,  
But I will see thee suddenly again.  
Farewell, my Bacha!

*Bacha.* Gods keep you!—Do you hear, Sir?  
Pray give me a point to wear.

*Leuc.* Alas, good Bacha,  
Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.

*Bacha.* Coming.  
From you, this point is of as high esteem  
With me, as all pearl and gold. Nothing but good  
Be ever with or near you!

*Leuc.* Fare thee well,  
Mine own good Bacha! I will make all haste. [*Exit.*]

*Bacha.* Just as you are a dozen I esteem you;  
No more: Does he think I would prostitute  
Myself for love? It was the love of these pearls  
And gold that won me. I confess I lust  
More after him than any other,  
And would at any rate, if I had store,  
Purchase his fellowship; but being poor,  
I'll both enjoy his body and his purse,  
And, he a prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

*Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, and Timantus.*

*Leon.* Nay, you must back and shew us what it is  
That 'witches you out of your honour thus.

*Bacha.* Who's that?

*Tim.* Look there, Sir!

*Leon.* Lady, never fly;  
You are betray'd.

*Bacha.* Leave me, my tears, a while,  
And to my just rage give a little place!—  
What saucy man are you, that without leave  
Enter upon a widow's mournful house?  
You hinder a dead man from many tears,  
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,

Tho'

Tho' they should weep themselves to images.  
 If not for love of me, yet of yourself,  
 Away, for you can bring no comfort to me!  
 But you may carry hence, you know not what:  
 Nay, sorrow is infectious.

*Leon.* Thou thyself

Art grown infectious! Wouldst thou know my name?  
 I am the duke, father to this young man  
 Whom thou corrupt'st.

*Bacha* [aside]. Has he then told him all?

*Leuc.* You do her wrong, Sir!

*Bacha.* Oh, he has not told.—

Sir, I beseech you pardon my wild tongue,  
 Directed by a weak distemper'd head,  
 Madded with grief! Alas, I did not know  
 You were my sovereign; but now you may  
 Command my poor unworthy life, which will  
 Be none, I hope, ere long.

*Leon.* All thy dissembling

Will never hide thy shame: And wer't not more  
 Respecting woman-hood in general,  
 Than any thing in thee, thou shouldst be made  
 Such an example, that posterity,  
 When they would speak most bitterly, should say,  
 'Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.'

*Bacha.* Sir, tho' you be my king, whom I will serve  
 In all just causes, yet when wrongfully  
 You seek to take my honour, I will rise  
 Thus, and defy you; for it is a jewel  
 Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,  
 (Tho' in this lowly house) I shall esteem  
 Myself above the princes of the earth  
 That are without it. If the prince your son,  
 Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak  
 Dishonour of me, if he do not do it,  
 The plagues of Hell light on him, may he never  
 Govern this kingdom! Here I challenge him,  
 Before the face of Heav'n, my liege, and these,  
 To speak the worst he can! If he will lie,

To lose a woman's fame, I'll say he is  
 Like you (I think I cannot call him worse).  
 He's dead, that with his life would have defended  
 My reputation, and I forc'd to play  
 (That which I am) the foolish woman, and use  
 My liberal tongue.

*Leuc.* Is't possible?

We men are children in our carriages,  
 Compar'd with women. Wake thyself, for shame,  
 And leave not her whose honour thou shouldst keep  
 Safe as thine own, alone to free herself!  
 But I am pres's'd, I know not how, with guilt,  
 And feel my conscience (never us'd to lie)  
 Loath to allow my tongue to add a lie  
 To that too much I did: But it is lawful  
 To defend her, that only for my love  
 Lov'd evil.

*Leon.* Tell me, why did you, Leucippus,  
 Stay here so long?

*Leuc.* If I can urge aught from me  
 But a truth, Hell take me!

*Leon.* What's the matter?  
 Why speak you not?

*Tim.* Alas, good Sir, forbear  
 To urge the prince; you see his shameface'dness.

*Bacha.* What does he say, Sir? If thou be a prince,  
 Shew it, and tell the truth!

*Ism.* If you've lain with her,  
 Tell your father; no doubt but he has done as ill  
 Before now: The gentlewoman will be proud on't.

*Bacha.* For God's sake, speak!

*Leuc.* Have you done prating yet?

*Ism.* Who prates?

*Leuc.* Thou know'st I do not speak  
 To thee, Ismenus: But what said you,  
 Timantus, concerning my shameface'dness?

*Tim.* Nothing, I hope, that might displease your  
 highness.

*Leuc.* If any of thy great-great-grandmothers,  
 This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,

It would have made thee honester : I stay'd  
 To hear what you would say. She is, by Heav'n,  
 Of the most strict and blameless chastity  
 That ever woman was :—Good gods, forgive me!—  
 Had Tarquin met with her, she had been kill'd  
 With a slave by her, ere she had agreed.  
 I lie with her? 'would I might perish then!  
 Our mothers, whom we all must reverence,  
 Could ne'er exceed her for her chastity,  
 Upon my soul! for, by this light, she is  
 A most obstinate modest creature!

*Leon.* What did you with her then so long, Leucippus?

*Leuc.* I'll tell you, Sir : You see she's beautiful.

*Leon.* I see it well.

*Leuc.* Mov'd by her face, I came  
 With lustful thoughts (which was a fault in me ;  
 But, telling truth, something more pardonable,  
 And for the world I will not lie to you) :  
 Proud of myself, I thought a prince's name  
 Had power to blow 'em down flat o' their backs ;  
 But here I found a rock not to be shook :  
 For, as I hope for good, Sir, all the battery  
 That I could lay to her, or of my person,  
 My greatness, or gold, could nothing move her.

*Leon.* 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.

*Leuc.* She's almost thirty, Sir.

*Leon.* How do you know  
 Her age so just?

*Leuc.* She told it me herself  
 Once when she went about to shew by reason  
 I should leave wooing her.

*Leon.* She stains the ripest virgins of her age.

*Leuc.* If I had sin'd with her, I would be loath  
 To publish her disgrace ; but, by my life,  
 I would have told it you, because I think  
 You would have pardon'd me the rather.  
 And I will tell you, father<sup>20</sup> : By this light, Sir,

<sup>20</sup> And I will tell you father.] Edition 1750, —will tell you  
 FARTHER.

(But that I never will bestow myself  
But to your liking) if she now would have me,  
I now would marry her.

*Leon.* How's that, Leucippus?

*Leuc.* Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet  
I have not done, but had a will to do,  
And I will tell it?

*Leon.* Be it what it will,  
I pardon thee.

*Leuc.* I offer'd marriage to her.

*Leon.* Did she refuse it?

*Leuc.* With that earnestness,  
And almost scorn to think of any other  
After her lost mate, that she made me think  
Myself unworthy of her.

*Leon.* You have stay'd  
Too long, Leucippus.

*Leuc.* Yes, Sir.—Forgive me, Heav'n,  
What multitude of oaths have I bestow'd  
On lies! and yet they were officious lies,  
There was no malice in 'em.

*Leon.* She's the fairest  
Creature that ever I beheld; and then  
So chaste, 'tis wonderful: The more I look  
On her the more I am amaz'd. I've long  
Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,  
But that I was afraid to meet a woman  
That might abuse my age; but here she is  
Whom I may trust to: Of a chastity  
Impregnable, and approv'd so by my son;  
The meanness of her birth will still preserve her  
In due obedience; and her beauty is  
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.  
My son once sent away, whose rivalship  
I have just cause to fear, if power, or gold,  
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.—  
Nephew Ismenus, I have new intelligence  
Your province is unquiet still.

*Ism.* I'm glad on't.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* And  
So dangerously, that I must send the prince  
In person with you.

*Ifm.* I'm glad of that too, Sir:  
Will you dispatch us? we shall wither here  
For ever.

*Leon.* You shall be dispatch'd within  
This hour: Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask;  
It must be thus.—Lady, I ask your pardon,  
Whose virtue I have flubber'd with my tongue;  
And you shall ever be  
Chaste in my memory hereafter; but  
We old men often dote. To make amends  
For my great fault, receive that ring! I'm sorry for  
Your grief; may it soon leave you!—Come, my lords;  
Let us be gone. [Exeunt.]

*Bacha.* Heaven bless your Grace!  
One that had but so much modesty left as to blush,  
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,  
Had been undone; where I come off with honour,  
And gain too: They that never would be track'd  
In any course, by the most subtle sense,  
Must bear it thro' with frontless impudence. [Exit.]

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nifus.

*Dor.* Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of justice,  
To put the wretched dwarf to death because  
She doted on him: Is she not a woman,  
And subject to those mad figaries her whole  
Sex is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you,  
Or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more  
The merrier still with them) must we therefore  
Have our heads par'd with a hatchet? So she may love  
All the nobility out o'th' dukedom in  
A month, and let the rascals in.

*Nifus.* You will not, or you do not, see the need  
That makes this just to the world?

*Dor.* I cannot tell; I would be loth to feel it;  
But, the best is, she loves not proper men;

We

We three were in wise cases else. But make me know  
This need.

*Nisus.* Why, yes : He being taken away,  
This base incontinence dies presently,  
And she must see her shame and sorrow for it.

*Dor.* Pray God she do ! But was the sprat beheaded ?  
Or did they swing him about like a chicken, and  
So break his neck ?

*Agen.* Yes, he was beheaded,  
And a solemn justice made of it.

*Dor.* That might  
Have been deducted.

*Age.* Why, how would you have had him die ?

*Dor.* Faith, I would have had him roasted like a  
warden <sup>21</sup>,

In a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or  
A feather stuck in's head like a quail; or hang'd him  
In a dog-collar : What, should he be beheaded ?  
We shall ha' it grow so base shortly, gentlemen  
Will be out of love with it.

*Nisus.* I wonder  
From whence this love of the dwarf first sprung ?

*Dor.* From an old lecherous pair of breeches, that  
Lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for certainly  
They are no man's work ; and I'm sure a monkey  
Would get one of the guard to this fellow !  
He was no bigger than a small portmanteau,  
And much about that making, if't had legs.

*Age.* But, gentlemen, what say you to the prince ?

*Nisus.* Ay, concerning his being sent I know not  
whither.

*Dor.* Why then, he will come home I know not when.  
You shall pardon me ; I will talk no more  
Of this subject, but say, Gods be with him,  
Where-e'er he is, and send him well home again !  
For why he is gone, or when he will return,  
Let them know that directed him ! Only this,

<sup>21</sup> Like a warden.] A warden is a pear, which is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. *R.*

There's

There's mad moriscoes in the state;  
 But what they are, I'll tell you when I know.  
 Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing!

Age. Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Timantus and Telamon.

*Tel.* Timantus, is the duke ready yet?

*Tim.* Almost.

*Tel.* What ails him?

*Tim.* Faith, I know not; I think he has dream'd  
 He's but eighteen; has been worse since he sent you  
 Forth for the frizzling-iron.

*Tel.* That can't be;  
 He lay in gloves all night, and this morning I  
 Brought him a new perriwig, with a lock at it<sup>22</sup>, and  
 Knock'd up a swing in's chamber.

*Tim.* Oh, but since,  
 His taylor came, and they have fallen out  
 About the fashion of his cloaths; and yonder's  
 A fellow come, has bor'd a hole in's ear<sup>23</sup>;  
 And h' has bespake a vaulting-horse. You shall see him  
 Come forth presently: He looks like Winter,  
 Stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

*Tel.* Will he not  
 Tilt, think you?

*Tim.* I think he will.

*Tel.* What does he mean to do?

*Tim.* I know not;  
 But, by this light, I think he is in love!  
 He would ha' been shaved but for me.

*Tel.* In love?  
 With whom?

<sup>22</sup> *With a lock at it;*] i. e. A *love-lock*. The allusion is (as Dr. Warburton observes in a note on *Much Ado About Nothing*) to the fantastical custom in our Poets' days, of men wearing 'a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribands, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion, Prynne wrote his treatise, 'called the *Unloveliness of Love-Locks*.'

<sup>23</sup> *A hole in's ear;*] i. e. For an *ear-ring*, by means of which the *love-lock* was brought before.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* I could guess, but you shall pardon me,  
He will take me along with him some whither.

*Tel.* I over-heard him ask your opinion of  
Somebody's beauty.

*Tim.* Yes; there it goes, that makes him  
So youthful. And he has laid by his crutch,  
And halts now with a leading staff.

*Enter Leontius, with a staff and a looking-glass.*

*Leon.* Timantus!

*Tim.* Sir.

*Leon.* This feather is not large enough.

*Tim.* Yes, faith,  
'Tis such an one as the rest of the young gallants wear.

*Leon.* Telamon, does it do well?

*Tel.* Sir, it becomes you,  
Or you become it, the rareliest—

*Leon.* Away! dost think so?

*Tel.* Think, Sir? I know it.—  
Sir, the princess is past all hope of life  
Since the dwarf was put to death.

*Leon.* Let her be so;  
I have other matters in hand. But this same taylor  
Angers me; he has made my doublet so wide!  
And see, the knave has put no points at my arm!

*Tim.* Those will be put-to quickly, Sir,  
Upon any occasion.

*Leon.* Telamon,  
Have you bid this dancer come a-mornings?

*Tel.* Yes, Sir.

*Leon.* Timantus, let me see the glas again;  
Look you how careles you are grown! is this tooth  
Well put in?

*Tim.* Which, Sir?

*Leon.* This, Sir.

*Tim.* It shall be.

*Tel.* Methinks that tooth should put him  
In mind on's years! and Timantus stands, as if  
(Seeing the duke in such a youthful habit)  
He were loocking in his mouth how old he were.

*Leon.* So, so!

*Tel.* Will you have your gown, Sir?

*Leon.* My gown?

Why, am I sick? Bring me my sword! let a couple  
Of the great horses he brought out for us. [Exit *Tel.*

*Tim.* He'll kill himself.—Why, will you ride, Sir?

*Leon.* Ride?

Dost thou think I cannot ride?

*Tim.* Oh, yes, Sir,

I know it: But, as I conceive your journey,  
You'd have it private; and then you were better take  
A coach.

*Leon.* These coaches make me sick: Yet, 'tis  
No matter; let it be so.

Enter *Telamon* with a sword.

*Tel.* Sir, here's your sword.

*Leon.* Oh, well said; let me see it! I could,  
methinks—

Why, *Telamon*, bring me another! what, think'ft thou  
I'll wear a sword in vain?

*Tel.* He has not strength

Enough to draw it:

A yoke of fleas tied to a hair would have drawn it.  
'Tis out, Sir, now; the scabbard is broke.

*Leon.* Oh, put it up again, and on with it!  
Methinks, I'm not dress'd 'till I feel my sword on.  
*Telamon*, if any of my council ask for me,  
Say I am gone to take the air.

*Tim.* He has not

Been dress'd this twenty years thus<sup>23</sup>. If this vein  
Hold but a week, he'll learn to play o'th' base-viol,  
And sing to't: He's poetical already;  
For I have spied a sonnet of his making  
Lie by his bed's side: I'll be so unmannerly  
To read it:

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cleophila, Hero, and Hidaspes* in a bed, discovered.

*Hid.* He's dead, he's dead, and I am following!

<sup>23</sup> This twenty years then.] Former editions.

*Seward.*

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* Ask Cupid mercy, madam!

*Hid.* Oh, my heart!

*Cleo.* Help!

*Hero.* Stir her!

*Hid.* Oh, oh!

*Cleo.* She's going; wretched women that we are!

Look to her, and I'll pray the while. [She kneels.

*Hero.* Why, madam—

*Cleo.* Cupid, pardon what is past,  
And forgive our sins at last;  
Then we will be coy no more,  
But thy deity adore:  
Troths at fifteen we will plight,  
And will tread a dance at night,  
In the fields, or by the fire,  
With the youths that have desire—

How does she yet?

*Hero.* Oh, ill!

*Cleo.* Given ear-rings we will wear,  
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,  
Which they on our arms shall twist,  
With their names carv'd, on our wrist;  
All the money that we owe  
We in tokens will bestow;  
And learn to write, that, when 'tis sent,  
Only our loves know what is meant.  
Oh, then pardon what is past,  
And forgive our sins at last!

What, mends she?

*Hero.* Nothing; you do it not wantonly; you  
should sing.

*Cleo.* Why—

*Hero.* Leave, leave! 'tis now too late: She's dead,  
Her last is breath'd.

*Cleo.* What shall we do?

*Hero.* Go run,

[Exit Cleo.

And tell the duke; and, whilst, I'll close her eyes.

Thus I shut thy faded light,

And put it in eternal night.

Where is she can boldly say,  
 Tho' she be as fresh as May,  
 She shall not by this corpse be laid,  
 Ere tomorrow's light do fade?  
 Let us all now living be  
 Warn'd by thy strict chastity,  
 And marry all fast as we can!  
 'Till then we keep a piece of man  
 Wrongfully from them that owe it:  
 Soon may every maid bestow it!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bacha and her Maid.*

*Bacha.* Who is it?

*Maid.* Forsooth, there's a gallant coach at the door,  
 And the brave old man in't, that you said was the duke.

*Bacha.* Cupid, grant he may be taken!

*Maid.* He's coming up, and looks the swaggering'st,  
 And has such glorious cloaths!

*Bacha.* Let all the house seem sad<sup>24</sup>, and see all  
 handsome!

*Enter Leontius and Timantus.*

*Leon.* Nay, widow, fly not back; we come not now  
 To chide; stand up, and bid me welcome.

*Bacha.* To a poor widow's house, that knows no end  
 Of her ill fortune, your highness is most welcome.

*Leon.* Come, kiss me then! this is but manners, widow:  
 Ne'er fling your head aside! I have more cause  
 Of grief than you; my daughter's dead: But what?  
 'Tis nothing.—Is the rough French horse brought to  
 th' door?

They say he is a high goer; I shall soon try  
 His mettle.

*Tim.* He will be, Sir, and the grey  
 Barbary; they're fiery both.

*Leon.* They are the better:

<sup>24</sup> Let all the house see me sad.] Both the *tente* and *measure* con-  
 firm a very just emendation of Mr. Theobald's here; *seem* for *see me*.  
 Mr. Sympon has since sent me the same correction.

Seward.

Before

Before the gods, I'm lightsome, very lightsome !  
How dost thou like me, widow ?

*Bacba.* As a person  
In whom all graces are.

*Leon.* Come, come, you flatter !  
I'll clap your cheek for that ; and you shall not  
Be angry. Hast no music ? Now could I cut  
Three times with ease, and do a croſs point, should  
Shame all your gallants !

*Bacba.* I do believe you ;—and yourself too :  
Lord, what a fine old zany my love has made him !  
He's mine, I'm sure : Heav'n make me thankful for him !

*Leon.* Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweet-  
heart ?

*Tim.* Your Grace will not buy her ? she may trip, Sir !

*Bacba.* My sorrow shews me elder than I am  
By many years.

*Leon.* Thou art so witty I  
Must kiss again.

*Tim.* Indeed her age lies not  
In her mouth ; ne'er look it there, Sir : She has  
A better register, if it be not burnt.

*Leon.* I will kiss thee :—I am afire, Timantus !

*Tim.* Can you chuse, Sir, having such heav'nly fire  
Before you ?

*Leon.* Widow, guesſ why I come ; I prithee do.

*Bacba.* I cannot, Sir, unless you be pleas'd to make  
A mirth out of my rudeness ; and that I hope  
Your pity will not let you, the ſubject is  
So barren.—Bite, king, bite ! I'll let you play a while.

*Leon.* Now, as I'm an honest man, I'll tell thee truly.  
How many foot did I jump yesterdāy,  
Timantus ?

*Tim.* Fourteen of your own, and ſome  
Three fingers.

*Bacba.* This fellow lies as lightly,  
As if he were in cut taffata :  
Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed,  
And tell what weather we ſhall have tomorrow !

*Leon.* Widow, I'm come, in short, to be a suitor.

*Bacha.* For whom?

*Leon.* Why, by my troth, I come to wooe thee, wench, And win thee, for myself: Nay, look upon me! I have about me that will do it.

*Bacha.* Now Heaven defend me! Your whore<sup>25</sup>? You shall never—I thank the gods, I have A little left me to keep me warm and honest: If your Grace take not that, I seek no more.

*Leon.* I am so far from taking any thing, I'll add unto thee.

*Bacha.* Such additions may Be for your ease, Sir, not my honesty; I'm well in being single; good Sir, seek another; I am no meat for money.

*Leon.* Shall I fight for thee? This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claim But to a finger of thee, but to a look; I would see such a fellow!

*Bacha.* It would be But a cold fight to you! This is the father of St. George a-footback: Can such dry mummy talk?

*Tim.* Before the gods, your Grace looks like Æneas.

*Bacha.* He looks like his old father upon his back, Crying to get aboard.

*Leon.* How shall I win thy love? I pray thee tell me, I'll marry thee, if thou desirest that: That is an honest course, (I'm in good earnest) And presently within this hour (I am mad for thee): Prithee deny me not; for as I live I'll pine for thee, but I'll have thee!

*Bacha.* Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him fast.

*Tim.* You do not know what 'tis to be a queen:

<sup>25</sup> Your whore shall never.] The sense and measure being both defective, I have put in the natural words that supply both. *Seward.*

*Seward* reads, Your whore I shall be never.—The quarto of 1635 says, Your whore you shall never; which words, with the help of a point of interrogation, and marking it as a broken sentence, make much the best reading.

Go to<sup>26</sup>; you're made! What the old man falls short of,  
There's others can eek out, when you please to call on'em.

*Bachæ.* I understand you not.—Love, I adore thee!—  
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks,  
For so much honouring your humble handmaid  
Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.  
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all  
That most repine at my unworthy rising;  
Beside, you've many fair ones in your kingdom,  
Born to such worth: Oh, turn yourself about,  
And make a noble choice!

*Leon.* If I do, let me famish! I will have thee,  
Or break up house, and board here.

*Bachæ.* Sir, you may  
Command an unwilling woman to obey you:  
But Heaven knows—

*Leon.* No more! these half-a-dozen kisses,  
And this jewel, and every thing I have,  
And away with me, and clap it up; and have  
A boy by morning!—Timantus, let one be sent  
Post for my son again; and for Ismenus!  
They are scarce twenty miles on their way yet:  
By that time, we'll be married.

*Tim.* There shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

### A C T     III.

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.*

*Nisus.* Is not this a fine marriage?

*Age.* Yes, yes; let it alone.

*Dor.* Ay, ay, the king may marry whom he list.

<sup>26</sup> *Go too you mayd, what, &c.*] The Editors of 1750 read,  
*Go to, you're mad, ELSE what, &c.* which Seward believes 'will  
' be assented to by every Reader.' As the word *else* is not in the  
copy of 1635, we suppose it interpolated; and *mayd* surely is only an  
orthographical error. So, in the Winter's Tale,

— You're a *made* old man.'

Let's talk of other matters.

*Nisus.* Is the prince  
Coming home certainly?

*Dor.* Yes, yes; he was

Sent post for yesterday: Let's make haste! we'll see  
How his new mother-in-law will entertain him.

*Nisus.* Why, well, I warrant you: Did you not mark  
How humbly she carried herself to us on  
Her marriage-day, acknowledging her own  
Unworthiness, and that she would be our servant?

*Dor.* But mark what's done!

*Nisus.* Regard not show!

*Age.* Oh, God!

I knew her when I have been offer'd her  
To be brought to my bed for five pounds; whether  
It could have been perform'd or no, I know not.

*Nisus.* Her daughter is a pretty lady.

*Dor.* Yes;  
And having had but mean bringing up,  
It talks the prettiest and innocentest!  
The queen will be so angry to hear her betray  
Her breeding by her language! But I'm periuaded  
She's well dispos'd.

*Age.* I think better than her mother.

*Nisus.* Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.*

*Ism.* How now, man? struck dead with a tale?

*Leuc.* No,  
But with a truth.

*Ism.* Stand of yourself: Can you endure blows,  
And shrink at words?

*Leuc.* Thou know'st I've told thee all.

*Ism.* But that's all nothing to make you thus; your  
sister  
Is dead.

*Leuc.* That's much; but not the most.

*Ism.* Why, for the other,  
Let her marry and hang; it is no purpos'd fault.

Of

Of yours! and if your father will needs have  
 Your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of  
 A child better in being contented, and  
 Bidding much good do his good old heart with her,  
 Than in repining thus at it: Let her go! what!  
 There are more wenches, man; we'll have another.

*Leuc.* Oh, thou art vain; thou know'st I do not  
 love her.

What shall I do? I would my tongue had led me  
 To any other thing, but blasphemy,  
 So I had miss'd commending of this woman,  
 Whom I must reverence, now she is my mother!  
 My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:  
 And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,  
 And do not lie! If any man should ask thee  
 But *How thou dost*, or *What o'clock 'tis now*,  
 Be sure thou do not lie! Make no excuse  
 For him that is most near thee! never let  
 The most officious falsehood<sup>27</sup> 'scape thy tongue!  
 For they above (that are entirely truth)  
 Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies,  
 Yield miseries a thousand-fold  
 Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Tim.* Sir, your highnes is welcome home! the king  
 And queen will presently come forth to you.

*Leuc.* I'll wait on them.

*Tim.* Worthy Ismenus, I pray you,  
 How have you sped in your wars?

*Ism.* This rogue mocks me!—  
 Well, Timantus. Pray how have you sped here  
 At home at shuffleboard?

*Tim.* Faith, reasonable.  
 How many towns have you taken in this summer?

*Ism.* How many stags have you been at the death  
 of this graft?

<sup>27</sup> Officious falsehood.] *Officious* seems here to relate to *duty, office*. It is similarly used by the same speaker in p. 461.

*Tim.* A number. Pray how is the province settled?

*Ism.* Prithee how does the dun nag?

*Tim.* I think you mock me,

*My lord.*

*Ism.* Mock thee? Yes, by my troth do I;  
Why, what wouldst thou have me do with thee?  
Art good for any thing else?

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nifus, and Telamon.*

*Leuc.* My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist!  
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,  
For I shall swoon again else! [Kneels.]

*Leon.* Welcome, my son! Rise. I did send for thee  
Back from the province, by thy mother's counsel,  
Thy good mother here, who loves thee well:  
She would not let me venture all my joy  
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,  
And none but thee: I took her on thy word.

*Leuc.* Pinch harder!

*Leon.* And she shall bid thee welcome. I have now  
Some near affairs, but I will drink a health  
To thee anon. Come, Telamon! I'm grown  
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married;  
Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone,  
And never stagger. [Exeunt Leon. and Tel.]

*Bacha.* Welcome, most noble Sir, whose fame is come  
Hither before you!—Out, alas! you scorn me,  
And teach me what to do.

*Leuc.* No; you are  
My mother.

*Bacha.* Far unworthy of that name,  
God knows! But trust me, here before these lords,  
I am no more but nurse unto the duke;  
Nor will I breed a faction in the state:  
It is too much for me that I am rais'd  
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant  
Of you that did it.

*Leuc.* Madam, I will serve you

As

As shall become me.—Oh, dissembling woman !  
 Whom I must reverence tho'. Take from thy quiver,  
 Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,  
 Headed with thy consuming golden beams,  
 And let it melt this body into mist,  
 That none may find it !

*Bacha.* Shall I beg, my lords,  
 This room in private for the prince and me ?

[*Exeunt all but Leuc. and Bacha.*]

*Leuc.* What will she say now ?

*Bacha.* I must still enjoy him :  
 Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,  
 That wishes he would move it ; but he stands  
 As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.—  
 Sir, you and I, when we were last together,  
 Kept not this distance, as we were afraid  
 Of blasting by ourselves.

*Leuc.* Madam, 'tis true ;  
 Heav'n pardon it !

*Bacha.* Amen ! Sir, you may think  
 That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.

*Leuc.* It is past now.  
*Bacha.* But 'twas no fault of mine :  
 The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd  
 The king ; nor laid I any train to catch him,  
 'Twas your own oaths that did it.

*Leuc.* 'Tis a truth,  
 That takes my sleep away ! But 'would to Heav'n,  
 If it had so been pleas'd, you had refus'd him,  
 Tho' I had gratified that courtesy  
 With having you myself ! But since 'tis thus,  
 I do beseech you that you will be honest  
 From henceforth ; and not abuse his credulous age,  
 Which you may easily do. As for myself,  
 What I can say, you know, alas, too well,  
 Is tied within me ; here it will sit like lead,  
 But shall offend no other ; it will pluck me  
 Back from my entrance into any mirth,  
 As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me

Of some friend's death: But I will bear myself,  
 To you, with all the due obedience  
 A son owes to a mother: More than this  
 Is not in me, but I must leave the rest  
 To the just gods, who, in their blessed time,  
 When they have given me punishment enough  
 For my rash sin, will mercifully find  
 As unexpected means to ease my grief,  
 As they did now to bring it.

*Bacha.* Grown so godly?  
 This must not be. And I will be to you  
 No other than a natural mother ought;  
 And for my honesty, so you will swear  
 Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe  
 From any other.

*Leuc.* Blefs me! I should urge you?  
*Bacha.* Nay, but swear then that I may be at peace!  
 For I do feel a weakness in myself,  
 That can deny you nothing: If you tempt me,  
 I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,  
 And run to meet it.

*Leuc.* If you knew how far  
 If were from me, you would not urge an oath;  
 But for your satisfaction, When I tempt you—

*Bacha.* Swear not.—I cannot move him.—This  
 sad talk,  
 Of things past help, does not become us well:  
 Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll dance?

*Leuc.* Dance, madam?

*Bacha.* Yes, a *lavalta*.

*Leuc.* I cannot dance, madam.

*Bacha.* Then let's be merry!

*Leuc.* I am as my fortunes bid me;  
 Do not you see me sowl?

*Bacha.* Yes.

And why think you I smile?

*Leuc.* I am so far  
 From any joy myself, I cannot fancy  
 A cause of mirth.

*Bacha.*

*Bacha.* I'll tell you; we're alone.

*Leuc.* Alone?

*Bacha.* Yes.

*Leuc.* 'Tis true; what then?

*Bacha.* What then? you make my smiling now  
Break into laughter! What think you is  
To be done then?

*Leuc.* We should pray to Heaven  
For mercy.

*Bacha.* Pray? that were a way indeed  
To pass the time! But I will make you blush,  
To see a bashful woman teach a man  
What we should do alone; try again  
If you can find it out.

*Leuc.* I dare not think  
I understand you!

*Bacha.* I must teach you then:  
Come, kiss me.

*Leuc.* Kiss you?

*Bacha.* Yes; be not ashamed!  
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.

*Leuc.* Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect  
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,  
As she is now my mother! haste within me,  
Lest I add sins to sins, 'till no repentance  
Will cure me.

*Bacha.* Leave these melancholy moods,  
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips  
A thousand times!

*Leuc.* Pray leave this wicked talk:  
You do not know to what my father's wrong  
May urge me.

*Bacha.* I am careless, and do weigh,  
The world, my life, and all my after hopes  
Nothing without thy love: Mistake me not;  
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open  
As wedlock is, within itself: What say you?

*Leuc.* Nothing.

*Bacha.* Pity me! behold a duchess

Kneels

Kneels for thy mercy ; and I swear to you,  
Tho' I should lie with you, it is no lust ;  
For it desires no change : I could with you  
Content myself. What answer will you give ?

*Leuc.* They that can answer must be less amaz'd  
Than I am now ! You see my tears deliver  
My meaning to you.

*Bacha.* Shall I be contemn'd ?  
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,  
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing  
Which a right man would offer.

*Leuc.* 'Tis your will, Heav'n ;  
But let me bear me like myself, however  
She does !

*Bacha.* Were you made an eunuch, since you went  
hence ?  
Yet they have more desire than I can find  
In you. How fond was I to beg thy love !  
I'll force thee to my will : Dost thou not know  
That I can make the king dote at my lust ?  
Yield quickly, or by Heav'n I'll have thee kept  
In prison for my purpose !  
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee  
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,  
And not thy health.—Why dost not speak to me ?—  
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown  
Less able to perform, then I will have thee  
Kill'd and forgotten !—Are you stricken dumb ?

*Leuc.* All you have nam'd, but making of me sin  
With you, you may command, but never that,  
Say what you will : I'll hear you as becomes me,  
If you speak ; I will not follow your counfel,  
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,  
But give you the just honour that is due  
From me to my father's wife.

*Bacha.* Lord, how full  
Of wife formality are you grown of late !—  
But you were telling me you could have wish'd  
That I had married you : If you will swear so yet,

I'll

I'll make away the king.

*Leuc.* You are a strumpet—

*Bacha.* Nay, I care not

For all your railings ; they will batter walls  
And take in towns, as soon as trouble me :  
Tell him ! I care not ; I shall undo you only,  
Which is no matter.

*Leuc.* I appeal to you

Still, and for ever, that are and cannot  
Be other !—Madam, I see 'tis in your power  
To work your will on him ; and I desire you  
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,  
But suffer him to find his quiet grave  
In peace : Alas, he never did you wrong.  
And further, I beseech you pardon me  
For the ill word I gave you ; for however  
You may deserve, it became not me  
To call you so ; but passion urges me  
I know not whither. My heart, break now,  
And ease me ever !

*Bacha.* Pray you get you hence  
Wi' your goodly humour ! I am weary of you  
Extremely.

*Leuc.* Trust me, so am I of myself too :  
Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods set all right ! [Exit.

*Bacha.* Amen ! Sir, get you gone !—  
Am I denied ? It does not trouble me  
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd :  
I've lost my patience ! I will make him know  
Lust is not love ; for lust will find a mate  
While there are men, and so will I, and more

*Enter Timantus.*

Than one, or twenty !—Yonder is Timantus,  
A fellow void of any worth to raise himself,  
And therefore like to catch at any evil  
That will but pluck him up ; him will I make  
Mine own.—Timantus !

*Tim.* Madam ?

*Bacha.*

*Bacha.* Thou know'st well  
Thou wert, by chance, a means of this my raising ;  
Brought the duke to me ; and, tho' 'twere but chance,  
I must reward thee.

*Tim.* I shall bend my service  
Unto your highness.

*Bacha.* But do it then entirely, and in every thing ;  
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing  
Thou wouldest not do for me ?

*Tim.* No, by my foul, madam.

*Bacha.* Then thou art right.  
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee. [Exit *Tim.*  
With my instruction, I do see already,  
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead !  
Yet will I never speak an evil word  
Unto his father of him, 'till I have  
Won a belief I love him ; but I'll make  
His virtues his undoing, and my praises  
Shall be so many swords against his breast :  
Which once perform'd, I'll make *Urania*,  
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue  
In this large throne ; nor shall it be withstood :  
They that begin in lust, must end in blood ! [Exit.]

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nifus.*

*Dor.* We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.

*Nifus.* And a fine duke, that thro' his doting age  
Suffers himself to be a child again,  
Under his wife's tuition.

*Age.* All the land  
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service :  
Sure we shall learn to spin !

*Dor.* No, that's too honest ;  
We shall have other liberal sciences  
Taught us too soon : Lying and flattering,  
Those are the studies now ! and murder shortly  
I know will be humanity. Gentlemen,  
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it,

*Nifus.* I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus ; tho' my  
Own

Own nature hate it, if all determine to be knaves,  
 I'll try what I can do upon myself, that's certain :  
 I will not have my throat cut for my goodness ;  
 The virtue will not quit the pain.

*Age.* But pray you tell me,  
 Why is the prince, now ripe and full experienc'd,  
 Not made a doer in the state <sup>28</sup> ?

*Nisus.* Because he's honest.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Tim.* Goodness attend your honours !

*Dor.* You must not be amongst us then.

*Tim.* The duchess,  
 Whose humble servant I am proud to be,  
 Would speak with you.

*Age.* Sir, we are pleas'd to wait ;  
 When is it ?

*Tim.* An hour hence, my good lords :  
 And so I leave my service. [Exit.]

*Dor.* This is one  
 Of her ferrets that she boults busines out withal :  
 This fellow, if he were well ript, has all  
 The linings of a knave within him : How fly he looks !

*Nisus.* Have we nothing about our cloaths that he  
 May catch at ?

*Age.* O' my conscience, there is  
 No treason in my doublet ! if there be,  
 My elbows will discover it, they're out.

*Dor.* Faith,  
 And all the harm that I can find in mine  
 Is, that they are not paid for ; let him  
 Make what he can of that, so he discharge it.  
 Come, let us go. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Bacha, Leontius, and Telamon.*

*Bacha.* And you shall find, Sir, what  
 A blessing Heaven gave you in such a son.

<sup>28</sup> *Not made a doer in the state?*] Corrected in 1750.

*Leon.* Pray gods I may ! Let's walk, and change our subject.

*Bacha.* Oh, Sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, Or strike a deeper joy into your heart, Than your son's virtue ?

*Leon.* I allow his virtues ; But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself With such immoderate praises of mine own.

*Bacha.* The subject of our commendations Is itself grown so infinite in goodness, That all the glory we can lay upon it, Tho' we should open volumes of his praises, Is a mere modesty in his expression, And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought piece Wanting proportion.

*Leon.* Yet still he's a man, and subject still To more inordinate vices than our love Can give him blessings.

*Bacha.* Else he were a god ; Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heav'n, That we may see, so far as flesh can point us, Things only worthy of them ; and only these In all his actions.

*Leon.* This is too much, my queen !

*Bacha.* Had the gods lov'd me, that my unworthy womb

Had bred this brave man —

*Leon.* Still you run wrong !

*Bacha.* I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him, Fed on his growing hopes !

*Leon.* This touches me !

*Bacha.* I know no friends, nor being, but his virtues.

*Leon.* You've laid out words enough upon a subject.

*Bacha.* But words cannot express him, Sir. Why, what a shape Heav'n has conceiv'd him in ! oh, Nature made him up —

*Leon.* I wonder, duchess —

*Bacha.* So you must ; for less

Than admiration loses this godlike man.

*Leon.* Have you done with him?

*Bacha.* Done with him? Oh, good gods,  
What qualities thus pass by us without reverence <sup>29</sup>!

*Leon.* I see no such perfection.

*Bacha.* Oh, dear Sir, you're a father, and those joys  
To you, speak in your heart, not in your tongue.

*Leon.* This leaves a taste behind it worse than physic.

*Bacha.* Then for his wisdom, valour, and good  
fortune,

And all those friends of honour <sup>30</sup>, they're in him  
As free and natural, as passions in  
A woman.

*Leon.* You make me blush, for all these years,  
To see how blindly you have flung your praises  
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthless,  
Whilst I live, of these honours.

*Bacha.* I would not have my love, Sir, make my  
tongue

Shew me so much a woman, as to praise  
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,  
Or general allowance of the people.

*Leon.* Allowance of the people? what allow they?

*Bacha.* All I have said for truth; and they must do it,  
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.

*Leon.* How's that?

*Bacha.* For in his youth <sup>31</sup> and noble forwardness  
All things are bound together that are kingly;  
A fitness to bear rule—

*Leon.* No more!

<sup>29</sup> *What frailties thus pass by us without reverence?*] *Frailties*, Seward justly observes, is 'the very reverse of the idea required by the context.' He substitutes *virtues* for that word, but we have adopted Sympon's reading, *qualities*, which is much the best.

<sup>30</sup> *Bacha. Then for all his wisdom, valour,*

*Good fortune, and all those friends of honour,*

*They are in him as free and natural, as passions*

*In a woman.*] The measure here was quite lost, and the sense hurt, by inserting the *all* from the second line into the first. *Seward.*

<sup>31</sup> *For in this youth.*] Varied by Seward.

*Baccha.* And sovereignty,  
Not made to know command.

*Leon.* I've said, no more!

*Baccha.* I've done, Sir, tho' unwilling; and pardon  
me!

*Leon.* I do; not a word more!

*Baccha.* I've giv'n thee poison  
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,  
Or the grofs air o'er-heated.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Leon.* Timantus, when  
Saw you the prince?

*Tim.* I left him now, Sir.

*Leon.* Tell me truly,  
Out of your free opinion, without courting,  
How you like him.

*Tim.* How I like him?

*Leon.* Yes;  
For you in conversation may see more  
Than a father.

*Baccha.* It works.

*Tim.* Your Grace has chosen out an ill observer.

*Leon.* Yes, I mean of his ill; you talk rightly.

*Tim.* But you take me wrong! All I know by him  
I dare deliver boldly: He is the storehouse  
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,  
That feeds the kingdom.

*Leon.* Thefe are flatteries!  
Speak me his vices; there you do a service  
Worthy a father's thanks.

*Tim.* Sir, I cannot.  
If there be any, sure they are the times',  
Which I could wish leſs dangerous. But pardon me,  
I am too bold.

*Leon.* You are not; forward,  
And open what theſe dangers are!

*Tim.* Nay, good Sir!

*Leon.* Nay, fall not off again; I will have all!

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Alas, Sir, what am I, you should believe  
 My eyes or ears so subtle to observe  
 Faults in a state? all my main busines  
 Is service to your Grace, and necessaries  
 For my poor life.

*Leon.* Do not displease me, sirrah!  
 But that you know tell me, and presently.

*Tim.* Since your Grace will have it,  
 I'll speak it freely; always my obedience  
 And love preserv'd unto the prince.

*Leon.* Prithee to the matter!

*Tim.* For, Sir, if you consider  
 How like a sun in all his great employments,  
 How full of heat—

*Leon.* Make me understand what I desire!

*Tim.* And then at his return—

*Leon.* Do not anger me!

*Tim.* Then thus, Sir: All mislike you,  
 As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

*Leon.* What?

*Tim.* Talk and prate, as their ignorant rages  
 Lead 'em, without allegiance or religion.  
 For Heav'n's sake, have a care of your own person!  
 I cannot tell; their wickednes may lead  
 Further than I dare think yet.

*Leon.* Oh, base people!

*Tim.* Yet the prince, for whom this is pretended, may  
 Persuade 'em, and no doubt will: Virtue's ever  
 watchful;

But be you still secur'd and comforted!

*Leon.* Heav'n! how have I offended, that this rod,  
 So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me  
 When I am old and helpless?

*Tim.* Brave gentleman!<sup>32</sup>  
 That such a madding love should follow thee,  
 To rob thee of a father! All the court  
 Is full of dangerous whispers.

*Leon.* I perceive it;

<sup>32</sup> *Brave gentleman!*] Seward reads, *Poor brave gentleman!*

And, 'spite of all their strengths, will make my safety!  
I'll cut him shorter—I'll cut him shorter first,  
Then let him rule.

*Bacha.* What a foul age is this,  
When virtue's made a sword to smite the virtuous?  
Alas, alas!

*Leon.* I'll teach him to fly lower.

*Tim.* By no means, Sir; rather make more your love,  
And hold your favour to him: For 'tis now  
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts  
(As I must ne'er believe) run with their rages  
(He ever was so innocent<sup>33</sup>). But what reason  
His Grace has to withdraw his love from me,  
And other good men that are near your person,  
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty  
Has ever been attending.

*Leon.* 'Tis too plain  
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent him.  
Not a word more of this; be private! [Exit.

*Tim.* Madam, 'tis done.

*Bacha.* He can't escape me. Have you spoken with  
the noblemen?

*Tim.* Yes, madam; they are here. I wait a further  
service.

*Bacha.* 'Till you see the prince<sup>34</sup>, you need no  
more instructions.

*Tim.* No; I have it! [Exit.

*Enter Dorialus, Nifus, and Agenor.*

*Bacha.* That fool that willingly provokes a woman  
Has made himself another evil angel,  
And a new hell, to which all other torments

<sup>33</sup> *He ne'er was so innocent.*] Corrected by Seward.

<sup>34</sup> 'Till yet be *the prince.*] For want of consulting the quarto of 1635 (which exhibits the lection in our text) Seward and Sympson were much puzzled about this passage: The former prints, *STILL RESET the prince*; and the latter proposes, *STILL LET IT BE the prince.*—Through inattention to that copy (which is infinitely the best, and which it is certain they were possessed of) they have made many unnecessary variations, which we forbear to particularise.

Are but mere pastime.—Now, my noble lords,  
You must excuse me, that unmannerly  
We've broke your private busines.

*Age.* Your good Grace  
May command us, and that—

*Bacha.* Faith, my lord Agenor,  
It is so good a caufe, I'm confident  
You cannot lose by it.

*Dor.* Which way does she fish now?  
The devil's but a fool to a right woman.

*Nifus.* Madam, we must needs win in doing service  
To such a gracious lady.

*Bacha.* I thank you, and will let you know the busines,  
So I may have your helps: Never be doubtful,  
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you  
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,  
That I assure myself your willing hearts  
Will straight be for me in it.

*Age.* If she should prove good now, what were it like?

*Dor.* Thunder in January, or a good woman;  
That's stranger than all the monsters in Africk.

*Bacha.* It shall not need your wonder; this it is:  
The duke you know is old, and rather subiect  
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,  
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend  
A kingdom's safety: Therefore to prevent  
The fall of such a flourishing estate  
As this has been, and to put off  
The murmur of the people, that encrease  
Against my government, which the gods know  
I only feel the trouble of, I present  
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman  
In whom all excellencies are knit together,  
All pieces of a true man: Let your prayers  
Win from the duke half his vexation,  
That he may undertake it, whose discretion  
I must confess, tho' it be from a father,  
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern!  
'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's;

I know the weakness of it.

*Nisus.* Madam, this noble care and love has won us  
For ever to your loves: We'll to the king;  
And since your Grace has put it in our mouths,  
We'll win him with the cunning'ſt words we can.

*Dor.* I was never cozen'd in a woman before,  
For commonly they are like apples:  
If once they bruise, they will grow rotten thro',  
And serve for nothing but to affuage swellings.

*Bacba.* Good lords,  
Delay no time, since it is your good pleasures  
To think my counsel good! and by no means  
Let the prince know it, whose affections  
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his father  
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried  
So that his forward will appear not in it.

Go, and be happy!

*Dor.* Well, I'd not be chronicled  
As thou'l be for a good woman, for all the world.

*Nisus.* Madam, we kiss your hand; and so inspir'd,  
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers<sup>35</sup>. [Exe.

## A C T IV.

*Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.*

*Leuc.* **T**HUS she has us'd me: Is't not a good  
mother?

*Ism.* Why kill'd you her not?

*Leuc.* The gods forbid it!

*Ism.* 'Slight,

If all the women in the world were barren,

<sup>35</sup> *Madam, we kiss your hand, and so inspire.*

*Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.]* The omission of  
a letter and the insertion of a false point, which turn part of these  
lines into nonsense, has past through all the editions. Mr. Sympson  
has sent me the same correction.

*Seward.*

Sh' had

Sh' had died !

*Leuc.* But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.

*Ifm.* Then have I none at all ; for all I've in me  
Directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.

*Leuc.* Why ?

*Ifm.* Nay, it is well if he know himself :  
But some of the nobility have deliver'd  
A petition to him ; what is in't  
I know not ; but it has put him t' his trumps :  
He has taken a month's time to answer it,  
And chafes like himself.

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Telamon.*

*Leuc.* He's here, Ifmenus.

*Leon.* Set me down, Telamon !—Leucippus !

*Leuc.* Sir.

*Bacha.* Nay, good Sir, be at peace ! I dare swear  
He knew not of it.

*Leon.* You are foolish ; peace !

*Bacha.* All will go ill ! Deny it boldly, Sir ;  
Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.

*Leuc.* What ?

*Bacha.* You'll make all worse too with your facing it,

*Leuc.* What is the matter ?

*Leon.* Know'st thou that petition ?

Look on it well ! Wouldst thou be join'd with me ?

Unnatural child ! to be weary o' me, ere Fate

Esteem me fit for other worlds !

*Bacha.* May be

He knows not of it.

*Leuc.* Oh, strange carriages !

Sir, as I've hope that there is any thing

To reward doing well, my usages,

Which have been—but it is no matter what—

Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,

That I should welcome it like a disease

That grew upon me, and I could not cure.

They are my enemies that gave you this ;

And yet they call me friend, and are themselves

I fear

I fear abus'd. I'm weary of my life ;  
 For God's sake, take it from me ! it creates  
 More mischief in the state than it is worth.  
 The usage I have had, I know, would make  
 Wisdom herself run frantic thro' the streets,  
 And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,  
 This sword—

*Bacha.* Alas ! help, for the love of Heav'n !  
 Make way thro' me first ; for he is your father !

*Leon.* What, would he kill me ?

*Bacha.* No, Sir, no.

*Leon.* Thou always mak'st the best on't ; but I fear—

*Leuc.* Why do you use me thus ? Who is't can think  
 That I would kill my father, that can yet  
 Forbear to kill you ?—Here, Sir, is my sword ;  
 I dare not touch it, lest she fay again  
 I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy  
 When I most need it, if I would not change  
 Place with my meanest servant !—Let these faults  
 Be mended, madam ! if you saw how ill  
 They did become you, you would part with them,

*Bacha.* I told the duke as much before,

*Leuc.* What ? what did you tell him ?

*Bacha.* That it was only an ambition,  
 Nurs'd in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,  
 Which age would take away.

*Leon.* It was his doing then ?—Come hither, love !

*Bacha.* No, indeed, Sir,

*Leuc.* How am I made, that I can bear all this ?  
 If any one had us'd a friend of mine near this,  
 My hand had carried death about it.

*Leon.* Lead me hence, Telamon !  
 Come, my dear *Bacha* ! I shall find time for this.

*Ism.* Madam, you know I dare not speak before  
 The king ; but you know well, (if not, I'll tell you)  
 You're the most wicked, and most murderous strumpet,  
 That ever was call'd woman !

*Bacha.* My lord,  
 What I can do for him, he shall command me.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* I know thou art too kind: Away, I say!

[*Exeunt Leon. Bacha, Tim. and Tel.*

*Ism.* Sir, I am sure we dream! this cannot be.

*Leuc.* Oh, that we did! My wickedness has brought All this to pass, else I should bear myself.

[*Urania passes over the stage.*

*Ism.* Look! do you see who's there? your virtuous mother's issue:

Kill her yet! take some little pidling revenge.

*Leuc.* Away! the whole court calls her virtuous; for they say,

She is unlike her mother; and if so,

She can have no vice.

*Ism.* I'll trust none of 'em

That come of such a breed.

*Leuc.* But I have found

A kind of love in her to me. Alas!

Think of her death? I dare be sworn for her,

She is as free from any hate to me

As her bad mother's full. She was brought up

I'th' country, as her tongue will let you know,

*Enter Urania.*

If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle, Such as her mother had.

*Ism.* She's come again.

*Ura.* I would fain speak to the good marquis, My brother, if I but thought he could abaid me.

*Leuc.* Sister, how do you?

*Ura.* Very well, I thank you.

*Ism.* How does your good mother?

*Leuc.* Fy, fy, Ismenus!

For shame! mock such an innocent soul as this?

*Ura.* Feth, a she be no good, God may her so!

*Leuc.* I know you wish it with your heart, dear sister! But she is good, I hope.

*Ism.* Are you so simple,

To make so much of this? Do you not know, That all her wicked mother labours for

Is but to raise her to your right, and leave her  
This dukedom?

*Ura.* Ay; but ne'er, Sir, be afred;  
For tho' she take th' ungainest weas she can,  
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.

*Leuc.* I should hate myself, Ifmenus,  
If I should think of her simplicity  
Aught but extremely well.

*Ism.* Nay, as you will!

*Ura.* And tho' she be my mother,  
If she take any caurse to do you wrang,  
If I can see't, you'ft quickly hear on't, Sir:  
And so I'll take my leave.

*Leuc.* Farewell, good sister!  
I thank you.

[Exit *Urania*,

*Ism.* You believe all this?

*Leuc.* Yes,

Enter *Timantus*.

*Ism.* A good faith doth well; but, methinks,  
It were no hard matter now for her mother to send her.  
Yonder's one you may truſt if you will too.

*Leuc.* So I will, if he can shew me as apparent signs  
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ifmenus?

*Ism.* Yes, I think so; ſome good's happen'd I warrant,  
Do you hear, you? What honest man has ſcap'd misery,  
That thou art crying thus?

*Tim.* Noble Ifmenus,  
Where is the prince?

*Ism.* Why, there: Hast wept thine eyes out?

*Tim.* Sir, I beſeech you hear me.

*Leuc.* Well, ſpeak on.

*Ism.* Why, will you hear him?

*Leuc.* Yes, Ifmenus; why?

*Ism.* I would hear blaſphemey as willingly,

*Leuc.* You are to blame.

*Tim.* No, Sir, he's not to blame,  
If I were as I was.

*Ism.* Nor as thou art,  
I'faith, awhit to blame.

*Leuc.*

*Leuc.* What is your busines?

*Tim.* Faith, Sir, I am ashame to speak before you; My conscience tells me I have injur'd you, And, by the earnest instigation Of others, have not done you to the king Always the best and friendliest offices: Which pardon me, or I will never speak!

*Ism.* Never pardon him, and silence a knave!

*Leuc.* I pardon thee.

*Tim.* Your mother sure is naught.

*Leuc.* Why shouldst thou think so?

*Tim.* Oh, noble Sir, your honest eyes perceive not The dangers you are led to: Shame upon her, And what fell miseries the gods can think on, Show'r down upon her wicked head! She has plotted, I know too well, your death: 'Would my poor life, Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd Like sacrifices up for your preserving; What free oblations would she have to glut her! But she is merciless, and bent to ruin, If Heav'n and good men step not to your rescue, And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom! I weep, I weep for the poor orphans in This country, left without or friends or parents<sup>36</sup>.

*Leuc.* Now, Ismenus, what think you of this fellow? This was a lying knave, a flatterer! Does not this love still shew him so?

*Ism.* This love? this halter! If he prove not yet The cunning'st, rankest rogue that ever canted,

<sup>36</sup> *I weep, I weep for the poor orphans i' th' country*

Left with but *friends or parents.*] The villany of Timantus will not allow him to talk absurdly; his art imposes on the prince, and he should therefore at least speak sense. And indeed how easy was the mistake of *without to with but?* This being made, the repetition of the *or* was absurd, and being left out the measure was spoilt, and consequently believed to be no measure at all. This process of the corruption seems natural, and therefore I hope I have only restored the original. Mr. Sympson joins in correcting *with but to without.* Seward.

Quarto 1635 reads, *Left with but friends, NOT parents.*

I'll ne'er see man again<sup>37</sup> ! I know him to bring<sup>38</sup> ,  
 And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.  
 Look how he wrings, like a good stool, for a tear !  
 Take heed ;  
 Children and fools first feel the smart, then weep.

*Leuc.* Away, away ! such an unkind distrust  
 Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,  
 And sooner leads to mischief: I believe it,  
 And him an honest man ; he could not carry,  
 Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.

*Tim.* Take heed ! this is your mother's scorpion,  
 That carries stings ev'n in his tears, whose soul  
 Is a rank poison thorough : Touch not at him ;  
 If ~~you~~ do, you're gone, if you'd twenty lives.  
 I knew him for a roguish boy,  
 When he would poison dogs, and keep tame toads ;  
 He lay with his mother, and infected her,  
 And now she begs i' th' hospital, with a patch  
 Of velvet where her nose stood, like the queen of  
 spades,  
 And all her teeth in her purse. The devil and  
 This fellow are so near, 'tis not yet known  
 Which is the ev'ler angel.

*Leuc.* Nay, then I see 'tis spite. Come hither, friend !  
 Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd  
 My mother to my death ? for I protest  
 I feel none in myself.

*Tim.* Her will, Sir, and ambition, as I think,  
 Are the provokers of it, as in women  
 Those two are ever powerful to destruction ;

<sup>37</sup> *I'll ne'er see man again.*] Seward call this 'absurd,' and substitutes *seem for see* : We think the expression easy and natural.

<sup>38</sup> — *I know him to bring,*

*And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.*] Unless a whole line be left out after *bring*, or the first part be made an imperfect sentence, which would be very improper here, this seems quite unintelligible. I read, — *I know him to b' a rogue*, which is much nearer the trace of the letters than it seems in the pronunciation ; *ring* and *rogue* having two of the same letters, and a third, *u* and *n*, extremely like each other.

*Seward.*

*Beside*

Beside a hate of your still-growing virtues,  
She being only wicked.

*Leuc.* Heav'ns defend me,  
As I am innocent, and ever have been,  
From all immoderate thoughts and actions,  
That carry such rewards along with 'em !

*Tim.* Sir, all I know my duty must reveal;  
My country and my love command it from me,  
For whom I'll lay my life down: This night coming,  
A counsel is appointed by the duke,  
To sit about your apprehension :  
If you dare trust my faith, (which, by all good things,  
Shall ever watch about you !) go along,  
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word  
Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot,  
Without discovering to you; which once known,  
You have your answers and prevention.

*Ifm.* You're not so mad to go? shift off this fellow!  
You shall be rul'd once by a wise man. Ratsbane!  
Get you gone, or—

*Leuc.* Peace, peace for shame! thy love is too  
suspicious;  
'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my life,  
And I will take it. Be my guide, Timantus,  
And do not mind this angry man! thou know'st him.  
I may live to requite thee.

*Tim.* Sir, this service  
Is done for Virtue's sake, not for reward,  
However he may hold me.

*Ifm.* The great pox on you! but thou hast that curse  
So much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly.  
Sir, for Wisdom's sake, court not your death! I am  
Your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both;  
If I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and see you  
Run your neck into the noose, and cry, a woodcock!

*Leuc.* So much of man, and so much fearful? fy!  
Prithee have peace within thee! I shall live yet  
Many a golden day to hold thee here,  
Dearest and nearest to me. Go on, Timantus!

I charge

I charge you by your love, no more, no more!

[*Exeunt Leuc. and Tim.*

*Ism.* Go, and let your own rod whip you! I pity you;  
And, dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't:  
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last  
Longer and sharper than a tedious winter,  
'Till thou blasphem'st; and then thou diest and  
damn'st.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Leontius and Telamon.*

*Leon.* I wonder the duchess comes not.

*Tel.* She has heard, Sir, your will is to speak  
with her:

But there is something leaden at her heart,  
(Pray God it be not mortal!) that ev'n keeps her  
From conversation with herself.

*Enter Bacha.*

*Bacha.* Oh, whither  
Will you, my croſs affections, pull me? Fortune,  
Fate,  
And you whose powers direct our actions,  
And dwell within us, you that are angels  
Guiding to Virtue, wherefore have you given  
So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd  
A temple of your own, you deities,  
Where your fair ſelves dwelt only, and your goodness,  
Thus to be ſoil'd with ſin?

*Leon.* Heav'n bleſſ us all!  
From whence comes this diſtemper? Speak, my  
fair one!

*Bacha.* And have you none, Love and Obedience,  
You ever faithful ſervants, to employ  
In this ſtrange ſtory of impiety,  
But me? a mother? Muſt I be your trumpet<sup>39</sup>,  
To lay black treaſon open<sup>40</sup>? and in him

<sup>39</sup> *Muſt I be your trumpet?*] Was ſhe frightened at the idea of being  
a *ſtrumpet* to Love and Obedience? Surely *trumpet* is the true reading.

<sup>40</sup> *To lay black treaſon upon.*] Corrected in 1750.

In whom all sweetnes was ; in whom my love  
 Was proud to have a being ; in whom Justice,  
 And all the gods, for our *imaginations*<sup>41</sup>,  
 Can work into a man, were more than virtues ?  
 Ambition, down to Hell, where thou wert foster'd !  
 Th' hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,  
 And mearest innocence itself<sup>42</sup>, that ever  
 Man's greedy hopes gave life to.

*Leon.* This is still stranger ! lay this treason open  
 To my correction.

*Bach'a.* Oh, what a combat Duty and Affection  
 Breed in my blood !

*Leon.* If thou conceal'st him, may,  
 Beside my death, the curses of the country,  
 Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,  
 Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave !

*Bach'a.* My being, for another tongue to tell it !  
 Oh, cease a mother, some good man that dares  
 Speak for his king and country<sup>43</sup> ! I am full  
 Of too much woman's pity : Yet, oh, Heay'n,  
 Since it concerns the safety of my sovereign,

<sup>41</sup> For *our imaginations.*] Sympson would read *imitations* instead of *imaginations* : We think the text best. If the passage is at all corrupt, we should perhaps read OR, not FOR *our imaginations*.

<sup>42</sup> And mearest innocentst.] Mr. Theobald had prevented me in this correction. *Seward.*

<sup>43</sup> My being : For another tongue to tell it,  
 Cease, a mother ! some good man that dares  
 Speak for his king and country : I am full

Of too much woman's pity.] Few emendations have given me so much pleasure as that of this passage. The corruption lay in the loss only of about a fifth part of a letter, and yet it utterly spoil'd both metre and sense, where both were very beautiful. It cost me two or three turns before I could hit upon it, but when mention'd it carries immediate conviction. Instead of *Cease a mother*, it is only turning the C into an O.

O ! cease a mother some good man that dares  
 Speak for his king and country.

*Seward.* Seward's variation here is ingenious and plausible, though perhaps the passage will not appear corrupt, when the points are altered, thus :

*My being, for another tongue to tell it,*  
*Cease ! A mother ? Some good man, &c.*

Let it not be a cruelty in me,  
 Nor draw a mother's name in question  
 'Mongst unborn people, to give up that man  
 To law and justice, that unrighteously  
 Has sought his father's death! Be deaf, be deaf, Sir!  
 Your son is the offender: Now have you all;  
 'Would I might never speak again!

*Leon.* My son?  
 Heav'n help me! No more! I thought it;  
 And since his life is grown so dangerous,  
 Let them that gave him, take him! he shall die,  
 And with him all my fears.

*Bacha.* Oh, use your mercy!  
 You've a brave subject to bestow it on.  
 I will forgive him, Sir; and for his wrong  
 To me, I'll be before you.

*Leon.* Durst his villainy  
 Extend to thee?

*Bacha.* Nothing but heats of youth, Sir.  
*Leon.* Upon my life he sought my bed.  
*Bacha.* I must confess he lov'd me  
 Somewhat beyond a son; and still pursu'd it  
 With such a lust, I will not say ambition,  
 That clean forgetting all obedience,  
 And only following his first heat unto me,  
 He hotly sought your death, and me in marriage.

*Leon.* Oh, villain!  
*Bacha.* But I forget all; and am half ashamed  
 To press a man so far.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Tim.* Where is the duke?  
 For God's sake, bring me to him!

*Leon.* Here I am.  
 Each corner of the dukedom sends new affrights forth!  
 What wouldest thou? Speak!

*Tim.* I cannot, Sir; my fear  
 Ties up my tongue.

*Leon.* Why, what's the matter? Take

Thy

Thy courage to thee, and boldly speak ! Where are  
The guard ? In the gods' name, out with it !

*Tim.* Treason, treason !

*Leon.* In whom ?

*Bacha.* Double the guard !

*Tim.* There is a fellow, Sir —

*Leon.* Leave shaking, man !

*Tim.* 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

*Leon.* Well ?

*Tim.* There is a fellow, Sir,  
Close in the lobby : You o' the guard,  
Look to the door there !

*Leon.* But let me know the business.

*Tim.* Oh, that the hearts of men should be so harden'd  
Against so good a duke ! For God's sake, Sir,  
Seek means to save yourself : This wretched slave  
Has his sword in his hand ; I know his heart :  
Oh, it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it !

*Leon.* Where is he ?

*Enter the Guard.*

*Tim.* I th' lobby, Sir, close in a corner :  
Look to yourselves, for Heaven's sake ! methinks,  
He's here already. Fellows of the guard, be valiant !

*Leon.* Go, Sirs, and apprehend him : Treason shall  
Never dare me in mine own gates.

*Tim.* 'Tis done. [Guard bring the prince in.

*Bacha.* And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

*Leon.* Are these the comforts of my age ? They're  
happy

That end their days contented with a little,  
And live aloof from dangers ! to a king  
Every content doth a new peril bring.  
Oh, let me live no longer ! Shame of Nature,  
Bastard to Honour, traitor, murderer,  
Devil in a human shape ! Away with him ;  
He shall not breathe his hot infection here.

*Leuc.* Sir, hear me.

*Leon.* Am I or he your duke ? Away with him

To a close prison ! Your highness now shall know,  
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

*Leuc.* Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome ;  
My innocence is my armour : Gods preserve you ! [Exit.

*Bacha.* Fare thee well !  
I shall ne'er see so brave a gentleman.  
'Would I could weep out his offences !

*Tim.* Or  
I could weep out mine eyes !

*Leon.* Come, gentlemen !  
We will determine presently about his death ;  
We cannot be too forward in our safety.  
I'm very sick ; lead me unto my bed ! [Exit.

*Enter Citizen and his Boy.*

*Cit.* Sirrah, go fetch my fox from the cutler's <sup>44</sup> :  
There's money for the scow'ring : Tell him I stop  
A groat since th'last great muster, he had in stone pitch  
For th' bruise he took, with the recoiling of his gun..

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Cit.* And (do you hear ?) when you come, take  
down my buckler,  
And sweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick on't,  
And fetch a nail or two, and tack on the bracers :  
Your mistress made a pot-lid on't, I thank her,  
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.

*Boy.* I will, Sir.

*Cit.* Who's within here ? Ho, neighbour !  
Not stirring yet ?

*Enter Second Citizen.*

*2 Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow !  
What news, what news ?

*1 Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.

*2 Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune ! I'm resolv'd.

*1 Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good fellows,  
That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.

*2 Cit.* 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in such  
good company,

<sup>44</sup> *My fox ;* i. e. *My jivord.* See note 36 on King and No King.  
And

And such a cause? A fire o' wife and children!  
 'Tis such a jest, that men should look behind 'em  
 To th' world, and let their honours, their honours,  
 neighbours, slip.

1 Cit. I'll give thee a pint of bastard and a roll,  
 For that bare word.

2 Cit. They say, that we tailors are  
 Things that lay one another, and our geese hatch us:  
 I'll make some of 'em feel they are geese o'th' game then.  
 Jack, take down my bill; 'tis ten to one I use it.—  
 Take a good heart, man! all the low ward is ours,  
 With a wet finger.—  
 And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for me,  
 That that I us'd to work in, when the gentlemen  
 Were up against us, and beaten out of town,  
 And almost out of debt too; for, a plague on 'em,  
 They never paid well since! And take heed, sirrah,  
 Your mistress hears not of this business;  
 She's near her time: Yet, if she do, I care not;  
 She may long for rebellion, for she has  
 A devilish spirit.

1 Cit. Come, let's call up the new ironmonger!  
 He is as tough as steel, and has a fine wit  
 In these resurrections. Are you stirring, neighbour?  
 3 Cit. [within.] Oh, good morrow, neighbours!  
 I'll come to you presently.

2 Cit. Go to!  
 This is his mother's doing; she's a polecat!  
 1 Cit. As any is in the world.  
 2 Cit. Then say I've hit it; and a vengeance on her,  
 Let her be what she will!

1 Cit. Amen say I!  
 Sh' has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom,  
 Do you mark it?

2 Cit. One thing I am sure she has, the good old  
 duke;  
 She gives him pap again, they say, and dandles him,  
 And hangs a coral and bells about his neck,  
 And makes him believe his teeth will come again;

Which, if they did, and I he, I would worry her  
As never curr was worried<sup>46</sup> ! I would, neighbour,  
'Till my teeth met I know where ; but that's counsel.

*Enter Third Citizen.*

3 Cit. Good morrow, neighbours ! Hear you the  
fad news ?

1 Cit. Yes ; 'would we knew as well how to prevent it !

3 Cit. I cannot tell : Methinks, 'twere no great matter,  
If men were men ; but —

2 Cit. You do not twit me with my calling, neighbour ?

3 Cit. No, surely ; for I know your spirit to be tall :  
Pray be not vex'd !

2 Cit. Pray forward with your counsel.

I'm what I am, and they that prove me shall  
Find me to their cost — Do you mark me, neighbour ?  
To their cost, I say.

1 Cit. Nay, look how soon you're angry !

2 Cit. They shall, neighbours ; yes, I say they shall.

3 Cit. I do believe they shall.

1 Cit. I know they shall.

2 Cit. Whether you do or no, I care not two-pence !  
I am no beast ; I know mine own strength, neighbours :  
God blefs the king ! Your companies is fair.

1 Cit. Nay, neighbour, now ye err ; I must tell you so,  
An ye were twenty neighbours.

3 Cit. You had best

Go peach ; do, peach !

2 Cit. Peach ? I scorn the motion.

3 Cit. Do, and see what follows ! I'll spend an  
hundred pound

(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.

2 Cit. Peach ? oh, disgrace ! peach in thy face ! and do  
The worst thou canst ! I am a true-man, and a free-man !  
Peach ?

1 Cit. Nay, look, you will spoil all.

<sup>46</sup> As never curr was worried.] As this is fense I don't change it, but curr is a much more common, as well as more proper comparison, than curr to a shrew.

Seward.

2 Cit.

2 Cit. Peach?

1 Cit. Whilst you two brawl together,  
The prince will lose his life.

3 Cit. Come, give me your hand!  
I love you well. Are you for the action?

2 Cit. Yes;  
But *peach* provokes me! 'tis a cold fruit; I feel it  
Cold in my stomach still.

3 Cit. No more! I'll give you cake to digest it.

*Enter Fourth Citizen.*

4 Cit. Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call, boys!  
And one o' you run o'er my old tuck with a few ashes  
('Tis grown odious with toasting cheese), and burn  
A little juniper in my murzion (the maid made it  
Her chamber-pot); an hour hence I'll come again,  
And, as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt!

3 Cit. The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy will!

2 Cit. Gossip, good Morrow!

4 Cit. Oh, good Morrow, gossip!  
Good Morrow, all! I see ye of one mind,  
Ye cleave so close together. Come; 'tis time!  
I have prepar'd an hundred, if they stand.

1 Cit. 'Tis well done: Shall we sever, and about it?

3 Cit. First, let's to th' tavern! and a pint apiece  
Will make us dragons,

2 Cit. I will have no mercy,  
Come what will of it.

4 Cit. If my tuck hold, I'll spit  
The guard like larks with sage between 'em,

2 Cit. I have  
A foolish bill to reckon with 'em, will make  
Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on!  
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.

3 Cit. Come, I'll do something for the town to talk of  
When I am rotten: Pray God there be enough  
To kill, that's all!

*Exeunt.*

Enter Dorialus, Nifus, and Agenor.

*Age.* How black the day begins!

*Dor.* Can you blame it, and look  
Upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?

*Nifus.* Does the prince suffer to-day?

*Dor.* Within this hour, they say.

*Age.* Well, they that are most wicked are most safe.  
'Twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable:  
Gods keep us from the too-soon feeling of it!

*Dor.* I care not if my throat were next; for to live  
still,

And live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

*Nifus.* Yet we must do't, and thank 'em too, that  
our lives

May be accepted.

*Age.* Faith, I'll go starve myself,  
Or grow diseas'd, to shame the hangman; for  
I'm sure he shall be my herald, and quarter me.

*Dor.* Ay, a plague on him, he's too excellent at arms.

*Nifus.* Will you go see this sad sight, my lord Agenor?

*Age.* I'll make a mourner.

*Dor.* If I could do him any good, I would go;  
The bare sight else would but afflict my spirit:  
My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes.  
As ye find him settled, remember my love and service  
To his Grace.

*Nifus.* We will weep for you, Sir. Farewell! [Exe.

*Dor.* Farewell!  
To all our happiness, a long farewell!  
Thou angry Power, whether of heav'n or hell,  
That lay'st this sharp correction on our kingdom  
For our offenses, infinite and mighty!  
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd  
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,  
Too heavy for our weakness; and accept  
(Since it is your discretion, heav'nly wisdoms,  
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,  
That now is flying to your happiness,

Only

Only for you most fit; let all our sins

[A shout within.]

Suffer in him!—Gods, what's the matter? I hope  
'Tis joy: How now, my lords?

*Enter Agenor and Nisus.*

*Nisus.* I'll tell you with that little breath I have:  
More joy than you dare think; the prince is safe  
From danger.

*Dor.* How!

*Age.* 'Tis true, and thus it was: His hour was come  
To lose his life; he, ready for the stroke,  
Nobly, and full of saint-like patience,  
Went with his guard; which when the people saw,  
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,  
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,  
To do some worthy kindness for the prince;  
And ere they understood well how to do,  
Fury step'd in, and taught them what to do,  
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,  
As a white innocent. Then flew the roar  
Thro' all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him!*  
And as they cried, they did; for catching up  
Such sudden weapons as their madness shew'd them,  
In short, they beat the guard, and took him from 'em,  
And now march with him like a royal army.

*Dor.* Heav'n, Heav'n, I thank thee! what a slave  
was I

To have my hand so far from this brave rescue!  
'Thad been a thing to brag on when I was old.  
Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,  
And give thanks?

*Nisus.* As fast as wishes.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Leucippus and Ifmenus; the people within stop.*

*Leuc.* Good friends, go home again! there's not a  
man

Shall go with me.

*Ifm.* Will you not take revenge?

I'll

I'll call them on.

*Leuc.* All that love me, depart !  
I thank you, and will serve you for your loves ;  
But I will thank you more to suffer me  
To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,  
For my sake, to your houses !

*Omnès [within].* Gods preserve you !

*Ism.* And what house will you go to ?

*Leuc.* Ismenus, I will take the wariest courses  
That I can think of to defend myself,  
But not offend.

*Ism.* You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend  
your father,  
Or any honest man <sup>48</sup>.

*Leuc.* Thou know'st I can  
'scape now ; that's all I look for. I will leave —

*Ism.* Timantus, a pox take him ! 'would I had him  
here !

I'd kill him at his own weapon, single scithes.  
We've built enough on him. Plague on't, I'm out of  
All patience ! discharge such an army as this,  
That would have follow'd you without paying ? Oh,  
gods !

*Leuc.* To what end shall I keep 'em ? I am free.

*Ism.* Yes, free o'th' traitors ; for you are proclaim'd  
one.

*Leuc.* Should I therefore make myself one ?

*Ism.* This is one of  
Your moral philosophy, is it ? Heav'n bless me  
From subtleties to undo myself with ! but I know,  
If Reason herself were here, she would not part  
With her own safety.

*Leuc.* Well, pardon, Ismenus ! for I know  
My courses are most just ; nor will I stain 'em  
With one bad action. For thyself, thou know'st,  
That tho' I may command thee, I shall be

<sup>48</sup> You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father, an honest man.] Former editions. Both sense and measure require the emendation,

*Seward.*

*A ready*

A ready servant unto thee, if thou need'st;  
And so I'll take my leave.

*Ism.* Of whom?

*Leuc.* Of thee.

*Ism.* Heart, you shall take no leave of me!

*Leuc.* Shall I not?  
*Ism.* No, by the gods, shall you not! Nay, if you have  
No more wit but to go absolutely alone,  
I'll be in a little.

*Leuc.* Nay, prithee, good Ifmenus,  
Part with me!

*Ism.* I wo'n't, i'faith! ne'er move it  
Any more; for by this good light, I wo'n't!

*Leuc.* This is an ill time to be thus unruly:  
Ifmenus, you must leave me.

*Ism.* Yes, if you can  
Beat me away; else the gods refuse me,  
If I will leave you till I see more reason!  
You sha'n't undo yourself.

*Leuc.* But why wilt not leave me?

*Ism.* Why, I will tell you: Because when you are  
gone,  
Then—Life, if I have not forgot my reason,  
Hell take me! you put me out of patience so.  
Oh! marry, when you are gone, then will your mother  
—A pox confound her—the ne'er comes in my head,  
But she spoils my'memory too. There are a hundred  
reasons.

*Leuc.* But shew me one.

*Ism.* Shew you? what a stir here is!  
Why, I will shew you: Do you think—well, well,  
I know what I know; I pray come, come! 'Tis in vain,  
But I am sure—Devils take 'em! what do I meddle  
with them?

You know yourself—Soul, I think I am—  
Is there any man i'th' world—As if you knew not this  
Already better than I! Pish, pish, I'll give no reason!

*Leuc.* But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay:  
I have not one friend in the court but thou,

508 CUPID'S REVENGE.

On whom I may be bold to trust to send me  
Any intelligence; and if thou lov'st me,  
Thou wilt do this; thou need'st not fear to stay,  
For there are new-come proclamations out,  
Where all are pardon'd but myself.

*Ism.* 'Tis true;  
And i'th' same proclamation your fine sister  
Urania, whom you us'd so kindly, is proclaim'd heir  
Apparent to the crown.

*Leuc.* What tho', thou may'st stay at home without  
danger?

*Ism.* Danger? hang danger! what tell you me of  
danger?

*Leuc.* Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou  
dar'st not.

*Ism.* I dare not? If you speak it in earnest, you are  
A boy.

*Leuc.* Well, Sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

*Ism.* Why, so you shall; I will stay.

*Leuc.* Why, God-a-mercy——

*Ism.* You know I love you but too well!

*Leuc.* Now take these few directions, and farewell!  
Send to me by the waviest ways thou canst:  
I have a soul tells me we shall meet often.  
The gods protect thee!

*Ism.* Pox o' myself for an ass,  
I'm crying now! God be with you! if I never  
See you again, why then—Pray get you gone;  
For grief and anger wo'nt let me know  
What I say. I'll to the court  
As fast as I can, and see the new heir apparent.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V.

*Enter Urania (in boy's cloaths) and her Maid.*

*Ura.* **W**HAT, hast thou found him?

*Maid.* Madam, he's coming in.

*Ura.* Gods bles my brother, wheresoe'er he is!  
And I beseech you keep me fro' the bed  
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother  
Would ha'me have to wrong him.

*Enter Ismenus.*

*Ism.* What would her new Grace have with me?

*Ura.* Leave us awhile. My lord Ismenus, [*Ex. Maid.*]  
I pray, for the love of Heav'n and God,  
That you would tell me one thing, which I know  
You can do weel.

*Ism.* Where's her fain Grace?

*Ura.* You know me weel inough, but that you mock;  
I'm she mysen.

*Ism.* God bless him that shall be  
Thy husband! if thou wear'st breeches thus soon,  
Thou'l be as impudent as thy mother.

*Ura.* But will you  
Tell me this one thing?

*Ism.* What is it? if it  
Be no great matter whether I do or no,  
Perhaps I will.

*Ura.* Yes, faith, 'tis matter.

*Ism.* And what is't?

*Ura.* I pray you let me know where the prince my  
brother is.

*Ism.* I'faith, you shan be hang'd first!  
Is your mother so foolish to think your good Grace  
Can sift it out of me?

*Ura.* If you have any mercy

Left

Left in you to a poor wench, tell me !

*Ura.* Why,

Wouldst not thou have thy brains beat out for this,  
To follow thy mother's steps so young ?

*Ura.* But, believe me, she knows none of this.

*Ura.* Believe you ?

Why do you think I never had wits ?

Or that I am run out of them ? How should it  
Belong to you to know, if I could tell ?

*Ura.* Why, I will tell you ; and if I speak false,  
Let the de'il ha' me ! Yonder's a bad man,  
Come from a tayrant to my mother, and what name  
They ha' for him, good feith, I cannot tell.

*Ura.* An ambassador ?

*Ura.* That's it : But he would carry me away,  
And have me marry his master ; and I'll daye  
Ere I will ha' him.

*Ura.* But what's this to knowing  
Where the prince is ?

*Ura.* Yes ; for ye know all my mother does  
Agen the prince, is but to ma me great.

*Ura.* Pray, (I know that too well) what then ?

*Ura.* Why,  
I would go to the good marquis my brother,  
And put myself into his hands, that so  
He may preserve himself.

*Ura.* Oh, that thou hadst no seed of thy mother in  
thee,  
And couldst mean this now !

*Ura.* Why, ifeth I do ;  
Would I might never stir more if I do not !

*Ura.* I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else :  
Hang me, if I don't half believe thee !

*Ura.* By my troth,  
You may.

*Ura.* By my troth, I do ! I know I'm an aſſ for't,  
But I can't help it.

*Ura.* And won you tell me then ?

*Ura.* Yes, faith will I, or any thing else i'th' world ;  
For

For I think thou art as good a creature as  
Ever was born.

*Ura.* But ail go i'this lad's reparel ;  
But you mun help me to silver.

*Is'm.* Help thee? why, the pox take him  
That will not help thee to any thing i'th' world!  
I'll help thee to money, and I'll do't presently too :  
And yet—Soul, if you shou'd play the scurvy harlotry,  
The little pocky baggage now, and cozen me,  
What then?

*Ura.* Why, an I do, would I might ne'er  
See day again!

*Is'm.* Nay, by this light, I do not think  
Thou wilt : I'll presently provide thee  
Money and a letter.

[*Exit.*]

*Ura.* Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.  
When I have found my brother, I will beg  
To serve him ; but he shall ne'er know who I am ;  
For he must hate me then for my bad mother :  
I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,  
And have straid on him by chance, lest he discover me.  
I know I must not live long, but that taim'e  
I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him.  
And tho' my mother seek to take his life away,  
In ai day<sup>49</sup> my brother shall be taught  
That I was ever good, tho' she were naught. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Bacha and Timantus ; Bacha reading a letter.*

*Bacha.* Run away? the devil be her guide!

*Tim.* Faith, she's gone!

There is a letter ; I found it in her pocket.  
'Would I were with her ! she's a handsome lady ;  
A plague upon my bashfulness ! I had bobb'd her  
Long ago else !

*Bacha.* What a base whore is this, that, after all  
My ways for her advancement, should so poorly  
Make Virtue her undoer, and chuse this time,  
The king being deadly sick, and I intending

<sup>49</sup> *In ai day ;* i. e. In one day.

A present marriage with some foreign prince,  
To strengthen and secure myself! She writes here,  
Like a wife gentlewoman, she will not stay;  
And the example of her dear brother makes her  
Fear herself<sup>50</sup>, to whom she means to fly.

*Tim.* Why, who can help it?

*Bacba.* Now poverty and lechery, which is thy end,  
Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy goodness!

*Tim.* By'r lady they'll bruise her, an she were of brass!  
I'm sure they'll break stone walls: I've had experience  
O' them both, and they have made me desperate.  
But there's a messenger, madam, come from the prince  
With a letter to Ismenus, who by him  
Returns an answer.

*Bacba.* This comes as pat as wishes:  
Thou shalt presently away, Timantus.

*Tim.* Whither, madam?

*Bacba.* To the prince; and take the messenger for  
guide!

*Tim.* What shall I do there? I have done too much  
Mischief to be believ'd again; or, indeed, to 'scape  
With my head on my back, if I be once known.

*Bacba.* Thou'rt a weak shallow fool! Get thee a  
disguise;  
And withal, when thou com'st before him, have a letter  
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou  
Hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me,  
Strike one home stroke that shall not need another!  
Dar'st thou? speak! dar'st thou? If thou fallest off,  
Go be a rogue again, and lie and pandar  
To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak to me!

*Tim.* Sure I shall never walk when I am dead,  
I have no spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk,  
But I will do it; that is all my refuge. [Exit.

*Bacba.* Away! no more! Then I will raise an army  
Whilst the king yet lives, if all the means and power  
I have can do it; I can't tell.

<sup>50</sup> Fear herself.] Seward reads, *Fear for herself*; but the text is  
good sense, according to the idiom prevailing in our Authors' time.

Enter *Ismenus* and the three lords.

*Ism.* Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.

*Bacha.* Why, how now, saucy lords?

*Ism.* Nay, I'll shake you! yes, devil, I will shake you!

*Bacha.* Do not you know me, lords?

*Nis.* Yes, deadly sin, we know you: 'Would we did not!'

*Ism.* Do you hear, whore? a plague o'God upon thee!  
The duke is dead.

*Bacha.* Dead?

*Ism.* Ay,

Wildfire and brimstone take thee! Good man, he  
Is dead, and past those miseries, which thou,  
Thou salt infection like, like a disease  
Flungest upon his head. Dost thou hear? An 'twere  
Not more respect to womanhood in general  
Than thee, because I had a mother, who—  
I will not say she was good, she liv'd so near  
Thy time—I would have thee, in vengeance of  
This man, whose peace is made in Heav'n by this time,  
Tied to a post, and dried i'th' sun; and after  
Carried about, and shewn at fairs for money,  
With a long story of the devil thy father,  
That taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody.

*Bacha.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ism.* You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee,  
And thy base issue shall carry sumpters<sup>51</sup>. Come, lords;  
Bring her along! We'll to the prince all, where  
Her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if he spare  
Thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again! and beside,  
Mayst thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease,  
That hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch!—  
Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad  
Shall make you skip; away to the prince!

*Bacha.* Ha, ha, ha!

I hope yet I shall come too late to find him. [Exeunt.

<sup>51</sup> Shall carry sumpters.] A sumpter horse is that which carries the provisions and baggage.

R.

*Cornets*<sup>52</sup>. Cupid descends.

*Cupid*. The time now of my revenge draws near;  
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god,  
With all the cries and prayers that have been,  
And those that be to come, tho' they be infinite  
In need and number<sup>53</sup>! [Ascends.]

*Enter Leucippus and Urania.*

*Leuc.* Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me?  
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

*Ura.* In good feth, I shall be weel and rich enough  
If you will love me, and not put me from you!

*Leuc.* Why dost thou chuse out me, boy, to undo  
thee?

Alas, for pity, take another master,  
That may be able to deserve thy love  
In breeding thee hereafter! me thou knowest not,  
More than my misery; and therefore canst not  
Look for rewards at my hands: 'Would I were able,  
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!  
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith;  
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.  
Wilt thou go fave thyself? Why dost thou weep?  
Alas, I do not chide thee.

*Ura.* I cannot tell;  
If I go from you, Sir, I shall ne'er draw day more;  
Pray, if you can, (I will be true to you)  
Let me wait on you! If I were a man,  
I would fight for you: Sure you have some ill-willers;  
I would slay 'em.

*Leuc.* Such harmless souls are ever prophets.

<sup>52</sup> *Cornets.* [Cupid from above] Seward, seeing 'no propriety' in the *cornets* 'belonging to Cupid,' places that direction at the end of the foregoing scene; but why displace the *cornets* here, since he inserts them on Cupid's other appearances? We have made this direction like the former.

<sup>53</sup> *Cupid, The time now, &c.]* This speech, till Seward very properly introduced it here, was placed at the end of the play, notwithstanding the direction quoted in the last note stood where it now does.

Well,

Well, take thy wish<sup>54</sup>; thou shalt be with me still:  
 But, prithee eat, my good boy! thou wilt die,  
 My child, if thou fast one day more; these four days.  
 Th' hast tasted nothing: Go into the cave,  
 And eat; thou shalt find something for thee,  
 To bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.

*Ura.* I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat  
 Tomorrow.

*Leuc.* Thou't be dead by that time.

*Ura.* I should be

Well then; for you'll not love me.

*Leuc.* Indeed I will.—

This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet!—

Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?

*Ura.* You've fair eyes, master.

*Leuc.* Sure the boy dotes!—

Why dost thou sigh, my child?

*Ura.* To think that such

A fine man should live, and no gay lady love him.

*Leuc.* Thou wilt love me?

*Ura.* Yes sure, till I die; and when  
 I am in Heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.

*Leuc.* And I'll come to thee, boy.—This is a love  
 I never yet heard tell off.—Come, thou'rt sleepy, child;  
 Go in, and I'll sit with thee.—Heav'n, what portends  
 this?

*Ura.* You're sad, but I'm not sleepy: 'Would I could  
 Do aught to make you merry; shall I sing?

*Leuc.* If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou  
 Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

*Enter Timantus, disguised.*

*Ura.* La', master, there is one; look to yourself!

*Leuc.* What art thou that into this dismal place,  
 Which nothing could find out but misery,  
 Thus boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;  
 Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house

<sup>54</sup> Well, I take thy wifb.] The measure and sense both require us  
 to expunge the *I.* Seward.

Built by a better architect than beasts ;  
 And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,  
 You must fight for it : If you conquer him,  
 He is your meat ; if not, you must be his.

*Tim.* I come to you (for, if I not mistake,  
 You are the prince) from that most noble lord  
 Ifsmenus, with a letter.

*Ura.* Alas, I fear  
 I shall be discover'd now.

*Leuc.* Now I feel  
 Myself the poorest of all mortal things :  
 Where is he that receives such courtesies  
 But he has means to shew his gratefulnes  
 Some way or other ? I have none at all !  
 I know not how to speak so much as well  
 Of thee, but to these trees.

*Tim.* His letters speak him, Sir.  
*Ura.* Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die !  
 Ah me ! sure I cannot live a day.

[*Leucippus opening the letter, the whilst Timantus runs at him, and Urania steps before.*  
 Oh, thou foul traitor ? How do you, master ?  
*Leuc.* How dost thou, my child ?—Alas ! look on  
 this ;  
 It may make thee repentant, to behold  
 Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.

*Ura.* 'Tis nothing, Sir, an you be well.  
*Tim.* Oh, pardon me !  
 Know you me now, Sir ?

*Leuc.* How couldst thou find me out ?  
*Tim.* We intercepted  
 A letter from Ifsmenus, and the bearer  
 Directed me.

*Leuc.* Stand up, Timantus, boldly !  
 The world conceives that thou art guilty  
 Of divers treasons to the state and me :  
 But oh, far be it from the innocence  
 Of a just man, to give a traitor death  
 Without a trial ! Here the country is not

To purge thee or condemn thee<sup>55</sup>; therefore take  
 A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,  
 Rather than none at all: Here I accuse thee,  
 Before the face of Heav'n, to be a traitor  
 Both to the duke my father and to me,  
 And the whole land. Speak! is it so, or no?

*Tim.* 'Tis true, Sir: Pardon me!

*Leuc.* Take heed, Timantus,  
 How thou dost cast away thyself! I must  
 Proceed to execution hastily  
 If thou confess it: Speak once again! is't so, or no?

*Tim.* I am not guilty, Sir.

*Leuc.* Gods and thy sword  
 Acquit thee! here it is. [Gives him his sword.

*Tim.* I'll not use any violence  
 Against your highness.

*Leuc.* At thy peril then!  
 For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth  
 Look to thyself!

[*Timantus draws his sword, they fight, Timantus falls.*

*Tim.* I do beseech you, Sir,  
 Let me not fight.

*Leuc.* Up, up again, Timantus!  
 There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—  
 Fy, fy, Timantus! is there no usage can  
 Recover thee from baseness! Wert thou longer  
 To converse with men, I'd have chid thee for this.  
 Be all thy faults forgiven!

*Tim.* Oh, spare me, Sir! I am not fit for death.

*Leuc.* I think thou art not; yet trust me, fitter than  
 For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone,  
 Know'st of any other plots against me?

*Tim.* Of none.

*Leuc.* What course wouldst thou have taken, when  
 thou hadst kill'd me?

*Tim.* I would have ta'en your page, and married her.

<sup>55</sup> To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore

*A nobler trial than thou dost deserve.*] Here a verb is evidently  
 left out, being equally necessary to the sense and measure. *Seward.*

*Leuc.*

*Leuc.* What page? [Urania swoons.]

*Tim.* Your boy there— [Dies.]

*Leuc.* Is he fall'n mad in death? what does he mean?  
Some good god help me at the worst! How dost thou?  
Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have  
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,  
And I will keep thee in the gayest cloaths,  
And the finest things, that ever pretty boy  
Had given him.

*Ura.* I know you well enough.

*Feth,* I am dying; and now you know all too.

*Leuc.* But stir up thyself: Look what a jewel here is,  
See how it glisters! what a pretty show  
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!  
Eat but a bit, and take it.

*Ura.* Do you not know me?

*Leuc.* I prithee mind thy health! why, that's well said;  
My good boy, smile still.

*Ura.* I shall smile 'till death,  
An I see you! I am *Urania*,  
Your sister-in-law.

*Leuc.* How!

*Ura.* I am *Urania*.

*Leuc.* Dulness did seize me! now I know thee well:  
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?

*Ura.* Feth, for love:  
I would not let you know 'till I was dying;  
For you could not love me, my mother was  
So naught.

*Leuc.* I will love thee, or any thing!  
What, wilt thou leave me as soon as I know thee?  
Speak one word to me! Alas, she's past it!  
She will never speak more.—

What noise is that? it is no matter who

*Enter I*smenus *with the lords.*

Comes on me now.—What worse than mad are you  
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights,  
Begone from hence!

*I*sm.

*Ifm.* Sir, for you we come,  
As soldiers to revenge the wrongs you've suffer'd  
Under this naughty creature: What shall be done with  
her?

Say; I am ready.

*Leuc.* Leave her to Heav'n, brave cousin!  
They shall tell her how sh' has sinn'd against 'em;  
My hand shall ne'er be stain'd with such base blood.  
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be  
Your pardon! for I'll use no extremity  
Against you, but leave you to Heav'n.

*Bacha.* Hell take you all! or, if there be a place  
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!  
And 'till the devils have you, may your lives  
Be one continu'd plague, and such a one  
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages  
That shall succeed curse you, as I do! and  
If it be possible, I ask it Heav'n,  
That your base issues may be ever monsters,  
That must, for shame of Nature and succession,  
Be drown'd like dogs! 'Would I had breath to poison  
you<sup>56</sup>!

*Leuc.* Would you had love within you, and such grief  
As might become a mother! Look you there!  
Know you that face? that was Urania:  
These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers,  
That labour with such horrid births as you do!  
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,  
Your wickedness has kill'd her; I'll weep for you.

*Ifm.* Monstrous woman!

Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.

*Leuc.* Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand:  
I will not say you are the cause; yet certain,  
I know you were to blame: The gods forgive you!

*Ifm.* See, she stands as if she were inventing  
Some new destruction for the world.

*Leuc.* Ismenus,

<sup>56</sup> *Would I had breath to poison you.*] Some editions (Seward's among the number) read,

*Would I had breath to please you.*

Thou'rt welcome yet to my sad company.

*Ism.* I come to make you somewhat fadder, Sir.

*Leuc.* You cannot; I am at the height already.

*Ism.* Your father's dead.

*Leuc.* I thought so; Heav'n be with him!

Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou  
Hast made more sorrows than we've eyes to utter.

*Bacha.* Now let Heav'n fall! I'm at the worst of evils;  
A thing so miserably wretched, that  
Ev'ry thing, the last of human comforts, hath left me!  
I will not be so base and cold to live,  
And wait the mercies of these men I hate:  
No, it is just I die, since Fortune hath left me.  
My steep descent attends me<sup>57</sup>: Hand, strike thou home!  
I've soul enough to guide; and let all know,  
As I stood a queen, the same I'll fall,  
And one with me! [Stabs the prince, then kerself.

*Leuc.* Oh!

*Ism.* How do you, Sir?

*Leuc.* Nearer my health than I think any here.  
My tongue begins to falter: What is man?  
Or who would be one, when he sees a poor  
Weak woman can in an instant make him none?

*Dor.* She's dead already.

*Ism.* Let her be damn'd

Already, as she is! Post all for surgeons!

*Leuc.* Let not a man stir! for I am but dead.  
I've some few words which I would have you hear,  
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em:  
First to you, my lords; you know Ismenus is  
Undoubted heir of Lycia<sup>58</sup>; I do beseech you all,  
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.

*Lords.* We vow to do't.

*Leuc.* I thank you. Next to you,  
Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke,  
I pray you let the broken images<sup>59</sup>  
Of Cupid be re-edified! I know

<sup>57</sup> *My steep descent attends me.*] Corrected in 1750.

<sup>58</sup> *Undoubtedly heir.*] Varied by Seward.

<sup>59</sup> *I pray you let the broken image of Cupid.*] Altered in 1750.

All this is done by him.

*Im.* It shall be so.

*Leuc.* Last, I beseech you that my mother-in-law  
May have a burial according to— [Dies.

*Im.* To what, Sir?

*Dor.* There's a full point!

*Im.* I will interpret for him: She shall have burial  
According to her own deserts, with dogs!

*Dor.* I would your majesty would haste for settling  
Of the people.

*Im.* I'm ready.

*Age.* Go; and let the trumpets sound  
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body  
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,  
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave!  
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,  
Accurs'd, whilst one man has a memory! [Exeunt.

IN the course of Mr. Seward's Notes on this Play, he remarks, that 'Had this whole plot, a father marrying his son's whore, the son's penitence and distress, and her plots for his destruction, been wrought into a tragedy, without the idle machinery of Cupid and his Revenge, it would have afforded sufficient matter to such geniuses as our Authors:' And afterwards says, 'I cannot take leave of this play without again regretting the farcical intermixture of the machinery of Cupid, from whence it takes its name. Without this, and the ridiculous death of the princess, what a noble tragedy would our Authors have left us? The character of the king from his ridiculous dotage on his children, to a still more ridiculous dotage on a wanton wife; the misfortunes of a virtuous young prince from taking one vicious step, and endeavouring to conceal it by a falsity, are finely describ'd; but how is the just moral arising from thence spoil'd, by making this only Cupid's Revenge!'

In our opinion, the Plot and the Machinery are equally ridiculous; and we cannot avoid expressing our concern, that so much admirable poetry should be bestowed on so absurd a drama.

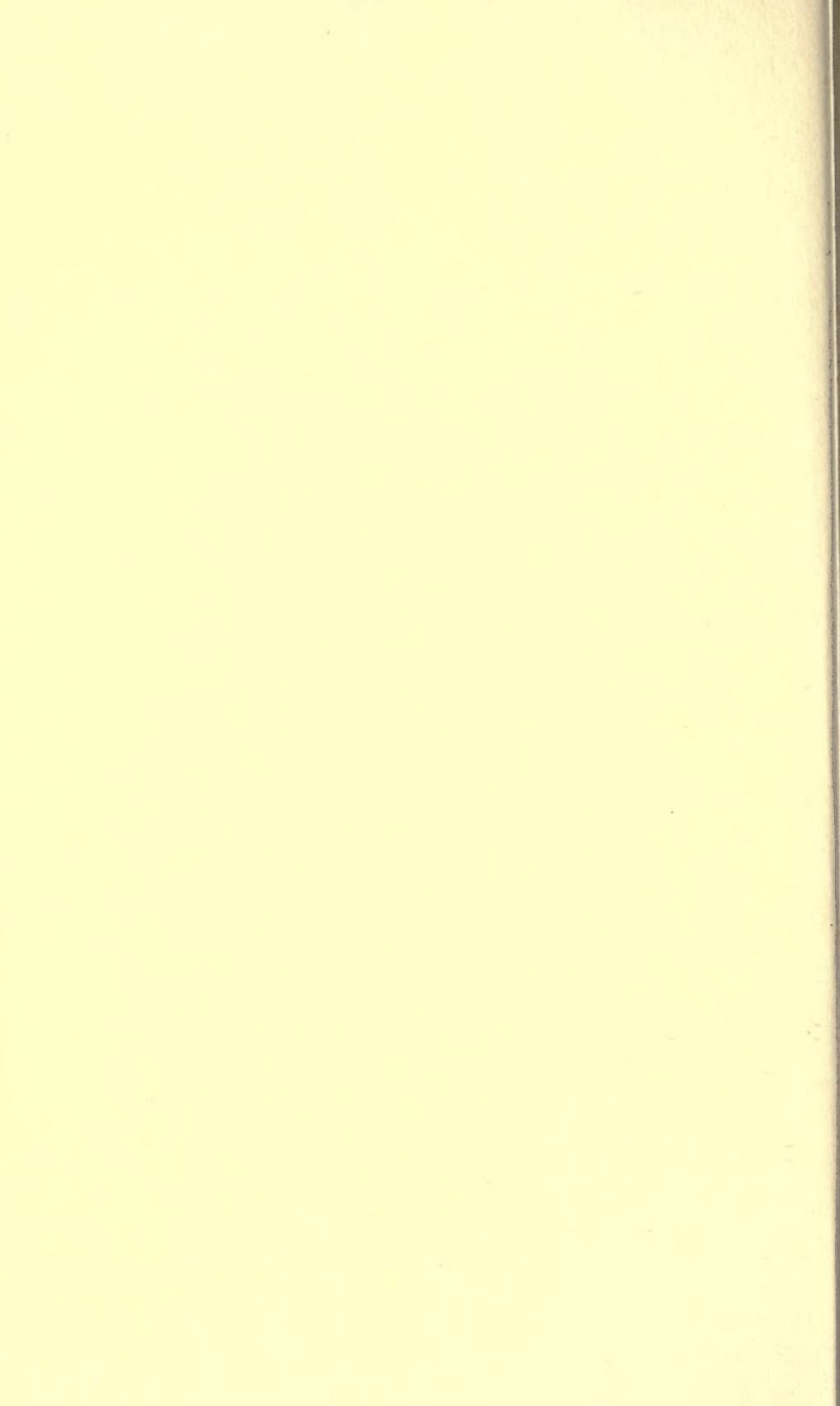
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